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The life of Catherine Booth



William Booth

THE LIFE
OF
CATHERINE BOOTH
THE
MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY
BY
F. DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER

VOLUME II

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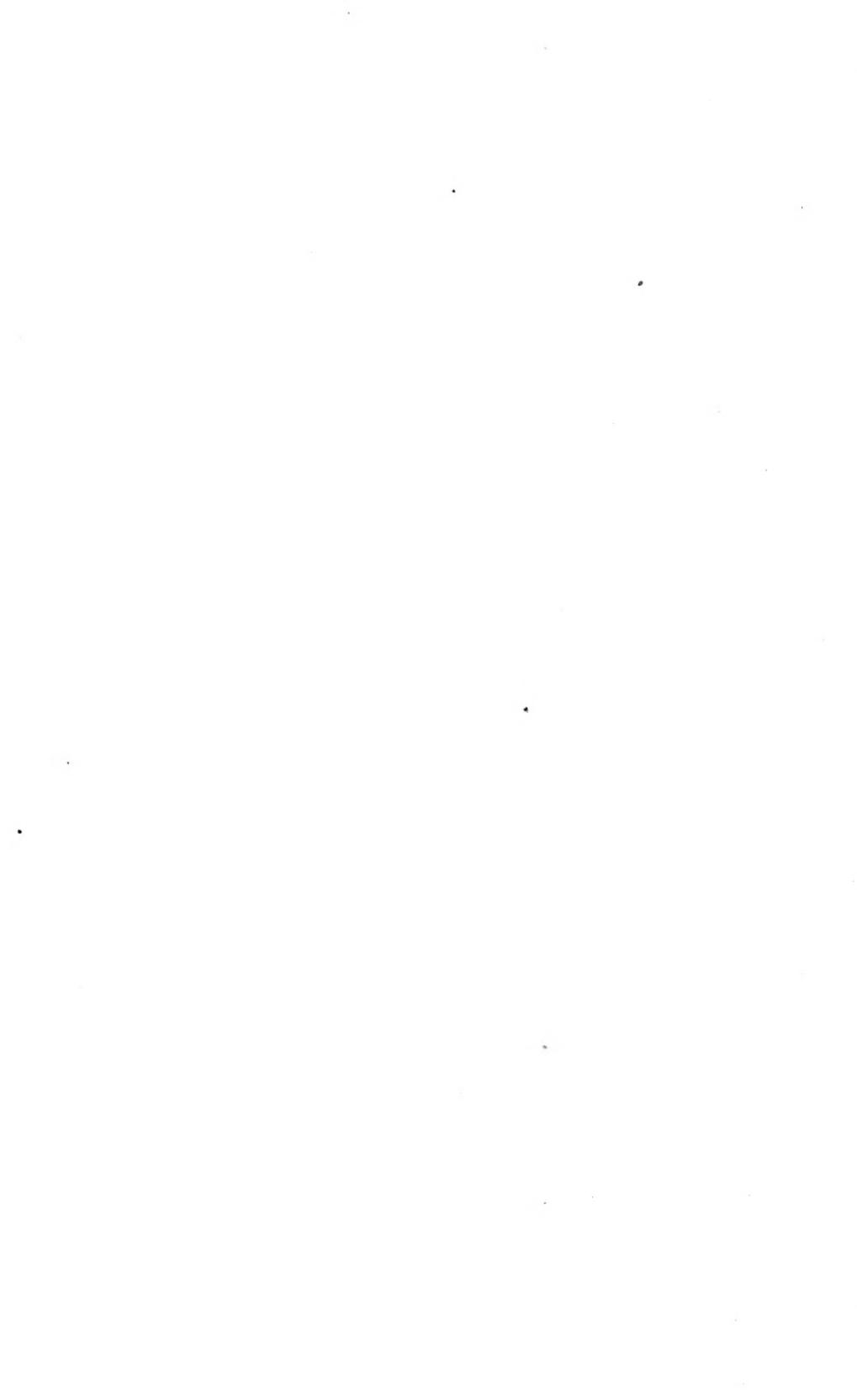
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THE LIFE OF MRS. BOOTH.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE USES OF TRIAL. 1870.

THE first year of the Christian Mission's existence under its new name was a season of peculiar trial. Early in the year Mr. Booth fell ill, and was for three months completely laid aside. This emergency called forth all the latent energies and capacities for leadership of Mrs. Booth. Hitherto the conduct of the Mission had devolved almost exclusively upon the General. But during the time that this was no longer possible she did not hesitate to accept the unsought responsibility which Providence had thus forced upon her. To add so Herculean a task to her arduous public labours and domestic toil seemed beyond the range of possibility. Nevertheless she discharged the duties of the hour with unfailing sagacity and unswerving fidelity, enabling the General to take up the work where he had laid it down, with no other deviation from his halting-point than that of advance.

Another of the peculiar trials of the year consisted in the severance from the Mission of its recently formed and successful branch at Brighton. As the usual sequence to Mrs. Booth's services, and in response to the earnest request of her audience, halls had been engaged and a permanent work commenced, which was placed under the charge of one of the Mission evangelists. Many souls had professed salvation, and in the course of a few months more than one hundred and sixty members had been enrolled. Visits

*The
Christian
Mission.*

*Mrs.
Booth at
the helm.*

*History of
the
Brighton
branch.*

were paid from time to time by Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and the cause manifested every symptom of prosperity, when a meeting was called at which the evangelist proposed that the Brighton branch should sever its connection with the Christian Mission, and establish itself on an independent basis. The usual specious arguments were employed. Why should they be attached to London? They were well able to look after their own interests, and understood their local needs better than any outsiders. They could choose their own evangelist, make their own laws, and, in short, govern themselves and do as they pleased.

1870,
Age 41.

*Declaration
of
independ-
ence.*

The evangelist, who was a comparative stranger to the Mission, had been engaged under a special stress of circumstances, owing to the rapid extension of the work. He was popular, and was warmly supported by the treasurer, a gentleman of wealth, who was carried away by the prospect of patronising a private and successful mission of his own. It was comparatively easy to persuade the majority of the members to acquiesce heartily in this declaration of independence. They did not realise that, under the specious pretext of being their own masters, so far as they at least were concerned, it was but a transfer of the governing power from those who had exercised it with single-eyed devotion and ability to those who might be actuated by selfish motives, and who could not be expected to possess the singular qualifications of the leaders of the movement.

*A pop-
ular evan-
gelist.*

*A trans-
fer of the
governing
power.*

It was with sorrowful surprise that Mr. and Mrs. Booth received the news. Mrs. Booth felt the blow with special keenness. The mission had been born of the travail of her soul, and its progress had afforded her unspeakable joy. She hurried to Brighton, determined, if possible, to repair the mischief, hoping

*Joy
turned to
sorrow.*

1870,
Age 41. that it might not be too late. The whole situation hinged upon the treasurer. Her personal influence with him was great. He and his wife had confessed that the whole tenor of their lives had been transformed by her services. She was kindly received, but found that her host had quite made up his mind. In vain she brought to bear upon him every argument to dissuade him from his course. He would not be convinced. "Well, I predict," said Mrs. Booth in concluding the discussion, "that your evangelist will finish in a ditch, while you stand upon the bank and share in his disgrace, with all Brighton looking on!" Not many months afterwards this prophecy was literally fulfilled. The evangelist deserted his wife and children, and left the country under the most discreditable circumstances. The mission was broken up, and the treasurer, covered with shame, sold up his Brighton home and retired to the country.

Its fulfil-
ment.

Years afterwards the Salvation Army was enabled to resume its operations in Brighton, where a fine hall, seating upwards of two thousand people, was erected, and a successful work again established.

Much
sickness
at home.

There was an unusual accumulation of sickness during this year in the family. The General's sickness has already been referred to. The next trial of the kind was rheumatic fever, which made its appearance in its most virulent form. Miss Billups, who was still living with Mrs. Booth, was the first to be prostrated. Just as she was recovering, Bramwell was seized with the same malady. Previously to this he had been ill with pleurisy, which the doctor considered had been brought on by a blow. On inquiry it appeared that the injury had been received at the City of London School, to which for a short time Mrs. Booth had been induced to send him. Here, according to a

Bram-
well's ill-
ness.

brutal custom then prevalent, he had been lashed to a tree, while a gang of young ruffians amused themselves by charging against him, enjoying the pain which they inflicted as a piece of fun! The cruelty was reported but the culprits remained unpunished, the authorities professing their inability to trace and deal with them unless a formal charge were brought.

As this would have made Bramwell's position in the school unendurable Mrs. Booth preferred the alternative of withdrawing him. Already he had been nicknamed "The Righteous," and "Saint Booth," because he would not participate in the lying and cheating so prevalent in a public school. Only too thankful, however, was Mrs. Booth, that if her boy had suffered in body his soul had escaped unscathed.

But perhaps the calamity which appealed at the time most keenly to her mother heart was an accident which, during one of her enforced absences from home, befell her daughter Emma. Hitherto the healthiest of the family, with boisterous spirits, a courage that knew not the meaning of fear, and yet mellowed into tenderness by a peculiarly affectionate disposition, she had been, in an especial sense, her mother's girl, and if Mrs. Booth's impartiality would have suffered her to manifest the unwise preferences and favouritisms that so often give rise to family bickerings, doubtless Emma would have been the object of her choice. Her feelings may therefore be judged when a telegram was placed in her hand telling her that her beloved child had sustained a severe shock to the whole system, her hand having been crushed in a closing door. Mrs. Booth hurried home at the earliest opportunity. All that a mother's care and medical skill could devise was done for the little sufferer. But though the hand was so perfectly re-

1870,
Age 41.

*Young
ruffians
at school.*

*A boy
martyr.*

*Accident
to Emma
Booth.*

1870,
Age 41.

*Tedious
but com-
plete
recovery.*

stored that it bears no trace of the accident her nerves had been so seriously affected that it required a long interval of watchful nursing and complete exemption from all brain exertion before they could regain their accustomed vigour, or studies be resumed. But Mrs. Booth's patience was inexhaustible, and her efforts were at length rewarded by the gradual and complete recovery of her beloved daughter.

*The
uses of
trial.*

The why and wherefore of such sufferings and of the various trials of this year are not easy to discern, but Mrs. Booth sought to summarise the blessings they were intended to convey in an article on "The Uses of Trial," which was published in the June number of the magazine, and from which we make the following extract. Smarting beneath the sore discipline of the Providential rod, she strove to point herself, and others who were similarly placed, to the ultimate benefit that might be reaped:

"Trial reveals us to the world. As the greatest manifestation of God to the world was by suffering, so the most influential revelation of His people to the world has been by suffering. They are seen to the best advantage in the furnace. The blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church. The patience, meekness, firmness, and happiness of God's people in circumstances of suffering, persecution, and death, have paved the way for the Gospel in almost all lands and all ages. A baptism of blood has prepared the hard and sterile soil of humanity for the good seed of the kingdom and made it doubly fruitful. The exhibition of the meek and loving spirit of Christianity under suffering has doubtless won thousands of hearts to its Divine Author, and tamed and awed many a savage persecutor besides Saul of Tarsus. When men see their fellow-men enduring with patience and meekness what they know would fill them with hatred, anger, and revenge, they naturally conclude that there must be a different spirit in them. When they see Christians suffering the loss of all things, and cheerfully resigning themselves to

bonds, imprisonment, and death, they cannot help feeling that they have sources of strength and springs of consolation all unknown to themselves.

1870,
Age 41.

"Dear reader, how are your actions revealing you to those around you? Are you adding your testimony to that of the cloud of witnesses who are gone before, to the sufficiency of Divine grace to sustain and comfort in the hour of sorrow and suffering? Is your patient endurance saying to those who are watching you, 'I can do (and suffer) all things through Christ which strengtheneth me'?"

What testimony do you bear?

The history of the year, however, was by no means one of unmixed darkness and discouragement. On the contrary, the Mission maintained steady progress. True, it was still the day of small things, but foundation work must needs involve much toilsome drudgery, upon which, though unseen, the future safety of the entire edifice depends.

Steady progress of the Mission.

Besides occasional services at Whitechapel, Croydon, Brighton, and elsewhere, Mrs. Booth conducted two prolonged campaigns at Stoke Newington and Hastings. Both were attended with marked success, and resulted in the subsequent formation of Mission stations.

Two prolonged campaigns.

In Hastings Mrs. Booth met at the outset with considerable opposition. A band of Christian workers, who had been labouring there for some years past, were debating among themselves, in view of her anticipated visit, the propriety of a woman preaching, when one of their number, who had heard Mrs. Booth, indignantly exclaimed that if such were their views *Hastings.* they ought immediately to ask God to convert her into a man, rather than lose the benefits of her ministry! *Appreciation.*

But Mrs. Booth was not accustomed to wait for the disappearance of such prejudices before entering upon her labours. She knew by experience that the best

Mrs. Booth's way.

1870,
Age 41.

plan for vanquishing them was to disregard them, and that, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, her presence would speedily afford a sufficient explanation for her course. The event justified the expectation. The objectors were not unwilling to be convinced. They had heard that Mrs. Booth based her authority upon the Scriptures. They attended her meetings, and it was not long before their scruples had completely vanished.

The collection.

There was, however, another difficulty which hindered for a time their hearty co-operation with Mrs. Booth, and this was the practice of making a collection at the conclusion of each service. They had been hitherto accustomed to publish at the foot of every circular, invitation, or advertisement, that admission was free and no collection would be taken.

Her own experience.

This, they thought, would serve as a special attraction to the people. Mrs. Booth reasoned with the objectors, pointed to her own personal experience to prove that the collection was rather a help than a hindrance to the work, and argued that it was the most natural and straightforward method for enabling the people to minister to their pastor's needs. To this it was replied that it manifested want of faith, and that the servants of God should trust in Him for the supply of their temporal necessities, making them known to Him alone. Mrs. Booth denied that the one method was any more Scriptural than the other, but in order to avoid further controversy accepted for a time the offer of these friends; allowing them to defray the expenses of the meetings by private contribution instead of by public collections. But, although the stipulation was adhered to, Mrs. Booth remained unconvinced as to the wisdom of the course, and she soon afterwards returned to her usual practice, ex-

Unconvinced.

plaining her reasons for so doing in the following letter addressed to one of these friends:

1870,
Age 41.

" 26 MAGDALEN ROAD, Sept. 23d, 1870.

" MY DEAR SIR:—Since our last conversation, I have prayerfully and anxiously reconsidered the subject of it, and I am constrained to tell you that my mind is brought into a state of controversy by having departed from my convictions in the matter.

*Explanatory
letter.*

" 1. I do not feel justified in receiving money which, according to my views, might be spent to better advantage for God and souls. If I go on for a couple of months the services will cost some fifty pounds. Why should this money be taken from the Lord's private treasury and spent over services well able to sustain themselves? I would not, dare not, give my own money to sustain this class of services; then why should I take yours?

" 2. I have no reason from past experience to believe that collections have at all militated against the success of my work, the Lord having always given me the ear of the people, much of the power of His Holy Spirit, and very much precious fruit.

" 3. I cannot help feeling that I have to some extent compromised my freedom in allowing my services to depend on the support of a few private individuals. I have hitherto been able to say that I have been burdensome to no man in the work of the Lord, and I cannot yield this glorying in deference to views with which I do not sympathise. I feel perfectly clear myself on the subject: God would not have blessed me in the measure He has had my methods not pleased Him, and why should I be judged of another man's conscience?

" 4. I have made great sacrifices and endured much anxiety in times past rather than depart from my convictions in this matter. In some places the collections for weeks in succession have not nearly met the expenses, and I have been threatened with great personal loss. Nevertheless, I have gone on in faith, and the Lord has always brought me through with credit, and has never allowed me to be burdensome to individuals. Therefore I cannot depart from those convictions until my judgment is convinced.

" Believe me, dear sir, that I fully appreciate your motives

1870,
Age 41. and am deeply sensible of your benevolent intention, but I think you are mistaken on this point, and I think the views which you expressed to me have unwittingly led to the wasting of hundreds of pounds of the Lord's money. I am deeply sorry to differ in judgment from those whom I so highly esteem in the Lord, but I am bound to do what appears to me best in the interests of His Kingdom. I bless His name that He has enabled me to do this, even when it has appeared to involve the loss of all things.

"With sincere thanks for your Christian sympathy and interest, and commanding my work to your earnest prayers,

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

*Able to
"dig" and
willing
"to beg."*

Mrs. Booth never allowed the experiment to be repeated. To "dig" into the consciences of the people she was well able, and "to beg" from them she was not ashamed. According to the system advocated by her Hastings friends the burden fell unduly and unnecessarily upon a generous few, without giving the public the privilege and opportunity to participate in it.

*A mis-
nomer.*

She disapproved of what was commonly termed the "life of faith." It seemed to her a misnomer, which cast an altogether unjust reflection upon the thousands of earnest laborers, and gave an altogether wrong idea of faith. Here, for instance, is an organisation or an individual which professes to be supported exclusively by faith. But the methods pursued are identically the same as those followed in the ordinary course. Meetings are held, reports are issued, the charitable are inundated with pamphlets and appeals. The absence of a collection, or of an actual personal request, can hardly be said to constitute the difference between faith and unbelief. Indeed, there is often more genuine faith in the latter than in the

former. What more striking exhibition of faith could there be than the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Booth would enter towns, either in person or through their evangelists, engage expensive halls, lease or purchase properties, and trust the public to defray the expenses which on their behalf they had incurred? This was faith, indeed; and without faith where would be the Salvation Army? But, having done this, they considered their duty was to combine works with faith by placing before the people a plain, unvarnished statement of the transaction, inviting rich and poor alike to co-operate in the performance of their designs.

However, notwithstanding the initial difficulties, the three months spent by Mrs. Booth in Hastings were accompanied by marvellous results. The hall was crowded, over three hundred persons professed salvation, hundreds of nominal Christians were restored to new earnestness and activity, and when the time for concluding the services arrived a universal plea was offered for the foundation of a permanent branch of the Mission. The request was complied with, and at the opening services conducted by Mrs. Booth no less than forty persons sought salvation.

Another interesting event of the year was the amalgamation of a mission that had been carried on in Hackney for some time past by a Mr. John Eason. Once in a position of affluence, with a comfortable home and excellent prospects, Mr. Eason had met with a reverse of fortune which had stripped him of almost everything, compelling him to commence afresh his battle with the world. For some years he had been working in hearty co-operation with Mr. and Mrs. Booth, helping in their meetings and doing all in his power to assist the cause, while following his profession as an estate agent. He was one of

1870,
Age 41.

*Faith and
works.*

*Good re-
sults not-
with-
standing.*

A
perma-
nent
branch.

*Hackney
and Mr.
John
Eason.*

A hearty
co-
worker.

**1870,
Age 41.** those amiable characters whom it is impossible to know and not to appreciate. The Christian fortitude with which he bore his adversity, the invariable brightness of his spirits, his sincere and simple faith in God, his ardent efforts for the salvation of his fellow-men, his humility, all combined to make him one



MR. EASON.

of the most lovable of men. He had not the qualities that mark out a leader, but he possessed in an eminent degree the graces that adorn the saint.

London Fields. He had gathered round him a group of earnest labourers. Year after year special services were held in a tent upon an open space dignified with the title of London Fields, but from which the grassy greenery had long since disappeared. At other times services

were held in a large school-room. Both had been the birthplace of many precious souls. The amalgamation of this work with the Christian Mission was hailed by Mr. Eason with unfeigned joy, and thenceforth, to the end of his life, he reckoned himself an active partner in the concern. Although very deaf, he might be seen in all the principal public meetings, with his horn diligently applied to his ear, endeavoring to catch every word that fell from the speakers' lips.

In one point only did he differ from Mr. and Mrs. Booth. He was an ardent Second Adventist, and had convinced himself that the Emperor Napoleon was the beast foretold in the Revelation, whose number was 666. With infinite pains and numerous illustrative diagrams he had prepared and published a book in support of this theory. Unfortunately for his interpretation, however, the volume was scarcely out of the printer's hands when Napoleon died. But instead of being in the least disconcerted by this apparent fiasco, Mr. Eason appeared next day, smiling as ever, with the announcement that he had been perfectly right all along; that Napoleon was undoubtedly the beast, but that he had hitherto overlooked one slight detail—which was also contained in prophecy: that he was to die and rise again before appearing in his final character!

The charming simplicity and faith of their friend disarmed all criticism. He died as he had lived, at perfect peace with God and man, committing his soul to its Creator with the confidence of a child reposing in its mother's arms. His children followed in his footsteps; one son having been for years a minister in Canada, another having gone forth as a missionary to China.

1870,
Age 41.

School-
room
meetings.

*One point
of differ-
ence.*

An ap-
parent
fiasco.

*Not cast
down.*

*With the
confidence
of a child.*

CHAPTER LXIII.

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.—COMMISSIONER RAILTON. 1870.

The first book of the Salvation Army.

Out of print and forgotten.

THE Salvation Army literature is contained in many volumes, the number of which increases year by year, quite independently of newspapers and periodicals with their annual circulation of nearly fifty millions. But it is interesting to look back to the "hole of the pit" from whence "Darkest England" has been dug. The first book of the Salvation Army bore the characteristic title, "How to Reach the Masses with the Gospel." It has long since been out of print and its very name almost forgotten. And yet it deserved a wide circulation. The little sixpenny volume was full of startling facts and figures, and marked a new era in the evangelisation of the poor. Nevertheless, it attracted but little public notice, and beyond eliciting a few passing encomiums and expressions of gratified surprise, failed to call forth the liberal and widespread response for which its authors had hoped. The modest edition of 5,000 was with difficulty pushed into circulation, and the expense of the publication was barely covered by its sale.

But at least one heart responds.

But, if the effect upon the public was small, there was at least one apostolic heart that responded to its stirring appeals. An advertisement of the book attracted the notice of a young man then studying for the Wesleyan ministry. He sent for it, devoured every page of it with eager interest, and made up his

mind upon the spot that if these Christian Missionaries proved in reality anything like what they appeared to be then and thenceforth their people should be his people, and their God his God. He visited the Mission, attended its gatherings, found that in place of exaggeration "the half had not been told," and proffered his services to its leaders. It was necessary for a time that he should return home to fulfil some business engagements, but at the conclusion of a few months he was welcomed not only into the Mission, but into the inner circle of the General's home and cabinet.

George Scott Railton, for he it was who had thus early recognised the great future that lay before the Christian Mission, can best perhaps be described in a word as a latter-day George Fox. Left to himself, however, his genius would probably have been rather of the destructive than constructive type. A radical of radicals, and an extremist of the most pronounced stamp, he was for exposing, tearing down, and demolishing every form of religious sham and humbug that he encountered. He would have burnt the field of wheat rather than tolerate the chance existence of a tare.

When but a little fellow he had seen his mother come home, strip the very blankets from the beds, rifle the house of all its best, and go forth laden with the booty to scatter it amongst the poor! That was the sort of religion that he understood and revelled in. Extravagance, enthusiasm, fanaticism—call it what you like—this was the *beau ideal* of this modern John the Baptist, who had been crying in the religious wilderness but could get none to hear him. Some time previously he had learnt Spanish and started off on his own account, unconnected with any society, without money and without a friend, as a missionary

1870,
Age 41.

Commiss-
sioner
Railton.

*His early
training.*

*Mission-
ary to
Morocco.*

1870,
Age 41.

to Morocco. But not finding a congenial sphere he had returned.

*Then sail
in the
opposite
direction.*

His brother Launcelot, a Wesleyan minister, recognising his abilities and desiring to direct them into more regular channels, had persuaded him at length to prepare himself for a ministerial career. But he was far from satisfied. He hated ecclesiasticism with all the strength of his strong nature. "Fix it as your pole star," he would say of it, "and then sail with all your might in the opposite direction!" Its vestments, its ceremonials, its traditions—he would almost have torn the very Gospel to pieces in order to get rid of the superfluities with which it had been overladen. He would have labelled the religious ideals of the day Nehushtan, and have ground them to powder remorselessly.

*Extrava-
gant faith
and
works.*

His faith was only less extravagant than his works. He believed in preaching till you were hoarse, and praying till your knees were petrified. Sleep and food were necessary evils, to be postponed as long as possible. Eat when nobody will stop to listen, and sleep when you can't keep yourself awake. He would have made every train a "flying Dutchman," every steamer an Atlantic greyhound, every star a moon and every moon a sun. The stars should have shone all day, and the moon have never waned, nor the sun have ever set. He had nothing to do with human nature as it is. His business was to make it what it ought to be. For organisation, method, system, regularity he did not care a straw. If they suited his purposes he would tolerate their existence. If not, he would away with them. Red tape! He would make an eternal bonfire of it all, at which the enfranchised world should warm its hands, if it could find time for so sublunary an occupation!

*No time
for
method.*

Need we say that we are describing Mr. Railton as he was, rather than as he is? Mr. and Mrs. Booth recognised and appreciated this untamed genius, this religious Ishmael. They admired his reckless zeal—his Mahomet-like iconoclasm—his fervid courage, his single-eyed devotion to his Master's cause. They would sooner mount a horse that would run away with them than one that would not go. And here was one of Nature's thoroughbreds, requiring neither whip nor spur. If only he would endure the guiding snaffle his impetuosity would impart new vigour to the Mission. They believed they possessed the capacity to curb without crushing, and to control without perverting a disposition so full of nobility, and whose very mistakes were only virtues magnified. And they were not disappointed. There were times, it is true, when the Army chariot was carried round awkward corners at a dangerous speed; when, in his haste for increased and increasing speed, Mr. Railton would have left it a useless wreck by the roadside and have gone on alone, rather than slacken the regulation pace, or pause for needed counsel and repairs. But the 'iron hand in the velvet glove' which held the reins was there to avert the passing danger, and the rashness of the daring saint was always more easily forgiven than the torpidity of the timid looker-on.

And so, from this time forward, Mr. Railton played an important part in the history of the work. An able and indefatigable penman, he compiled the bulk of its early literature. *Heathen England*, *Captain Ted*, *The Salvation Navvy*, *The Salvation War*, and *Twenty-one Years Salvation Army*, were his chief writings. In addition to these were numberless pamphlets, articles, reports, and defences, all conveying a clear and interesting account of the work in which

1870,
Age 41.

*His
genius
recog-
nised.*

*The
Army
chariot.*

Mr.
Railton's
writings.

*1870,
Age 41.* his sympathies were so deeply engaged. And when able to lay aside his pen there was no one more

*His
chosen
position.* eagerly ready to take his place at the battle's front. If he had the opportunity of choosing for himself he always went to the poorest corps, the most desperate forlorn-hopes, where the soldiers were the fewest and the odds against him the greatest. He preferred the open-air work to indoor meetings, and would almost have been pleased to learn that every barracks had been burnt, in order that the members might be forced into the streets.

*Each new
depart-
ure.* He hailed each new departure with satisfaction, whoever might be its discoverer and with whatever criticism it might be assailed. On one occasion he marched on foot through England, bareheaded, single-handed, with a red bannerette carrying the inscription, "Repentance, Faith, Holiness," striving to penetrate the towns and districts which had not as yet been reached. At another time he conducted a continuous meeting for three days and three nights in succession, shattering an iron constitution by the stupendous effort, invaliding himself for twelve months, and never entirely recovering the effect of the blow. But this was in strict harmony with his theory that martyrs were not to wait for martyrdom. And who can deny that suicide in a good cause is better than long life in a bad one? But Mr. Railton, through his writings, must speak for himself. And, although he did not join the Mission till the following year, we may be allowed to somewhat anticipate. Singularly enough, we find him from the first addressing Mr. Booth as

*Seeking
martyr-
dom.* "My dear General," although it was not till six years afterwards that the title was publicly adopted. He styles himself Mr. Booth's lieutenant. So that already the Mission atmosphere may be said to have

*Military
elec-
tricity.*

been charged with the military electricity, which, if it did not vitalise the organisation, at least helped to clothe it with an attractive uniform.

The following is a letter addressed by Mr. Railton to his brother, the Wesleyan minister, who had ex-postulated with him on the suddenness of his resolve to join the Mission, urging him to take further time for consideration:

1870,
Age 41.

*Letter to
Mr.
Launcelot
Railton.*

"I am delighted to hear that you are well enough to talk of becoming a traveller again, and I do hope you will be able to come up here, where so many will be glad to see you. Together again after eight years, I trust we shall be able to rejoice in the orphan's Father, and should find ourselves more than ever in harmony as to the truth and the work we have to take up and carry forward as the servants and the sons of God.

I am a little surprised at your attitude as to the Christian Mission after what has passed between us, and this makes it seem the more hopeless for me ever to enter any new sphere with the concurrence and entire satisfaction of those I love most. Ever since 1868 I have declared my views of the corrupt system of trading, and have declared myself bound in duty and honour to enter the first door God should open to me out of it all. Surely there has been time for advice and consultation on this subject, and I have had nothing but approval as to these convictions. Yet I am considered to act suddenly and inconsiderately, and without consultation, in entering the first opening I have ever seen.

"I don't know when I began to declare in favor of an honest Wesleyan Methodism. I can't remember the time since my conversion when it was not my model. I have certainly told you all for some years that its *work*, not its ministry, was my object, and that I should gladly give myself to that *work whenever I had the chance*. I have never thought that the time for opinions was when a question of *action* arose. I always form my opinion and try to study every one else's long before that. But peculiarly in this case there is no question, because Mr. Booth and I are so much one that I cannot separate myself from him and his work. He, too, says that when I left them he and Mrs. Booth felt they had lost one who had sud-

1870,
Age 41.

denly become a pleasure and a power to them. I hope the grand man is making no mistake, for it will be a deal worse for him than for me if he is; but if he is putting me in a wrong niche, I do believe I am so one with his work that I shall gladly be shifted to any other. Mr. Booth cannot require of me too many duties, for I wish to do whatever he will let me do. I thought you and uncle knew before me what Mr. Booth wanted me to do, but I may compare the post to that of second preacher in an old-fashioned Methodist circuit reaching from Hastings to Edinburgh, besides the editing of a magazine, with rail and bus and a thousand other advantages on my side.

"Whether I am fit for the post, and it for me, how can anybody know till I try? If I am not fit for it, I think there is more room for me in the Mission than anywhere else to do just what I *can*, and what more can there be than that? I am very thankful for my visit to it, at any rate, for, flying as it was, it did me much good anyway.

"I have been there and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below!"

*From Mr.
Raitton's
first
article.*

A quotation from the first article written by Mr. Raitton for the *Christian Mission Magazine* will perhaps give a further insight into the character of the new secretary. It was composed while travelling in the train:

GOD'S FOOLS.

"Did you see that bit in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about Booth's Mission people?"

"What? About their commencing to build two new halls in a fortnight?"

"No; you never saw that in the *Pall Mall*, * I know; but about their being in the Police Court again."

"What! again?"

"Yes; some Whitechapel pet has been getting 'converted,'

* We are happy to say that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has since obtained a reputation second to that of no other newspaper for fairness with reference to Salvation Army matters,

you know, and they took her home, some of them, and were going to get her nicely married, when she robbed them and moved on. The magistrate said he never knew such a case of absurdity and folly in all his life, and he has seen a good deal, you know."

1870,
Age 41.

"What a set of fools they must be!"

Yes. There is no mistake about it, God's people *are* fools.

Everybody says they are. The politician says that they are very foolish to hold tenaciously to a theory, when it is evidently opposed to "the spirit of the times."

The man of business says it is folly not to take advantage of the openings Providence puts in your way—to take advantage, that is, of the ignorance of those whom you have dealings with, and of their faith in your statements.

The publican says that they are a set of canting fools, who won't allow other people to make an honest living in peace.

The theatre proprietor and amusement dealer say they are a lot of silly fools, who can't enjoy themselves, and don't want any one else to do so either.

The general public says the same. But what matter to God's people what the world says of them? Of course the world is sure to hate them.

Ah! but "the Church" says they are fools. That great mass of reputed Christians who attend places of worship, and who profess to sympathise with the objects of Christianity, condemn the true followers of Jesus. They say it is very foolish to be singular and bring upon yourself voluntary martyrdom; to be always running to religious services, or to give way to excitement; to expose yourself in bad weather, or to lay yourself open to imposition; to understand Scripture in a strict and absolute sense—in fact, to understand it to mean anything in particular, to expect every one to think as you do, or to attempt to force your own notions down other people's throats. In short, they say that to do any of these things is to carry things to extremes, and bring religion into contempt.

There was once a man who spent one hundred and twenty years of his life in building a large vessel, because he said the world was going to be flooded. Everybody laughed at the silly fellow; but no one could get him to leave off, till the flood really came, and all but he and his family were drowned.

1870,
Age 41. There was a man who had the choice between a very fine pasture-land and a very poor one, and he gave up the choice to his nephew, who, of course, knew which to pick, and ended his career in a cave, while his uncle became the greatest prince of all those countries.

There was a man who might have been an Egyptian prince in the days of Egypt's glory; but he chose to associate and suffer with slaves, simply because they were God's people; and God made that man the founder of a new nation, which again and again crushed the power of Egypt.

There was a young man who risked his life many a time to serve his country and king, and got almost hunted to death by them as a reward for it. And yet more than once, when he could have avenged himself, and got rid of his tormentors by killing the king, he refused to do so. And God called the stupid fellow a man after his own heart; and made him and his descendants kings forever.

The last of that line was once asked for tribute money, not due from Him, when He had no money to pay with; but instead of standing up for His rights He actually worked a miracle to pay what He did not owe. When men were killing Him, with every possible indignity and cruelty, He begged God to forgive them for it all, and said they did not know what they were doing. And He told His followers to preach salvation through His name to every one; but to take care and begin with His own murderers! And God says, "This is my beloved Son; hear him."

Ye magistrates of England, we honour you; we applaud your impartiality, and your devotion to your duties. We shall continue to honour and obey you, however you may treat us. But we ask you, in all respect, when men come before you who have been trying to rescue the ruined ones you can only condemn, and who have suffered in the attempt, does British justice require of you (we say nothing of extra-judicial fairness and gentlemanly feeling) that you should add the heavy quota of your scorn to the wrong they have already suffered? Would it degrade your office to speak a cheering word to a man or a woman, ever so poor, who has been trying to do good, and who has been requited with evil?

Ye men of business, ye have invested, as ye think, in good securities, and obtained for yourselves a goodly portion. Ye

are very wise! But you will find the exchange very hard against you at the last great day of account. What will the profits be if you have gained the whole world and lost your own souls? What will become of all your property when the world is burnt? Oh, be fools enough to lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves break not through and steal.

1871,
Age 42.

Ye publicans and pleasure-mongers, ye trappers of souls, right wisely have ye laid your nets! What crowds ye catch and hand over to your master, the devil! What a rich and noble heritage of confusion and damnation are ye laying up for yourselves, ye wisest of the wise, for the great last day! Will your wise reasonings calm you when ye stand before your Judge and see the men and women upon whose misery and degradation and everlasting ruin ye have fattened and comforted yourselves? Oh, be mad enough to halt before that awful day is here, and put away the evil of your doings from before the face of the Holy One!

And you, ye millions, ye crowds of unbelieving ones, how long will ye be blinded and led onward to destruction? Is it really wise to reject happiness, and choose merry bitterness? Is it really wise to shut your eyes to your own state before God? Is it really wise to forget God's tender love to you? Is it really wise to reject the Saviour who bled and died for you, and who engages to refuse none who come to God through Him? Is it really wise to put off to a more convenient season what can be most conveniently done now? Is it wise to be made fools of by the devil in time and to all eternity?

And you, ye foolish ones. The Lord has chosen you—He loves you—He will lead you on. Despised and derided by high and low, the All-wise will honour and smile upon you. Deceived and cheated and wronged by those you seek to save, the Faithful and True will never fail nor forsake you. Hindered and delayed and baffled in your labour of love, the Almighty arm sustains you, and the voice of the changeless One calls you to go on and prosper.

Go on! For God and man, go on! And in every moment of cloud and shame hear the voice of the God-man they mocked and crucified, saying, "Fear not, I have overcome the world."

Steady, pushing, plodding work was the order of

*1871,
Age 42.*

*Time
fully oc-
cupied.*

*First
White-
chapel
anniver-
sary.*

*The free
tea.*

*Easter
Monday
on White-
chapel
Road.*

*The light
cross.*

the day for 1871. Both Mr. and Mrs. Booth's time was very fully occupied with visiting the various stations, perfecting the organisation of the work, superintending its business affairs, and devising fresh plans for the advancement of the cause. One of the most interesting meetings of the year was the first White-chapel anniversary, which was celebrated at Easter with a free tea for a thousand of the Missioners, provided by the generosity of Mr. Reed. A description of this gathering was written by Miss Billups, and from this we quote:

"At two o'clock several of the leading bands belonging to different stations met on the Mile-End Waste, where a well-attended service was held. As the time approached for tea, our friends fell into rank; each separate party headed by their leading men and banner proclaiming the station to which they belonged, with a text of Scripture as their motto.

"On such a day as Easter Monday even White-chapel Road bears a holiday appearance. The usual pressed and careworn aspect of the throngs continually passing and repassing along this busy thoroughfare is changed for one of jollity, freedom, and carelessness. Gin palaces are more attractive and more crowded even than usual. Girls bedizened with cheap finery, men with cigars and short pipes, are whiling away the few hours' freedom from care and toil, awaiting the first amusement that shall present itself. Alas! alas! to how many of these will the night bring lost character, drunkenness, misery and crime!

"As our friends procession through the throng, singing their sweet, glad songs of heavenly love and praise, if not with professional harmony at least with melodious warmth of feeling that must strike the attention of the listener, many a jest and scoff is cast

at their expense, but, rejoicing at the looked-for crown,
the present cross is light to bear.

1871,
Age 42.

"The tea has been carefully prepared, and is tastefully set out. Our hall really needs no decoration but that of happy faces to make it attractive at any time, but to-day it is rendered more so than usual through the kind thought of interested friends.

Hall dec-
oration.

"But the best part is the meeting afterwards. Our greatest cause for gratitude is that our beloved Superintendent presides over the meeting. Last year, at this time, many fears were rife on his account. His serious illness cast a gloom over all our hearts; but our prayers have been answered; although yet far from strong, he is in our midst, cheering, helping, leading us on.

The best
part.

"As Mr. Booth rises, loving, grateful looks greet him on every side. His address was characteristic, and a few of his sentences will indicate the spirit with which the Mission is prosecuted. 'To myself,' said he, 'the past year has been one of sickness and weakness; but, if I have been on half-work, I have been on full pay. Glory be to God! Our cry is still, "Souls, souls, souls!" We are still a penitent-form people; we believe in getting sinners saved. For every new attack of Satan against our work, I feel the only answer to give him is to open a new station. People say we "must wait for an open door." But the devil will not open the door for us, nor the publican, nor the infidel. We must go and open it for ourselves. So we say, wherever there is a dark, devil-ridden neighbourhood, go there. Now we want a few more men who do not mind cursing, and brickbats, and knocking about. It is very well to be told that there is a nice hall for us, and that expenses will be paid, but if there isn't a hall or a room there's the corner of the

Loving
greeting
for Mr.
Booth.

An open
door.

1871, street. Go there, my brethren, and soon some one
Age 42. will ask you to hold a meeting in his house.'

Converted gypsies. "Brother Allen gave a brief sketch of his work. As he warmed with his subject, a band of gypsies, who sat at the back of the platform, seemed scarcely able to wait until opportunity was given them to speak. At last one scrambled across, and with hands clasped, and tears running down his cheeks, fell on his knees and there remained until our brother had finished. He began by saying: 'I belong to one of the lowest class of people that ever was born; but though I have spurned God's laws, yet Christ has undertaken my cause. My face is nearly black; but my heart is washed white by the precious blood of Christ! I know I am on my way to heaven. You may say to me, How do you know? Why, I feel it! I roared like a bullock under the weight of my sins. You know, my friends, we must feel this sorrow for sin. I believe God has used me and my brother, and now eight of my family are on their way to heaven. Though I can't read my Bible, I can read my title to heaven. I mean to press on, and see what's at the end. My heart is so full that, instead of crying out in the street, "*Chairs to mend;*" I have forgot what I was doing, and called out, "*Souls to mend!*" May the Lord help you all to seek Him while He is to be found, and to call on Him while He is near.'

"I'll take him to the spot." "Another gypsy follows: 'I always think,' he said, 'that the devil gets the upper hand of me if I don't speak for Jesus. You know we gypsies don't get a bad name without deserving it. I sleep under an old gypsy's tent now; but I shall have a mansion by-and-by! I feel my sins are forgiven. The devil tells me it isn't so; but I tell him I'll take him to the spot. I tell him the name of the man that was with me, and

the hymn that was sung, and away he goes. I know I was on the brink of hell, but I feel now that I could lay down my life for the good of precious souls. There's about forty of us gypsies on the way.'

1871,
Age 42.

"Shouts of praise resounded on every side. Our readers should know that at all our meetings clapping, stamping, cheering, indeed, any outward expression of eulogy to the speaker, is reprobated entirely. But in its stead we ascribe all praise and glory to Him who has wrought such wonderful changes."

*Shouts of
praise.*

CHAPTER LXIV.

CORRESPONDENCE. 1870-1872.

NOT less interesting than the story of public demonstrations and anniversaries is the account of the work that was being simultaneously carried on within the narrow limits of the home circle. The care of the eight children, whose ages ranged from four to fifteen, was becoming more and more an object of solicitude and concern to Mrs. Booth. The early letters she wrote to them and received from them have happily been preserved, and they are so entirely *sui generis*, and so different from the usual insipid letters exchanged between the members of a family, that it requires no apology to quote from them.

The following extract is taken from Bramwell's letters to his mother. When thirteen he writes:

"Your note came duly to hand this morning, and I will endeavour to carry out all your wishes.

"I have tried to use my influence over A., but it does not seem to have done him any good, at least so far as I can judge. Their elder brother came home this afternoon, and he has made a great change in them, which is not in the least for the better. They both, especially the youngest, dislike prayer.

"Nevertheless, my soul has prospered this last week. The Lord has led me beside the still waters and in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake."

Two years afterwards, when his sister Marian was suddenly struck down with small-pox, it became necessary to send the rest of the children away, to avoid

the infection, Mrs. Billups kindly placing at their disposal her comfortable country home at Lydney, in Gloucestershire. To Bramwell Mrs. Booth largely looked for the superintendence of the others. With all the tenderness of a woman he combined qualities of management and command far beyond his age. Soon after he had left London with his brothers and sisters Mrs. Booth wrote to him as follows:

1871,
Age 42.

"Feb. 9th, 1871.

MY DEAR WILLIE:—

"Your somewhat graphic epistle cheered me a good deal this morning. I am glad to find you in such good spirits. What a pity you lost your hat! However, it was better than losing your head, which would not at all have surprised me, seeing that you are so fond of poking it where it ought not to be! Mr. Billups has sent a telegram which is an unspeakable comfort, for we have been very apprehensive about Herbert and Emma. I trust now, if it be the Lord's will, that you are all safe. I hope you will in this emergency show yourself to be a true son of your mother, and a consistent disciple of the Lord Jesus. Very much depends on you as to the ease and comfort of managing Ballington and Herbert; do all you can. Be forbearing where only your own feelings or comfort are concerned, and don't raise unnecessary controversies; but where their obedience to us, or their health, is at stake, be firm and unflinching in trying to put them right. Mind Emma's medicine—two teaspoonfuls twice a day—and her feet kept warm. I will send over-boots for her in the house. Mind you don't take cold. Remember how unpleasant rheumatic fever is! If you will take care and let reason guide your conduct, you may get much benefit, but if you will not, why, you will help towards the very undesirable result of invalidism for life!"

*Letter to
Bram-
well.*

*Direc-
tions for
managing
the boys*

"The Lord bless you all. Pray for us.

"Your loving and anxious Mother.

"P.S.—You need not fear the letters, as I lay them between blotting sheets saturated with Condy's fluid after writing, and envelopes, too.

"Papa says you are to mind the children with the dogs!

1871,
Age 42. You are to read this bit of print to them, and knock it well into Ballington and Herbert." (A paragraph is enclosed from a newspaper, relating to a case of death from hydrophobia.)

To her daughter Catherine, at the age of twelve, when about to pay a visit to a friend, Mrs. Booth writes as follows:

"MY VERY DEAR KATIE:—

*To Cath-
erine, with
advice for
a young
friend.* I have only time for a word. You are going to Clifton; be much in prayer for grace and wisdom to do the Lord's errand there. Grace has not yet told her father of the change in her heart. Now I suspect that it is fear which prevents her doing so; she is afraid to profess lest she should not live up to it.

"Now you must explain to her that confession is the only way to keep her blessing. 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' She must confess to her father, and trust the Lord to help her to live before him according to her profession. You must get her to confess at once, or she will grieve the Spirit and lose her peace. Be very gentle with her, and try, my dear child, to lead her as well as tell her. Watch and pray, and the Lord will guide you.

"Visitors are coming in, so good-bye.

"Your ever loving Mother."

*"Nearly
mad with
joy."* From this it will be seen, that young as she was, the Maréchale had already commenced to seek the salvation of her little friends. Indeed, she was at this early age accustomed to hold meetings among them. And, when she first received the news of the conversion of the girl friend mentioned in this letter, Bramwell writes to tell his mother that Katie "had nearly gone mad with joy!"

And then follows a still more interesting letter of counsel as to her conduct towards the children of their host:

MY PRECIOUS KATIE:—

"I fear if I let Mrs. N.'s letter go without a line for you, you will be grieved, so I enclose a few words. You know how trying it is for me to write when I am nervous, and Emma's illness has made me so poorly, so you must not expect me to write often. We were all very pleased with your letters, and papa and I are unspeakably thankful that you are better. Do as Mrs. N. wishes you about your health. I am so anxious for your back to get stronger. Above all, my darling girl, keep close to Jesus; run to Him in every difficulty; tell Him all just as you would me, if you were at home. Ask Him for wisdom to guide you and teach you how to live, and speak so that you may be a blessing to dear Marian and the little ones. You know you may never see them again after this visit, and the Lord will expect them to be better for your influence forever. Be very patient with Grace. Don't be grieved because she stayed away from the meeting, that is, not because it was *your* meeting, but try to show it is the Lord she is shunning, and that perhaps this little meeting is the very place in which He would reveal Himself to her soul.

"Tell her to never mind if she cannot help crying; all the better. I wish more people cried about their sins, and cried after their Saviour. Jesus never reproved anybody for crying, but He said, 'Blessed are they that mourn,' and 'Jesus wept.' Tell Grace that Jesus loved tears of penitence and desire. I dare say, dear Mary wept floods of tears when she said, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' And Jesus himself appeared to wipe her tears away; and there is a time coming when He will wipe away all the tears of all His people. He is not ashamed of his people's tears; 'he puts them in His bottle.' 'Jesus wept' would be a nice subject for you at one of your little meetings. And you could find some texts to show how David wept, and Daniel, and Jeremiah, etc., etc., if you like it. But don't take it because *I* say so. You must ask the Lord for your subjects.

"Your loving Mother."

Writing to her daughter Emma, then eleven years old, when about to join her sister at Clifton, Mrs. Booth says:

1872,
Age 43.

*A letter of
counsel.*

*"Keep
close to
Jesus."*

*His
people's
tears.*

*"Ask the
Lord for
your
subjects."*

1872,
Age 43. "I was very pleased with your letter. You see where your mistake is; now take hold of the help of the Holy Spirit to remedy it. When you are crying to the Lord to give you back your blessing, believe that He does it just then, and afterwards, if Satan says, 'No, you have not got it,' and tempts you to feel naughty, say, 'Oh, yes, I have. I believe God does give it to me, for I am trusting in Him!' If Satan won't leave you, run away again to your chamber, and keep saying, 'Jesus, I do believe in Thee. Thou art all in all to me, and I am Thine, all Thine!' If you will keep doing this Satan must fly. He cannot stand long before faith. I should like you to get this blessing back before going to Clifton. You know many eyes will be on you there, and you will exert an influence on those little boys very important. You must tell them about Jesus and His salvation, and you cannot do this rightly unless you have power to live well. Watch much. You know, my child, how useless it is to try to be a Christian unless we watch over ourselves."

*Solicitude
for Ballington.*

For Ballington Mrs. Booth experienced a special solicitude. Warm-hearted, affectionate, and impulsive, his rapid growth and delicate health rendered constant application to study peculiarly difficult. She realised, therefore, that he needed her help and encouragement the more, and left no effort unmade to assist him, often writing to him far into the night, when already fatigued with the exhausting labours of the day. The following is a brief extract from one of her letters:

*A fine at-
tainment.*

"We are very pleased with you. First, for writing so often. Secondly, for taking such pains, and trying to get on. Well, we are all delighted to find that you have made up your mind to improve; nay, what is better still, that you are doing it. That is what I like. *Doing* it. You will be your mother's boy after all, and worthy of the name you bear, I trust. Best of all, you will honor the name of Jesus by accomplishing in His strength what you could not do in your own. Don't neglect prayer. Be watchful; mind that copy about talking. Too much talk ruins heaps of people. It is a fine attainment

to be able to hold one's tongue. Wise people are seldom great talkers. Mind this."

1872,
Age 43.

How freely and fondly Ballington responded to his mother's affectionate counsels may be judged of from the following letter:

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMA:—

"I know you will like to hear how I am getting on. All right. On, on, I must go till I reach home again. I am happy and going ahead, and, above all, trusting in God my Heavenly Father, Who I know will take care of me. I have just been to class and like it so much.

*From
Ballington at
school.*

"It is a beautiful place; the country fields and hills are so nice, and the air, too, so fresh. We have an observatory at the end of the grounds and I go sometimes and sit there; it looks right over for miles. I sit there and pray, and talk with God, and point out my faults and ask him to forgive me. The grounds are beautifully kept. The college looks splendid, much better than the picture, and I like the school very much; in fact, I have not a fault to find with it. Still, I should like to see you again very much.

I have just been in to breakfast and received your letters. I feel fit to cry. They were worth more to me than gold. I will pray that the Lord may bless you both, and poor dear papa, and that he will make him better. I feel more determined than ever to work every minute. *Lord help me.* Mind and don't put *Ballington* on the letter again, please, because the boys see it, and then they will call me by that name. First part of the day I do grammar, next history, and then arithmetic. I am working up fast.

"I keep your letters in my case locked up, and don't say a word of what you write, but keep it to myself. I have been reading some of your *old* letters, and thinking about them, and they do me a great deal of good. The Lord has been very, very, very good to me. I will do what I do *well*. I WILL get on. No, you shan't lose heart about me. *I will be a man.* The masters say my writing is very good; I get full marks every time. My hearing is all right now. I will make 3d. do; I can go without eggs. I know what it costs very well. I will pray for Willie. I have, dear father and mother, shed

**1872,
Age 43.** tears often for you, and think I don't deserve such kind parents. Now I must bring this long letter to a close.

"With much love to you both, and hoping it will get safe to you,

"I am your own loving son,

BALLINGTON."

To this Mrs. Booth replied as follows:

" 3 GORE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK ROAD, London, E.

" MY DEAR BALLINGTON:—

His mother's reply. "I am very pleased with your letter. It shows a decided improvement. Secondly, I am pleased that you answered all my questions; that was *business-like!* Thirdly, I am pleased that you are getting on in your soul, this is best of all. Fourthly, I am pleased that you remember us all so lovingly. I am sure we all return your love, and shall be quite as glad to see you as you will be to see us. Papa liked your letter, and thought it worth the postage!"

"We are very sorry to hear that you have been poorly. You see it is such a sad loss of time to be in the sick-room. I am sure you have many comforts considering you are at school, so you must be thankful and make the most of them.

"It was a pity you did not know your lesson well the day you wrote to Willie. How was that? I do hope you are industrious and do not lose time in play and inattention. Remember, Satan steals his marches on us *by littles*. A minute now, and a minute then; be on the lookout and don't be cheated by him! Your time is flying; one quarter will soon be gone! Do, my boy, work as hard as your health will allow you. I was willing for you to have raw eggs for lunch, but not for tea. One egg at eleven o'clock you may have. I will send you a few stamps sometimes for extra letters, but you must do without any *other* extras. Think how hard Willie is working, and he does not even take his *pocket-money* now! I praise the Lord that you are getting on in soul; if you go to Him for wisdom and strength He will help you. You remember my text, 'The last shall be first.' God can bring it to pass; only ask and trust Him. All your little trials will soon be over, so far as school life is concerned, and every one of them if borne with patience will make you a wise and a better man. Never forget my advice about not listening to

secrets! Don't hear anything that needs to be *whispered*; it is SURE TO BE BAD.

1872,
Age 43.

"Choose the boys to be your companions who most fear and love God, and pray together when you can, and help each other. They have quite a revival at home. Miss P. has been very much blessed, and Katie and Emma are getting on well. I enclose you six stamps for extra letters. Papa is nearly killed with work; pray for him. I hope you sleep well at night. You must try not to worry; do your best in the day and then lay your head on your pillow at night in peace and sleep in the love of Jesus. Katie is a dear good girl; she loves you very much, and so do they all, and so does

"Your own Mother."

In 1872 the Christian Mission anticipated for the first time the world-wide field which it was subsequently to enter upon. As in the cases already described, of Norwood and Edinburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Booth found themselves forced into an unsought and almost undesired advance. That the Mission should have an international and not merely a British sphere of usefulness was more than they had ventured to suppose. And yet they had always endeavoured to lay down and act out principles which would harmonize with human nature everywhere.

An international field opening.

A year previously one of the most active and successful of the Mission workers, Brother Jermy, had emigrated to Canada, from whence he had crossed over to the United States, settling in Cleveland, Ohio. Here his spirit had been deeply stirred at the sight of scenes resembling those which he had witnessed in East London. But there was no similar agency for grappling with the evil, nor was there much hope that Mr. Booth could be induced to send his evangelists to so distant a place when his hands were already full. There was only one alternative, and that was to represent the Mission cause himself. With that

*Cleveland,
Ohio.*

*Brother
Jermy.*

1872,
Age 43. blessed audacity which has characterised the Salvation Army from its foundation, he resolved single-handed to 'hoist,' as he termed it, 'the Mission flag' on American soil, and then write for advice as to the best methods for proceeding with the work.

James Fackler.

The flag unfurled.

It so happened that at this time he fell in with an earnest young man, James Fackler, who was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to whom he unburdened his heart. Joined by one or two friends who were like-minded, they formed among themselves a branch of the Mission, and set to work on exactly similar lines to those adopted in London. Jermy and Fackler then wrote off to Mr. Booth, describing what they had done, and asking him to recognise their work, and advise them as to what course they should pursue. The following is an extract from Jermy's letter to the General. It is headed somewhat significantly, "Unfurling of the Flag of the Christian Mission in America."

" Sept. 2d, 1872.

*"Mr.
Jermy,
Amen!"*

" DEAR BROTHER:—In the good providence of our blessed Lord, I and family are all quite well, and at last I am in the right field for Mission work—glory, hallelujah!—after much prayer and labour, sometimes with a broken heart at the remembrance of God's power to save guilty man through the blood. My happiest times in Canada were with coloured people. Bless God, when I was preaching, power came down; they shouted, jumped, and danced; they called me the nigger preacher. A lot of little black children in the streets would call after me, 'Mr. Jermy, Amen!' But, brother, I cannot live on good meetings now and then. I must see souls saved; so I prayed about it, and said to my wife, 'I must go to the States!'

*"Don't
you
preach?"*

" When I got here I found thousands going the way of death. Some parts of this city look like Whitechapel. Here human nature is the same, with drunkenness and every other sin. Mission work is much needed. I felt like going into it in the name of Jesus. The third Sunday I was here I went by a little

hall; I looked up and read, 'Christian Chapel. The poor have the Gospel preached unto them.' I almost shouted. I went in and found a few coloured people. They looked hard, and thought I looked like preaching, saying, 'Don't you preach?' I said, 'A little that way;' so I must preach for them. They wanted me the next Sunday. 'If the young man don't come, will you oblige?' When I went I found the young man in the pulpit, and it was the young man that has written to you. He is well cut out for the Christian Mission. I told him all about our work in England. 'Brother,' said he, 'that is what I have been waiting for.' I gave him my hand and said, 'Let us come out for God and souls.' 'Yes,' said he, 'we will pray about it.' I told him that I had prayed. Glory to God! an appointment was made, and we met another brother and prayed. The Lord came down in power. We all said, 'It is of God!'

1872,
Age 43.

The same day five brethren went to a large village. Here they have no preacher. We called at a house where I found an old-country Primitive leading a class. Oh, what a blessed meeting this was! We came out shouting 'Glory to the Lamb!' On Sunday, July 1st, one brother went down to hold meetings there, while I and the other brethren opened a new place in the city with good attendance and great power. Since Sunday I hear that the people, as above, are going to build a hall. This is to be a Christian Mission house.

Dear brother, I shall be so glad if you will send me word how the Mission is doing, and as your experience is great in mission work, we would like some advice. Will you acknowledge us? Amen! The Mission flag is hoisted. Holiness to the Lord!

"Yours in Jesus,

"JAMES JERMV."

239 Erie Street, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. America.

The response sent by Mr. Booth to this appeal was addressed to Fackler as secretary, and is so full of sound advice that we quote from it the following paragraphs:

Mr.
Booth's
response.

"Sept. 20th, 1872.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter duly reached me. I am at present set aside by affliction; have been wandering about

1872,
Age 43.

from home six months, seeking health. I name my affliction as the reason for my delay in writing.

"I read your letter to the workers at our Friday morning meeting in London, amid tokens of deep sympathy and thanksgiving; and then we knelt down and spread it before the Lord, and called on Him for His abundant blessing and guidance in all your efforts. He will give you this. I feel He will, even while I write. All glory to His Name!

"So you have raised the banner of the Christian Mission in Ohio. Amen! May it never be dishonoured, but may it float over an army of men and women whose sole aim shall be the glory of God in the salvation and happiness of men. Remember, our motto is, 'Holiness to the Lord, and the world for Jesus!' Start fair. Remember quality is of far more importance than quantity. Like produces like. That which your first little band is, succeeding societies will be. Therefore, aim at thoroughness and whole-heartedness in the company you allow to associate with you. You ask me for advice. I hardly know enough of your position to give you counsel. One or two things I think I may say, and when I hear from you again I will write further.

"1. Ours is an extraordinary work, and therefore we try to accomplish it by extraordinary means. We gave up all concern for our reputation at the commencement, and were resolved we would succeed and have souls at all costs. The great curse of the church is RESPECTABILITY. Throw reputation and so-called respectability overboard. Let others have the finery and oratory. Go in with all your might for souls and God.

"2. Be a man of prayer, and teach your colleagues the power and virtue of knee-work.

"3. I rejoice that you have grasped Jesus as a Saviour from all sin. Push this blessing wherever and whenever you labour.

"4. Aim at souls at every service.

"5. Do plenty of open-air work. I believe there is also much to be done in house-to-house visitation. Try all or any means.

"May He guide you and give great sincerity, and, I was going to say, above all other blessings, humility. Oh, the mightiness of meekness! There are thousands whom God is

yearning to use in the soul-winning work, but dare not. Success would turn their heads and be their ruin.

1872,
Age 43.

"Be very careful of the kind of spirits you associate with you. One contentious, masterful spirit can make you and the work endless sorrow. Such spirits have almost broken my heart. Beware of men who will want to come in because they can be great among you, and indulge the natural love of talking that exists in many. One humble, though illiterate worker, full of simplicity and the Holy Ghost, is worth a regiment of such."

"Tell Brother Jermy that Mrs. Pengelly is somewhere in Canada. Her husband writes a friend that, although they have got work and good temporal prospects, still he believes not a day has passed since they left London that she has not wept at being separated from the Mission. I feel sure she will find you out if she can."

"And now, farewell. May you have Divine light! This is a day in which the direct and positive and constant guidance and indwelling of the Holy Ghost is set little store by. You must hold on to it, enjoy it in all its fulness, and proclaim it to others as their privilege—nay, as a necessity if they would be of any use here, or be made meet for the kingdom above. We will pray for you. Pray for us. May God give you grace to lay a good foundation and keep you at his feet."

"Believe me to be your brother in Jesus,
"WILLIAM BOOTH."

In March, 1873, Jermy writes:

"The reason of our delay in writing is that our hands are so full. We have opened two stations, and converting work is going on gloriously. There are many seeking the Lord, and believers seeking sanctification. Pray for us! I spent a few hours, the other day, with Brother Fackler, in house-to-house visitation, praying in each house. We found several old-country people and many backsliders. Canada and America are full of backsliders. The churches are ornamented and long-steepled, but there is little soul-converting power. Oh! let prayer go up for America, that the Kingdom of our God and His Christ may dwell amongst us! Amen and Amen!"

*Good ac-
count of
the work.*

**1872,
Age 43.** The letter was delayed a fortnight, and our brother added to it:

"Many souls have been converted since I wrote this letter. Glory to the Lamb! Two weeks since we opened a large shop in the Broadway, which was filled to overflowing. We are holding a protracted meeting [a meeting kept up by relays of workers without intermission], and souls are being saved every night. It is for all the world like being home in England again. Better news to come!"

The work given up. Some months afterwards Jermy returned to England, and the work which he had commenced was given up. How the broken thread was subsequently resumed, and with what result, will be referred to in a later portion of this narrative.

The illness referred to. The illness to which Mr. Booth referred in his previously quoted letter was the most serious by far of any from which he had yet suffered. For six months he was completely laid aside, and unable to take part in either the public meetings or other work connected with the Mission. The doctors ascribed the breakdown to overwork, and pronounced it to be a complete nervous breakdown, some predicting that he would never again be able to resume his arduous labours, while the most sanguine were of opinion that at least a year or two of complete rest would be an absolute necessity. From his enforced retreat he writes to Mrs. Booth with that warmth of affection which knew no decay:

"MY DEAREST, MY DARLING, MY OWN LOVE:—How mysterious the tie that binds us together! How wonderful the union! How lost and lonesome I am without you! Life loses half, nay, all its charms! My best and first thoughts are given to you. Oh, let us cherish and fan into a stronger glow the holy flame of love enkindled by God in our hearts for each other! I am oppressed with the thought and feeling of my

*Resting
and writing.*



EVALINE CORY BOOTH.

unworthiness of the devotion you manifest for me! The 1872,
Lord reward you! Age 43.

“‘If ‘tis love to wish thee near,
To shed for thee the silent tear,
To start at every step, and fear,
Yet hope, that it will bring thee near—
If this be loving, then I love.

“‘If ‘tis love to wish that I,
Knit by some strange mysterious tie,
Might with thee live or with thee die,
Then dwell with thee eternally—
If this be loving, then I love.’

“Your own, your husband,

“WILLIAM.”

CHAPTER LXV.

LORD SHAFTESBURY. 1872-1882.

"An Indian *Gooroo* taught his creed so well,
That once a cobra, vanquished by the spell,
Vowed that henceforth e'en man, his mortal foe,
No more his venom'd fang should undergo.

When passing through the dense bazaar one day,
The *Gooroo* spied his *chela* as he lay
Lashed rope-like round a fagot of firewood.
'Twas thus, O *Maharaj*, I understood
Thy words,' the cobra said, 'and lo, the price
I pay for following thy sage advice!
Yet would I rather suffer, doing right,
Than vengeance for my wrongs again requite!'
The *Rishi* answered, 'Son, the mark you miss;
I said, "Kill not!" I ne'er said, "Do not *hiss!*!"'

*Mrs.
Booth
again in
charge.*

DURING Mr. Booth's long and distressing illness Mrs. Booth charged herself with the affairs of the Mission, springing with her usual energy into the breach, and declaring that even if her husband were to die, the work should, with God's blessing, be carried forward.

*Lord
Shaftes-
bury's
letter.*

*Pro-
motion
of unity.*

Scarcely had Mr. Booth left London when a letter was received from Lord Shaftesbury inviting him to attend a conference for the proposed amalgamation of the various undenominational organisations at work in the metropolis. One or two meetings had been previously held for the promotion of unity and sympathy. On one of these occasions the advisability of forming choirs had been the topic for consideration. After several had spoken in favour of the proposal,

Mr. Booth caused no little perturbation by saying that in his experience he had found choirs to be infested by three devils—the *quarrelling* devil, the *dressing* devil, and the *courting* devil.

1872,
Age 43.

There was very little visible result from these debates. It was, however, decided that a union should be formed, and that a meeting should be held to discuss the details of the scheme. The General being unable to be present, his place was taken by Mrs. Booth, who was very cordially received by his lordship.

Mrs.
Booth
attends
the
meetings.

A difficulty arose, however, as to the system of representation which should be adopted, it being objected, in particular, that if each branch of the Christian Mission were to be represented this would give it undue weight in the deliberations of the union. Mrs. Booth addressed the meeting on behalf of the Christian Mission, Lord Shaftesbury listening to her with evident interest and appreciation. The negotiations proved, however, abortive, and the attempt was soon afterwards abandoned. The friendly attitude of Lord Shaftesbury towards the Christian Mission at this time was in later years exchanged for one of somewhat bitter antagonism, and this to the deep regret of Mr. Booth, who on more than one occasion sought to secure a personal interview in order to hear and answer any objections that his lordship might entertain. There can be little doubt that the rapid strides made by the Mission excited the jealousy of some rival organisations possessing considerable influence with Lord Shaftesbury, and that he was thus affected with an unfortunate bias against a work which he persistently refused to examine for himself, and whose leaders he would not allow the opportunity of meeting with their accusers.

The
attempt
aban-
doned.

Bitter an-
tagonism

1872,
Age 43.

An interesting episode.

An interesting episode, manifesting this change of feeling, occurred some years later. Lord Shaftesbury had been invited to attend a garden party in Blackheath at the residence of a lady who was extremely friendly to the Salvation Army. To the surprise and mortification of his hostess, whether it might be that he desired to warn her against her Salvationist proclivities or otherwise, he made a sharp and quite uncalled-for attack upon the Army, which was reported by the press. So little convinced, however, was the lady by his arguments that she wrote to Mrs. Booth expressing her extreme regret for what had occurred, and offering to arrange a meeting in which she should have the opportunity of replying to the attack. The invitation was accepted, and at a select and cordial gathering Mrs. Booth was able to dispose of the various charges made by his lordship against the Army, to the perfect satisfaction of all present.

Injury inflicted.

Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that the attitude of Lord Shaftesbury, unreasoning and unreasonable as it was, inflicted some injury upon the work of the Salvation Army, affording to cavillers who were less disinterested and well-intentioned than his lordship shafts which they did not fail to make use of, and withdrawing much of the sympathy of the many who naturally looked to him for counsel and guidance as to what attitude they should themselves assume.

Might have altered his opinion.

Had his lordship examined the work there is little reason to doubt that his opinion would have been as completely altered as it was on the subject of dissent.

Other objections had vanished.

We learn from his biographer that in early years so great a horror did he entertain for dissenters that on one occasion he flung aside a commentary, which

he had been studying with equal profit and pleasure, on discovering that its author was a nonconformist! In later years, as is well known, these objections vanished on a closer acquaintance with the previous objects of his pious prejudice.

1872,
Age 43.

There is, perhaps, no opposition which is so difficult to endure as that of a *good* man, engaged in a *good* cause, and actuated by *good* intentions. The slanders and obloquy that are received at the hands of those who make no profession of religion, being expected, become minimised. It is the wound with which we are wounded in the house of our friend that pierces deepest and rankles the most keenly. The mockings of a Herod and even the crucifixions of a Pilate are less painful than the neutrality of Gamaliel, or the opposition of a God-serving Saul of Tarsus.

Hard to endure.

A courageous Christian, a statesman of no mean order, a philanthropist in the best sense of the word, a friend of the poor and needy, no one could question the sincerity of Lord Shaftesbury, who unfortunately represented only too common a class of the critics of the Salvation Army past and present. Condemning what he had not seen, judging where he did not know, denouncing when he should rather have expostulated, he allowed his attention to be distracted from the main object by side issues. Overlooking present advantages, he waged war against future phantoms. Whilst angels rejoiced over penitent sinners Lord Shaftesbury was mourning their possible backslidings. He was too busy counting up future losses to enjoy present gains. Whilst analysing the infinitesimal damage done by a stray lightning flash, he failed to reckon up the good that was due to the fertilising showers, and would have abolished the clouds because they had come from an unexpected

The
source of
the
trouble.

*1872,
Age 43.* quarter and assumed proportions and hues which did not suit his taste. His startled imagination wedded the ghosts of a dead past with the apparitions of an improbable future, and trembled at the bogus progeny with which it had peopled the air.

*In the
dead past.* It is not an uncommon danger with statesmen to live in an unnatural atmosphere of their own creation. Half their time is spent amongst the graveyards of their ancestors, amid surroundings which have long since passed into oblivion, and are never likely to return. They are so intent on bulwarking society against the misfortunes of bygone days that they open the floodgates to some present calamity. The other half is spent in legislating for a future that may never come. Flattering themselves, or flattered by others, concerning their foresight, they dwell in a region of illusion, surround themselves with the mists of the unknown, enshrine themselves in a halo of semi-divinity, and send forth their oracular warnings to the world. Like the dog in *Æsop's fable*, they are so absorbed in gazing into the waters of futurity that they allow the substantial bone of present advantage to drop out of their mouth, and in sacrificing the present they lose the future also.

*Sacrificing
the
substan-
tial
present.*

*Not
ignorant.* It was perhaps natural that Lord Shaftesbury should allow himself to be so far influenced by past traditions, and by the prejudices of those around him, as to regard the Salvation Army with some such feelings as have been here depicted. And yet surely personal experience might have led him to come to very different conclusions. He was not ignorant of the difficulties of the task and the mysteries of the problem which Mr. and Mrs. Booth were endeavouring to solve. Himself surrounded with all the influence and *kudos* of nobility, supported in no little measure by the

Houses of Parliament, of which he was an honoured member and an ornament, with the purse of the moneyed classes largely at his command—while of the church and nonconformists he was an archbishop in all but name and ordination—he had experienced none the less the extreme difficulty of lifting the sinner to the platform of the saint, the outcast of society to the level of morality. He must have regretted—as who could fail to regret?—that, with such a unique position and opportunity for mighty deeds, the results of years of toil had been so comparatively small.

1872,
Age 43.

A unique position.

It was one of those strange, unaccountable paradoxes with which history, alas! abounds, that he, the self-constituted patron of the poor, should have entertained anything but the warmest sympathy for the poor man's apostle, for whose advent he had so long waited and so fervently prayed! Here was an organisation that indeed merited his careful investigation, and yet he would not so much as look into it! Without title, without influence, without Parliament, without money, it had leaped suddenly into prominence in a manner which could only be ascribed to God. It existed *for* the people, had sprung *from* the people, was officered *by* the people, and was transforming, year by year, tens of thousands of the most degraded sinners into holy men and women.

One of the paradoxes.

The publican might well fume at losing his best customers, the rough might blaspheme at the conversion of his boon companion, the worldling might protest against the invasion of his quiet. But it was strange, it was incomprehensible, it was lamentable that goodness should consent to gaze on goodness through the jaundiced eyes of prejudice, and that to this day numbers who are earnestly desirous to serve effectually their generation should allow cold neutral-

Through jaundiced eyes.

1872,
Age 43. ity to chill their love, or active opposition to extinguish their sympathy, for those whose worst faults are but the mistakes that spring from overflowing zeal, and whose one ambition is to spend and be spent for the salvation of the world, and in the service of the common Lord of all!

An Indian tale. A native lady, runs an Indian tale, had a pet mongoose. Caressed by the children, sharing their meals, their playfellow by day and nestling in their arms at night, its intelligence and affection seemed to respond readily to the generous treatment it received. Kindness bred confidence, and it passed in and out of the home with the same free familiarity as if it had been its jungle haunt. One stifling day, when each brick in the wall and tile in the roof seemed as if it had been dipped in a furnace, while even the crows and lizards gasped with open beak and mouth and sought shelter from the scorching rays, the mistress of the house had laid her babe under the shadow of a neighbouring tree while she busied herself about some household task. The elder children were away in the fields, while her husband had gone to the cutcherry to give evidence in a case. Plans for the children's future were occupying the mother's mind, when through the open doorway the mongoose entered and ran to its accustomed bowl of water. The quick eye of the mistress noticed that it was covered with dust, and a closer look showed her that its jaws were stained with blood. A dreadful thought flashed across her mind, with all the vividness of conviction: the mongoose had doubtless killed her slumbering babe! Snatching up her heavy rice-pounder, without a moment's pause she dealt it a blow which stretched it lifeless on the floor. Then she rushed forth, tearing her hair, beating her breast, and filling the house and

neighbourhood with her cries. Dumb-struck with surprise, she stood rooted to the ground. Her babe was there—not mangled, as she had pictured to herself, but living. Awakened from its sleep by her screams, it was stretching out its little hands to her, whilst close beside it lay the body of a cobra which the mongoose had fought and killed. The sad reality then forced itself upon the mother's heart. It was the saviour, not the destroyer, of her babe that she had killed. Too late she discovered her mistake.

1872,
Age 43.

Is not this a parable? May not these well-intended condemners of the Salvation Army be compared to the Eastern housewife? And as with uplifted rice-pounder they belabour the hapless Salvationist mongoose, is it too much to ask that they may pause and consider whether their wrath is not as misdirected as was hers? While humanity slumbers like the babe, unconscious of its danger, beneath the shade of its leafy pleasures and gains, is not the sin-serpent encircling it within its deadly coils? And should not the mother-heart that beats with watchful care beside the cradle of the world reserve its blows for the dread soul-destroyer rather than aim them at the deliverer of her child? If the cobra be slain, what matters who killed it? So long as man's battle is fought and won, what matters who wins it? How gross the inconsistency that court-martials the winner, as though he were the vanquished! Shall the day never dawn when the friends of man shall present to man's great enemy an undivided front?

The application.

Referring to similar criticisms, on another occasion, Mrs. Booth said:

"It is self-evident that, until the Church—I mean *A perpetual revelation.*
the people of God—have explored all the ideas which are in the Divine mind for the propagation of His

1872,
Age 43. Kingdom in the earth, *somebody* must be *always receiving new light* and making new departures; and there has never been a single instance in the history of the Church in which this has been done but nearly the whole generation has raised a hue and cry against it! How would it be possible for God to bring about a revolution—a true revival—a grand aggressive movement of Christianity—without giving new light and calling somebody to some path in advance of all that has gone before? And what does it matter who—whether it is Peter, or John, or Luther, or Fox, or Wesley, or Booth—what does it matter, so that *God does it?*

*Peter's
commission.*

"That was a beautiful illustration we read in the lesson (Acts x.). Here is Peter called to go in advance of the whole Church! Now, the Lord wants a man to do this, and whom does He choose? He chooses impulsive, energetic, head-first Peter. But, then, there is something to be done first. God lets down the sheet with all its unclean contents, and Peter fastens his eyes upon it. (I wish you had studied all the sheets the Lord has let down before *your* eyes; you would have come out very differently to what you have.) Peter studies them, and soon the Divine vision has absorbed Peter's attention. When the Lord has fairly got his attention then comes the voice, 'Now, Peter, rise; slay, and eat.' Then, when the Lord had taught him his lesson effectually, and when Peter saw that he had not yet explored all the ideas of the Divine mind about the extension of His Kingdom, and that his business was to follow his Lord's directions, and not to have his own 'ifs' and 'buts,' but go ahead and do as God bade him, then Peter goes on to carry out the Divine direction. Then the Church, aghast, as usual, at anything new—always down upon a meas-

ure, whether good or bad, if it has the *awful quality of being new*; down upon it—this new Church, which had only just itself been brought to the truth, called Peter in the council to answer for his conduct.

1872,
Age 43.

“ He tells them all about it in the truthful simplicity of a man of God, and, thank God, they had sense enough, yes, and love enough, charity enough, to accept his explanations, and to glorify God. Would to God we could get as much sense and charity in these days!

“ A lady writes me, only the other day, of her husband, saying that he sympathises with outside work but contends that there is everything one wants in the Church; and another contends that there is everything everybody wants somewhere else—and so they are down upon all the Peters that dare to do anything out of the jog-trot line. You may reason ever so urgently, and show them that these old measures are not enough for everybody; that there is a great mass of outlying population which they do not reach—*the Gentiles of this generation*; you may show them that these Gentiles are without the Holy Ghost, that they are not cleansed, that they are yet common and unclean; you may show them that these new measures of yours are quite as lawful as their old measures, and that, probably, they would be a great deal *more useful*, and, moreover, that they have been borne in upon you by the Holy Ghost, and that you feel as if there were a fire in your bones urging you to go and try them; but they will not hold their peace, and glorify God, but will loose their tongues and vilify you.

“ *False charity* looks more at the means than at the end. Its possessor is more concerned about what men will think of *him* than what will exalt and glorify the Redeemer. You can know it by this mark. Are

1872,
Age 43. you more concerned about what your neighbour, Mr. So-and-So, or your minister, Rev. Mr. So-and-So, or even your bishop, thinks about you, than you are about the extension of the kingdom of Christ? Look out, my friend. Yours is the wrong sort of charity. True charity looks at the end—the spread of righteousness in the earth, the reign of the King—and it is not very fastidious about the measures so that they are *lawful*.

“I do not advocate anything unlawful to do good; God forbid. Divine charity says: ‘Anywhere with Jesus. In the temple or outside of it, at the seaside or in Cheapside, on the mountain-top or in the market-place, in the streets—anywhere, Lord Jesus, if Thou wilt only come and take Thine inheritance, and reign over the hearts and souls of men.’ True charity is only too glad to become a Jew to the Jews, as weak to the weak, if it can only pick them up; only too glad to descend to men of low estate, and put its arm round their necks, if it can only bring them to the Cross and bring them back to the heart and heaven of God; and it does not care what the Pharisee on the other side says—not a bit; it is set on saving the poor sinner; it is pouring oil and wine, and putting him on its own beast; *it is intent on saving him*, and does not care what anybody thinks.

“Have you got it? It is so nice! It makes you feel so warm and comfortable inside. It is beautiful, and it proves better and better every day, and it will be better still when you are dying—faith and hope will be done away, but this love will last *forever!*

“Prove all things before you condemn. I have no doubt Saul was an honest man, in the world’s acceptance of the term, for he says he persecuted the Naz-

renes ignorantly, thinking he was doing God service; but what a grand mistake he was making, and how effectually he was doing the *work of the devil!* Of course, if he had *seen* he was mistaken he would have ceased to *be* mistaken.

1872,
Age 43.

"I wish people would stop and think that the path they are now standing in—the *well-beaten track* on which they are now walking with such slow *dignity*—was once quite as new and unconventional and outrageous to the coadjutors of their forefathers as the path which any new departure by the Holy Ghost may set before them *now*. I wish such people would read history. I suppose they do not, or, if they do, they read it as they do the Bible—they fail to draw any practical principle from it. Such people should read Neale's 'History of the Puritans,' and see in what a hurricane of excitement, opposition, contempt, and persecution their forefathers fought for the very paths they are now *standing still in*, and holding so sacred that they cannot have them disturbed. Do you see how unphilosophically they are acting? If their forefathers had acted on the principles they are acting on they would have stood still in old paths, and we would never have been in the new ones. These people stand in these paths of traditionalism and routineism, just where their forefathers left them; occupying all their time in admiring the wisdom and benevolence and devotion of their forefathers, instead of *imitating their aggressive faith* and MARCHING ON TO THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD.

"Which is the most God-honouring? Which has the most common sense in it? Which will please your forefathers the most? But it is now as it was in the days of the Son of man—for 'Ye build the tombs

1872, of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets.' "

Age 43.

CHAPTER LXVI.

PORPSMOUTH. 1873.

IN October, 1872, Mr. Booth was at length sufficiently recovered to return to his post. Although still far from well, his presence afforded a fresh impetus to the work and inspiration to his followers. It was with untold joy that Mrs. Booth welcomed him to his accustomed place. Resolute almost to obstinacy, courageous to a fault, prepared to hold her ground to the last against all the powers of earth and hell, Mrs. Booth's gifts and genius were, nevertheless, of a totally different type to those of the General. She had sorely missed his inventive, organising mind, which was always ready with a fresh plan when existing ones had become obsolete or unsuitable. Her powers of reasoning and her sound judgment enabled her to detect with instinctive keenness any flaws in his proposals. But her own spiritual armory was critical and analytical, rather than creative. And it was the happy combination of these faculties in each which largely constituted their power.

*Mr.
Booth's
partial
recovery.*

*Congenial
workers.*

Mr. Booth's return to London enabled Mrs. Booth to plan and carry out one of the most successful provincial campaigns of her life. Portsmouth, with its population of 120,000 souls, was selected as the next scene of her labours. Its notoriety as a large military and naval centre added to Mrs. Booth's eagerness to make the best of this opportunity for proclaiming the Gospel.

*A provin-
cial cam-
paign.*

1873,
Age 44.

*Evils of
garrison
towns.*

The compulsory enforcement of celibacy, which makes an army a greater curse to its friends in times of peace than it can prove to its enemies in times of war, filled her with compassion on behalf of the miserable victims of vice, and fired her with ambition to do her share towards mitigating the evil. She blamed the system rather than its miserable results. She hated war, and believed it to be in utter antagonism to the spirit of the Gospel. But even supposing it were impossible to abolish it, and that in the interests of the nation great standing armies must be maintained, she argued that it was a public duty to grant to every soldier the social privilege of a home, or to reap in return the bitter consequences with which every garrison town abounds. The only factor that could prevent such consequences was the omnipotence of God, and with Him, alas! the armies and navies of modern times do not profess to have much to do.

Southsea.

Mrs. Booth commenced her meetings in the Portland Hall, Southsea, on the 2d March, 1873. But, although accommodating nearly 1,000 persons, this was found to be far too small for the crowds who flocked to it every Sunday night. Hearing that there was a large music-hall about a mile distant she decided to engage it. Her friends objected to the character of the building, in which during the week low entertainments were carried on, attended by soldiers, sailors, their companions, and all the riff-raff of the town. Moreover, the situation of the hall was such that in order to go there it was necessary to pass down streets which were full of drinking dens and brothels. But in the estimation of Mrs. Booth these reports rather added to the attractiveness of the proposal. And if, as was confidently prophesied, her ordi-

*Attract-
ive
reports.*

nary respectable congregations would not follow her to such a locality, she felt that she could at least have the satisfaction of securing the attention and salvation of some of the worst and most Gospel-needy classes in the town. As for the expectation of rowdyism, her Whitechapel experiences had rendered her fear-proof on that score. Conspicuous posters were accordingly put up and handbills distributed announcing the first service, with the result that on Sunday night the music-hall was crowded to suffocation—pit, dress circle, and gallery. From that day to the conclusion of the series, which extended over a period of seventeen weeks, no further advertisements were necessary; the interest never wavered and the attendance continually increased, large numbers being unable to gain admission.

The journey to and from London several times a week being too great a tax upon Mrs. Booth's health, she engaged apartments and brought her children with her to Portsmouth—greatly to their delight—with the exception of Bramwell, who remained in London to help his father, and Ballington, who was at school. Owing to the distance from home Mrs. Booth had seldom been able to take her children with her to her London meetings, but here they could regularly attend, receiving spiritual blessings the effects of which they will doubtless carry with them to their latest day.

In writing to her friend Mrs. Billups, Mrs. Booth sends the following graphic description of her meetings:

1873,
Age 44.

The music-hall crowded.

The children at Portsmouth.

Mrs. Booth's description of the meetings.

“SOUTHSEA, PORTSMOUTH, March, 1873.

“MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:—You will think me long in sending you any intelligence of my whereabouts, but you can hardly imagine how I have been kept going every moment since I came here. Well, bless the Lord, amidst it all He

1873,
Age 44. holds me up and gives me great encouragement. The battle waxes great and hot, but He continues to use the 'weak things to confound the mighty.' All the glory be to His holy Name. Our move to the music-hall has proved to be the right step. Both Sunday nights it has been crowded to the ceiling, three thousand people in it at least, and a very large majority of them men. The crowd in the street has been such that the outer doors have had to be fastened, and it has been all that two policemen could do to keep order. The attention inside has been profound—as orderly as a regular congregation—and in the judgment of our friends the word has been with mighty power.

"Sunday night week twenty-eight souls came forward for salvation, and there were numbers of convicted souls all over the place. Last Sabbath not so many came out, but I believe quite as much execution for eternity was done. On Tuesday night I had a smaller hall, holding about seven hundred, and we were crowded through the ante-rooms and down the stairs, and sixteen or eighteen cases, some of them the finest fellows it was ever my privilege to see, at a penitent-form. To-morrow night I am to have the Baptist chapel, lent for the occasion, which will hold a thousand people. I doubt not we shall be full. Oh for power to break down every stubborn heart in the place! Pray for me. No one knows how I feel. I think I never realised my responsibility as I did on Sunday night. I felt really awful before rising to speak. The sight almost overwhelmed me. With its two galleries, its dome-like roof and vast proportions, when crammed with people it presents a most imposing appearance. The top gallery is ten or twelve seats deep in front, and it was full of men; such a sight as I never witnessed on any previous occasion. Oh, how I *yearned* over them! I felt as if it would be a small thing to die *there and then* if that would have brought them to Jesus.

"Oh, if we realised as we *ought* the value of souls, we should not live long under it! God help us! My text was 1st Kings, 18th chap., 21st verse. And, depend upon it, Elijah's God was there, making the people hear His voice. Oh, that the result may be the same as on Mount Carmel! yea, *better than that*.

"You will say, 'Well, how do you get on personally?' Oh, I never was so hampered for help in every way in all my life.

The most able man I have keeps a milliner's shop, and the one that opens for me generally is overseer of about five hundred men in the dock-yard, so their attention is somewhat divided and their time limited.

1873,
Age 44.

"True, there are not many great or noble called here. But, bless the Lord! with Him I can do without them. Only one minister in the town is at all favourable; the others are against the work, I hear, though there is a population of a hundred and fifty thousand, and only church and chapel accommodation for thirty thousand! Oh, what will they say when He maketh inquisition for blood? Well, I go on, minding the work the Master has given me to do, and the more they oppose the more the people come, because *God* is working.

"I am lost in astonishment and deep in the dust. I can only say with Mary, 'He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is His name.' It seems to me God's time to visit this place, and whoever had been the instrument He had sent He would have blessed them. I adore Him for sending me. It seems like a new commission with which I have received new power. Oh, that I may improve it to the utmost and be faithful to the full measure! Pray for me. I never needed your prayers so much. This is a dreadfully wicked place, and they tell me there has been no revival for twenty years, so it is time something was done. Oh, how I do wish you could have been here for a few days! But I would not desire it if it would cause you anxiety and suffering.

"Herbert has a letter on the stocks for you; he was delighted at receiving yours. He is better already, and so are the others. But I shall not be able to keep them here long. It is so expensive, and funds are low. My beloved writes me that he is better. I hope it is not merely in imagination.

"What mercy minglest with the bitters in your cup and mine! Let us praise Him and trust Him through thick and thin.

"With much love to all yours, as ever,
"CATHERINE BOOTH."

The morning meetings were some of the most powerful of the series. They were especially devoted to professing Christians, and for twelve consecutive Sun-

*"Go work
to-day in
my vine-
yard."*

1873,
Age 44.

days Mrs. Booth took for her text "Go work to-day in my vineyard!" Such was the manner in which the subject fastened itself upon her mind that, after speaking for about an hour on each occasion, so far from feeling that it was exhausted, there seemed so much still left unsaid that Mrs. Booth could only turn to her hearers and promise that on the following Sunday she would continue her subject—whether to conclude or not was more than she could tell!

*Eyes
dimmed
with
tears.*

"I should have liked," says a newspaper reporter, in referring to a powerful sermon preached by Mrs. Booth at one of the evening services, "to have drawn a verbal picture of the prodigal's return, of the anxiety of the father while the son was away, and of his joy when he clasped the sinner in his arms again. It was beautifully natural, and more than one eye could be seen to be dimmed with tears as the preacher asked those of her listeners who have, or ever had, a prodigal in their family, to put themselves in the place of the old man awaiting his son's return."

From the sermon here referred to we make the following extracts:

The prodigal son.

"As in all such cases," says Mrs. Booth, "the most disastrous consequence of this young man's sin fell upon himself. We read that he came to be in want—the natural and inevitable consequence of having spent all. The spending time was soon over; it yielded little pleasure, and that transitory. It was doubtless a goodly possession that youth took away from his father's house, but it was soon gone. And no sooner was it gone than 'there arose a famine in that land.' As the old adage says, 'Troubles never come alone,' and something generally happens when the substance is gone. How terrible this young man's circumstances! Alone, in a strange land, forsaken by his merry companions, of whom doubtless he had plenty while the substance lasted; but, when the money goes, away go such companions, like rats from a sinking ship.

1873,
Age 44.

There is many a poor forlorn wretch to-night dying in an attic or cellar without a single friend.

"A man's all is soon spent; his life, privileges, talents, opportunities soon lost—and lost forever. And then *how long, and bitter, and dreadful, the want* which ensues! We read that to this young man's want no man ministered—'no man gave unto him.' Alas! no creatures *can*, if they would, minister to the sinner's spiritual destitution. In vain must he cry to the world, the flesh, or the devil to satisfy the wants of his *hungry soul*. They one and all reply, 'It is not in me.' There is nothing in the pleasures of sense or the antidotes of Satan that will meet the wants of famishing souls.

"What bitter reflections must have filled his mind! Can you not imagine that you see him sitting on a stone, amid the husks and filth of the swine-yard, ruminating on his past life, thinking of his folly and wickedness, and wondering whether if he were to go back his father would receive him? Happily, these reflections led him to *resolution*. How many take the first step! They think and ponder and promise and intend, but they *don't make up their minds*. Not so this young man. He says, 'I will arise.' Alas! how many of God's prodigals go as far as this! They resolve and *re-resolve*, but never *act*. This young man puts his resolution into *action*. He starts on the journey. No doubt he had many a struggle with himself on the road, and many a struggle with the devil. Methinks as he got half-way, hungry and weary, I see him leaning his back against a tree and going through one of those mental conflicts. The possibility of his father being dead, or if alive, unable to receive him, angrily and reproachfully shutting the door in his face, would rise before him. Satan would suggest, 'What impudence for you to think of going home after having treated the old man as you have done—breaking his law, wasting his money, and bringing yourself into this disgraceful and dilapidated condition! How dare you think of it! It is adding insult to injury. You had better turn back, or try and get a situation somewhere up in this neighbourhood.' But the prodigal's eyes were opened; he was looking towards his father's house, and his heart was melting with repentance and longing to be reinstated in his father's love. And so, plucking up his courage, he starts again, supporting himself as best he can on his weary route. As he comes within view of the old home-

1873,
Age 44. stead the familiar scenes of his childhood are too much for him, and he stands almost paralysed with grief!

"We will leave him there for a minute and go seek his father. I don't suppose the father was looking out for him; but, as is customary in the East, he was probably walking on the roof of his house in the cool of the day, and, as on many a former occasion, he thought of his long-lost son—for, though he was a prodigal, he *was his lad still!* It might be that he had some strange presentiment or foreboding, as we sometimes have when anything uncommon is about to happen. How natural that he should gaze over the expanse of country across which his son had gone; and, as he looks, he sees a speck in the distance: a vague curiosity compels his gaze; he looks as if into vacancy until the figure draws nearer, when something in the form or the gait strikes him, and he says to himself, 'Can this be my boy coming back?' Then he chides himself, and says 'What a foolish old man I am! because I dreamed of him last night, or have felt this strange foreboding, should I expect him to come?' And he takes his eyes away and breathes another prayer, added to hundreds offered before: 'O Lord, my God, grant that I may see my prodigal boy before I die!'

"He takes another round on the roof and returns to the same spot, and as he looks again he perceives the figure has come nearer, and his eyes are glued, as it were, to that form; the eye of affection is quick of recognition. He says, 'Can it be? It is like him—it must be—God is going to answer my prayers—it is, it is my long-lost boy!' He makes the best of his way down, and then, as fast as his aged limbs will carry him, he runs to assure himself. It is years since he ran like that, but love inspires him with strength and makes his feet like hinds' feet. Away he goes over the lawn and through the adjoining meadow! The prodigal, too, has been thinking as he has drawn nearer; and when he lifts up his eyes and beholds his father, he runs to meet him; they rush into each other's arms and his father falls upon his neck with the kiss of reconciliation. He waits not to hear the boy's confession; the best proof of his repentance is that *he is here at home* again. But the sobs will come, the prodigal must confess, and he breaks out, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee; make me as one of thy hired servants.' *That*

was true repentance. He cares not; he will black the boots, or groom the horses, or sit in the kitchen—anything, so that he may be in his father's house and enjoy his pardoning smile. Here are no excuses, no palliations, but a whole-hearted, honest confession of his guilt. The father accepts it, and in proof of his forgiveness he orders the ring, and the best robe, and the shoes to be put on him, and says, ‘Kill the fatted calf, and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.’

1873,
Age 44.

“What says the Great Painter who gives us this wonderful picture? ‘Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth.’ Sinner, will you be that one?”

These stirring appeals told powerfully upon the hearts of the listeners. Sunday after Sunday, as soon as the invitation had been given, penitents came forward with a rush from all parts of the building. During the services some 600 names were taken, and doubtless there were hundreds who sought salvation elsewhere as a result of these meetings. Crowds of those who were already converted were also stirred up to fresh zeal and devotion in the cause of Christ. It would be easy to quote numberless instances, but a few examples must suffice. A sailor thus describes his own conversion:

*Penitents
from all
parts of
the
building.*

“My friends, I am glad God has converted my soul, and made me happy in His love. I was the blackest sinner in Portsmouth. When ashore I was a terror to everyone I came in contact with. I drank as fast as I could till my money was all gone, and then off to sea again to get more. I have laughed at my poor old mother many a time when she has been praying for me, and asked her what she was making all that weeping and moaning about.”

*A sailor's
conver-
sion.*

Here he paused, overcome with his feelings, then continued:

“Ah! friends, I have been a *black* sinner, but God has washed me! Glory to His Name for ever! My dear old

*1873,
Age 44.* mother has often clung round my neck and wept, saying, ‘O my boy! my boy! will you meet me in heaven?’ But I was unmoved by a mother’s broken heart and flowing tears. My heart was like stone until I came to the music-hall that Sunday night. As soon as I entered the place something pierced me like a knife. I wondered what was the matter, and though I came to laugh I had to sit down and weep; and I promised God if He would only spare me until the preacher was done I would give Him my heart.

*Pierced
him like a
knife,*

“Praise the Lord for sending Mrs. Booth to Portsmouth. I am going to sea; pray for me!”

A Christian worker reports upon another:

*blas-
phemed
till blue
in the
face.*

“A very wicked man, brought to God during Mrs. Booth’s services, who used to blaspheme till he was blue in the face, after his conversion began to pray earnestly for his wife and family. His wife led him a dreadful life, daring him to bring me into the house, and often while he was asking God’s blessing on the dinner she would take up her plate and run away, one day running right across the street in her frenzy. The next Sunday, however, one of her daughters was converted, and the other became concerned about her soul. After this the wife followed her husband to the music-hall to see what he was doing there. There the Spirit of God broke her heart, and she was one of the first to come forward seeking salvation. God speedily set her soul at liberty, and she is now one of the happiest wives and one of the best of our members.

*Given
me in an
English
port.”*

“Among the penitents one night was a man with a foreign accent praying as if he had but a few minutes to live. After a fearful struggle with the powers of darkness for an hour he obtained the pardon of his sins, and, springing up, he exclaimed, in better English than we had heard from him before, ‘I will go home and tell mine countrymen what de Lord have given me in an English port!’ When we asked what that was, he answered, with strong emphasis, ‘Why, *Jesus!*’”

CHAPTER LXVII.

“HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.” 1873.

IN October, 1873, Mrs. Booth commenced a series of meetings at Chatham. Describing the first of these the *Chatham News* says:

“Mrs. Booth possesses remarkable powers as a preacher. With a pleasing voice, distinct in all its tones, now colloquial, now persuasive, she can rise to the height of a great argument with an impassioned force and fervour that thrills her hearers. Quiet in her demeanour, her looks, her words, her action are peculiarly emphatic. She can indeed ‘suit the action to the word, the word to the action.’ And yet there is no ranting—nothing to offend the most fastidious taste—but much to enchain attention. ‘The matter is full, the manner excellent.’”

At Chatham.

A description and a prediction.

“The lady is engaged in a good work and we wish her God-speed. We may safely prophesy that if she continues her addresses in Chatham the spacious lecture-hall will not contain those who wish to hear her.”

This prediction was fulfilled. But on the third Sunday, at the conclusion of the meeting, Mrs. Booth was seized with one of her severe heart attacks, and had to be carried unconscious into the anteroom. Fortunately, her son Bramwell was with her, and after a period of intense suffering Mrs. Booth was at length removed to the house where she was staying, and from thence during the following week to her home. It was a fortnight, however, before she was sufficiently recovered to resume her services, the General taking her place in the meanwhile. This serious

Serene illness.

**1873,
Age 44.**

*Bad venti-
lation
the cause.*

attack was probably due to the hall not being properly ventilated. From the heated, stifling atmosphere of crowded meetings, in buildings where there was neither escape for the noxious gases nor inlet for the fresh air, Mrs. Booth suffered a continual martyrdom. The weakness of her heart's action made pure air such a necessity to her existence that during her last illness, even through the bitterest winter months, she used to keep both windows of her room open day and night, and sometimes have the door ajar as well. She believed that to the bad ventilation of public buildings were attributable the deaths of many, both in pulpit and in pew, who were supposed to have died of apoplexy or some kindred cause.

*A new
battle-
ground.*

At the farewell meeting on November 23d the hall was densely crowded, numbers being unable to gain admission. The service was a powerful one, and twenty-two persons came forward for salvation. The usual desire was expressed and gratified for the formation of a branch of the Mission, and Chatham has since been one of the most encouraging battle-gounds of the Salvation Army.

*Whoop-
ing-
cough in
the
family.*

The meetings had scarcely been concluded when whooping-cough broke out amongst the younger members of the family. Mixing continually with large crowds of the poorest classes, it was a necessary consequence that when any epidemic was prevalent it was almost certain to find its way into the domestic circle. Small-pox, scarlet fever, rheumatic fever, measles, whooping-cough, and almost every other imaginable ailment would take it in turn to demand entrance at the door, which could not shut them out because it could not shut out the cries of the suffering masses for whose welfare the members of that household planned and toiled. To purchase exemption from

*The
family
creed.*

1873,
Age 44.

such suffering at the cost of separation from the poor was a suggestion not for a moment to be entertained. Time after time were they brought to the very borders of the grave by some fell disease the infection of which had been taken while they were engaged in their errands of mercy. But while exercising every reasonable precaution to avoid the danger, or to restore health when sickness had set in, no one in that loved and loving circle ever dreamed of shrinking from what they could not but regard as a part of their inevitable cross. It was an article in the family creed that to be a saviour of the poor you must be content to suffer with and for them.

As soon, however, as the whooping-cough had made its appearance Mrs. Booth arranged to remove the children to Hastings, in order to give them the benefit of the change of air. Writing to her friend Mrs. Billups, she says: "The children have had a most severe attack of whooping-cough. Every imaginable remedy has been tried. The doctors are powerless. All they can say is, the thing must run its course. Change of air has, however, been recommended as a palliative, and so apartments have been taken and we have sent them down to Hastings. The thing has taken hold of Eva and Herbert terribly. Eva, especially, spins round when the spasms come on, and is a sight pitiful to behold."

Hastings.

Although the illness was a protracted one the recovery of all was satisfactory. Taking advantage of her stay at Hastings, Mrs. Booth held a meeting in the Royal Circus, "a large building, with circle, galleries, boxes, and promenade. Every available space was occupied, until it was estimated that over 2,500 persons had crowded in. All classes were represented. The rough fisher-lads, who combined to up-

An im-
mense
meeting.

A spell on
the fisher-
lads.

1873,
Age 44.

*The poor
man's
tear.*

set many an open-air gathering, and who had been assailing the processionists that very afternoon, had mustered in strong force. But from the moment that Mrs. Booth rose to her feet a spell seemed to rest upon them, and they listened with as much eagerness as the most respectable visitor present. It was seldom that they crossed the threshold of a church, and their hearts had grown almost as hard and horny as their hands. But Mrs. Booth had a singular aptitude for discovering the tender point in her hearers' consciences, where others might have supposed that such a spot had long since ceased to exist, and many a fish-scented sleeve could be seen brushing away the tear-drops from the cheeks where the salt spray had been for years the only moisture. Aye, and was not the tribute as pleasing in the sight of God as the most fragrant pocket-handkerchiefs so numerously requisitioned by the more favored portion of the audience? Is it too much to suppose that a poor man's tear weighs as heavy in the Divine scales as that of his well-to-do brother? Mrs. Booth thought so, and it was as great a joy for her to point the one to the Cross as the other.

The reporter of the Hastings *Independent* gives the following account of this meeting:

*A news-
paper
account.*

"Was it curiosity, was it a higher motive, or was it a blending of both, which filled the Circus here on Sunday evening? No church in this borough ever had, or could possibly hold, so large a congregation as was there assembled, and certainly no performance at the Circus ever yet managed to draw so vast a concourse of people. Boxes, gallery, pit, promenade—even the very ring itself, where clowns tumble and jest, and fair ladies perform feats of horsemanship—were crowded. Men, women, and children, from the fisher-boy and flower-girl up to the members of the School Board and Town Council; publicans and Good Templars; young sparks whose god is a cigar and a fresh-looking cravat; milliner-girls and ser-

vants radiant in ribbons and cheap finery; shop-boys, tradesmen, saints, and sinners, all were gathered in response to an announcement proclaimed from dead walls and hoardings a few days previously that Mrs. Booth was going to preach.

1873,
Age 44.

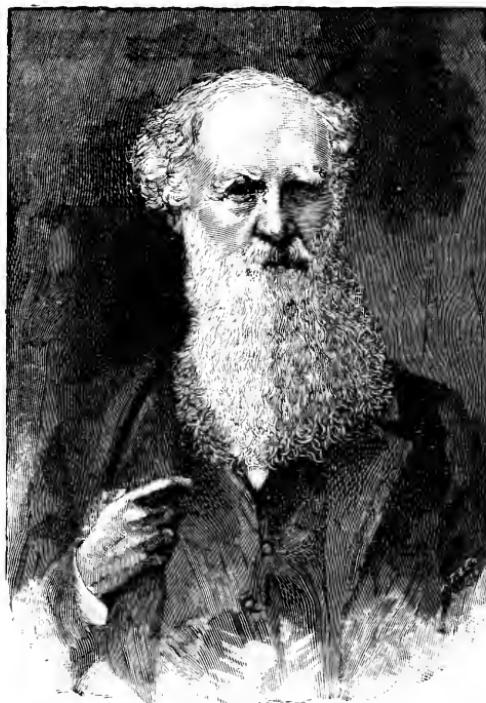
"Who is this Mrs. Booth, who possesses such power to attract to a single meeting at least one-tenth of the whole population of our borough? Was it to hear a woman preach, because some of us believe that ladies have no right to be our theological teachers, that we went? Was it to laugh and jeer that others of us were present? Was it because many of us had already heard Mrs. Booth's friends say such marvellous things of her eloquence that we were determined to receive oral and ocular demonstration for ourselves? Or were we attracted by the singularity of the transforming, for the nonce, a theatre into the house of God? At any rate, whatever may have been the motive of the many in coming, there we were, some two thousand five hundred in all. In looking round on the large number of people, in contemplating in one's mind's eye the comparatively empty churches and chapels outside, one could not but think that a lesson might be learned by some ministers from even Mrs. Booth and the committee who bring her to Hastings to lead the people in a sensational way to heaven."

The Mission suffered a severe loss during the year in the removal to Tasmania of its generous benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reed, together with their family. The farewell to Mr. Reed proved to be a final one; for seven years later he passed peacefully to his reward, leaving behind him a clear testimony both to his conversion and sanctification. Eighteen years later Mrs. Reed was present among the crowd that waited, as if for a royal personage, to welcome the General on his first visit to Australian shores. He had written to her saying that he should like to see the room from which the veteran saint had passed from earth to heaven. Mrs. Reed had sent back a warm-hearted reply, assuring him that she would be at her post at the time appointed, waiting for him

*Farewell
to
Mr. Reed.*

*The Gener-
ral's wel-
come to
Aus-
tralia.*

*1873,
Age 44.* with her carriage; adding that he was to accept no other hospitality but her own. Like himself, she had passed through seas of trouble since last they had met, but she had been enabled to say amidst it all, "Thy will be done," and to bless the chastening rod.



HENRY REED, OF DUNORLAN.

*Another
loss to the
Mission.*

*Real
religion.*

Another loss was sustained by the Mission in the breakdown of health and consequent departure from England of Mr. Charles Owen, who had for six years toiled incessantly in the capacity of honorary secretary. The reality of his religion was put to a severe test soon afterwards, the ship being wrecked in a storm off the coast of Queensland. From Mr. Owen's description of the wreck we quote the following:

"Parallel with the coast of Queensland runs a long line of dangerous reefs, rendering the navigation at all times unpleasant, and in bad weather exceedingly dangerous. Well, on the 21st we encountered strong contrary winds with heavy rain, and the night was as dark as pitch. I could not get rid of the impression that we should go on shore that night; and after getting together a few things, in the possible event of our having occasion to take to the boats, I entreated the Lord to spare the lives of our unsaved and unprepared crew. But, thank God, I felt that I was ready for any eventuality. Turned in at night and slept well till midnight, when I was aroused by the heart-stirring cry, 'Breakers ahead!' succeeded by the necessary command to change the course of the ship. But, like the condition of many a sinner who has gone on still in his wickedness, the change came too late, and our noble ship grounded. On the first alarm I sprang from my berth, and was dressed and waiting the shock—like those virgins who look for and are ready for the coming of their Lord.

"But oh! that fearful night! The bumping was terrible beyond all description. Each moment we thought our vessel must part midships. The masts were cut away, but all to no purpose. The seas, as they struck the doomed vessel, broke right over the yards. At each flash of lightning could be seen a long, dark line, which was thought to be land, and three gallant fellows volunteered to put off through the boiling sea to ascertain whether a landing could be effected. For twenty minutes we feared they were lost, their light having disappeared. During this time I got a few of the hands together in the forecastle, where I had taken refuge from the falling spars, and we had prayer together, and I sang to them.

1873,
Age 44.

A ship-wreck.

1873,
Age 44.

I told the men they had often heard me speak of the power of religion and of the peace it afforded; that they may have been tempted to think that it was all right for fine weather, but that they could now see that it brought peace in the hour when death stared us in the face. Although we might each in half an hour have to appear before our Maker, yet, if a wish could save me, I did not think I had a wish left; that I could leave all with Jesus; that death to me was my greatest gain.

"Soon after, voices were heard calling us to put off in the lifeboat, which, after a long delay, a crew of men attempted to launch, with success. The boat being hauled back, I was lowered, and the crew took me off. Although a fearful sea was running, and our boat was once or twice in great danger, yet with but a thorough soaking we reached the shore. Then it was the masts went over with a terrific crash. The captain and remainder of the crew afterwards landed, the ship sheltering us and breaking the force of the sea.

"Nothing could be more trying than that night. It rained continuously—the wind was bitterly cold—all wet through, dark as pitch. No one cared to wander far, for fear of natives who rejoice in a favourable opportunity to test their skill with a spear. When daylight broke we gathered spars from the wreck and made a fire and half-cooked ourselves. We were foodless and waterless, and had to wait till two o'clock on Wednesday before any one could venture to the ship to fetch supplies. The captain and a crew on the third day, at a fearful risk, pulled through the surf and sailed away to a passing steamer, and after a long week returned to us, having chartered a steamer to take us to Rockhampton.

"I am so thankful still to be able to testify to the precious fact that I am enjoying, and have long enjoyed, that blessing which you know as the blessing of holiness, and can attest the precious fact that, when we thought we had but half an hour before we should be called into eternity, I realized, before the God whom I so soon expected to meet, that the blood of Jesus had cleansed and kept me clean. Well is the blood called '*precious* blood,' and faith, '*like precious* faith!' I am deeply happy and blessedly calm, and experience a fulness of joy of which no words can tell. Never can I sufficiently thank God that there is one mission in my dear old England where '*Holiness unto the Lord*' stands to the forefront of all teaching. If, dear sir, your *signal halyards* ever get carried away, let one of the *hands* go aloft and *nail the standard to the mast.*'"

1873,
Age 44.

Such was the *material* of which the early Missioners were made. No wonder that, when an agnostic was brought face to face with a manifestation of the same spirit in the recent riots at Eastbourne, he was led to exclaim, "Sir, if I were not an agnostic, I should say it was Divine!"

One more illustration of the same we are tempted to introduce, the death-scene of a humble East End convert named Barber, who died triumphantly during this year. He had been led to Christ some time previously by one of the oldest Mission evangelists, Mr. Dowdle, and had become one of the most valuable helpers in the Shoreditch branch. It was in the open air that he had first been attracted and convicted of sin. He was finally converted in a theatre. Long after the congregation had left, and the lights had been turned down, Barber was still on his knees pleading for salvation. So great was his agony of conviction

An East-
End
convert.

Converted
in a
theatre.

1873,
Age 44.

that he dared not go home till he knew that his sins were forgiven. The little knot of Missioners stayed with him to the last, and when the lateness of the hour made it necessary to leave the theatre they took him elsewhere. The light at length dawned in upon his soul, and he had the joyful consciousness that he was saved.

"It's a reality."

Overtaken by sickness in the prime of his manhood, he faced death with the calmness of the true Christian. "Is Jesus precious to you?" said one who was there. "Yes, bless Him!" replied the dying man. "I've trusted Him in rough weather and in smooth, and I'll trust Him now." Then, true to his life-work, turning to his medical attendant, he said, "Doctor, will you meet me in heaven?" The doctor promised that he would. Barber then prayed for all present, mentioning them by name. "God bless my dear little children! God bless my poor delicate wife! God bless the Christian Mission," and then, as if the new world had opened out its panorama before his eyes, he said with wonderful power, "It's a *reality!* I see the angels and hear the heavenly music! Jesus is precious! It's better on before! Lord Jesus, come quickly! I've had a battle, but gained the victory! O death, where is thy sting? I shall soon sit down at the marriage feast! My feet are in the river! I shall soon be over! Glory to God! I see a light! Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" His sister said, "I shall soon follow you," to which he replied "*Don't be in a hurry! Work for the Master!*" And a few minutes afterwards he peacefully fell asleep in the arms of the Saviour whom he loved and served. Standing by such a death-bed, who could fail to echo the prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

"Work
for the
Master!"

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE MISSION ADVANCES. 1874.

THE most prominent event of the year 1874 was the annual Conference of the Mission workers in June. It was not the *first* gathering of the sort. In November, 1870, Mr. Booth had called together a few of the principal evangelists and members to consult with him as to the internal organisation of the Mission, and to assist him in the framing of such regulations as would be best calculated to perpetuate its adherence to the purposes for which it had been created. Working upon the best religious model with which he was acquainted, and which is known as liberal Methodism, this embryonic little parliament was to consist of the evangelists, together with two delegates from each station.

But there were several respects in which the Conference differed from any similar assemblage. In the first place, women were admitted to its deliberations; and this not merely as onlookers but as representatives, with the same privileges to speak and pray as were extended to their brethren. A second novelty existed in the shape of a timekeeper, whose business it was to break in upon the consultation every hour, when an interval of singing and prayer would follow, ordinarily lasting for about five minutes, but frequently extending over a quarter of an hour. This had the effect of cutting short long speeches, and preserving the spirituality of the meeting from being

The Conference.

The best model.

Women admitted as representatives.

A time-keeper.

**1874,
Age 45.** marred either by acrimonious debates or dull business details. The fact that the sittings usually lasted from ten in the morning till ten at night, and were spread over two or three successive days, made such intervals the more refreshing.

*The
prayer
pauses.* Mr. Railton, who was from 1873 to 1878 the Secretary of these Conferences, thus describes these prayer pauses:

*Merged
into
heaven.* "The regulation was that the singing and prayer were altogether to occupy about ten minutes, and very often the limit was not exceeded; but I remember few occasions of the kind when the whole Conference did not appear to be for the time completely merged into heaven. It mattered not what the subject under discussion immediately before might have been, or what the division of opinion; the perfect union, the rapid rush together to the one Lord during these intervals were beyond all description. Perhaps I should come nearest to it if I asked you to imagine a lot of school-boy souls let out for their ten minutes from lessons. The wisest men seemed in a moment to forget that they were anything but God's dear children. The slowest and most embarrassed minds suddenly saw the clear, open road before them, and away went everybody, in prayer and thanksgiving, like so many horses whose feet had suddenly touched the heather. The wonder was that we were able to get back to business again at all; and we did not always succeed within the regulation time, for many an evangelist or delegate who had sat silently for hours would burst out in prayer, and, but for the solemn determination of the president to get the business finished, I doubt if less than half an hour would often have contented the Conference when once on its knees.

*Transformed by
prayer.* "Oh, why were not those faces photographed some time before and after prayers, especially in the later hours of a long day's sittings, when faces had grown pale and dull beneath the continued strain of steadfast close attention? How those ten minutes of prayer transformed them! Everybody would get up looking as though they had just found something. And so they had. They had discovered once more the glorious fact of their nearness to God and their power to

*Power to
overcome.*

overcome the devil and the world; and that made everything sunshine. Men from different parts of the country, who had had scarcely any opportunity to speak to one another before, would rise up feeling as if they had lived round the same fireside all their lives; and the speaker who was addressing the house before prayer, or the new one who rose immediately after it, would feel as if he had gained almost a new audience. Those prayer times in the Conference were a visible, unmistakable exhibition of the true source of the Army's strength. With joy every one of those men and women drew water out of the wells of salvation; and it was easy to understand how they could and would go on pouring out streams of living water all the year round and wherever they went."

1874,
Age 45.

*Streams
of living
water.*

Perhaps one of the special advantages of this custom was the opportunity it afforded to the more spiritually minded of those present to bring their influence to bear upon the assembly. There was never a gathering of the kind in which there were not some present who were specially remarkable for their Divine unction and power in prayer. While some knotty question was being debated, or business transacted, they had little to say, and there were others who by their superior smartness eclipsed them; but when the "tocsin of the soul" had sounded its first note, then, in a moment, their spiritual supremacy asserted itself.

*The soul's
tocsin.*

One of the most remarkable examples of this was Praying John, a lay delegate from Hastings. No other religious conference would have tolerated the presence of the rough, uncouth navvy, whose loud amens and hallelujahs would have shocked their nerves. But none was more heartily welcomed by the Missioners, and when the simple old man rose to speak or pray the contagion of his rapturous joy seemed to take possession of every heart. His dear old face would beam with happiness, and his eyes

*Praying
John.*

1874,
Age 45.

*In his
shirt-
sleeves.*

*"All's
well."*

*More of
the same
sort.*

shine with tears of gladness, and he would clap his hands with the glee of a little child and shout "*Glory!*" till every one present was electrified and felt like shouting "*Glory!*" too. He gained his sobriquet of "Praying John" from his custom of rising early, before daybreak, to pray, and from his remarkable power in prayer. Preaching one day to a rough crowd in the open air, he stripped off his coat, feeling that he could better reach them in his shirt-sleeves, by enabling them to realise that he was one of themselves—a workingman. He died in 1876, at the conclusion of a meeting during which he had spoken with more than his usual earnestness and all his accustomed power. One of his last messages to his comrades was, "Tell them all's well. John Smith's packed up and ready to go." And as he lay dying in the Croydon Hall he said to the friends who were ministering to him, "Let me go! I be a child of God! Let me go! I do love God! Let me go, bless ye! *I be happy!*"

The influence of such men, for Praying John was only a specimen of a blessed multitude who are to be found in the ranks of the Salvation Army, can better be imagined than described. "Never mind the gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Morley when he had listened to the burning words which fell from the lips of some of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's uncouth fellow-workers, and when they were suggesting that they should next call upon some one more refined. There were tears in Mr. Morley's eyes as he said that he would prefer to listen to some more of the same sort. •

*Thirty-
seven re-
presenta-
tives.*

Thirty-seven representatives were present at the Conference of 1874, eight of these being women. The practical character of the resolutions passed may be judged from the following extracts:

1. That as God has so abundantly blessed the Christian Mission in Portsmouth, Chatham, and elsewhere, it is desirable to effect its extension to the other great towns of the country as rapidly as men and means are provided, and that one or two men be set apart to enter upon evangelistic work in some large town immediately.

1874,
Age 45.

*Practical
resolu-
tions
for
extending
the work.*

2. That it is desirable that every station should have a district mapped out around it, and that the whole of such district should be specially cared for and missioned from end to end at least once a quarter, in such a way as the officers of the district may think best.

3. That this Conference praises God for the large number of persons whom He has turned from darkness to light by the agency of the Mission, and rejoices in the extent to which the converts have been made use of to carry on the work; but feeling deeply the necessities of millions of people still lying in the deepest darkness, resolves:

*Praise
God.*

(i.) That the use made of the converts hitherto—great and blessed as it has been—has been but small in comparison with that which is possible and necessary, and has left a vast amount of talent and will to labour unemployed.

*Use all
talents.*

(ii.) That it is especially desirable that all our people should be taught to speak publicly to their fellow-men about Christ, and that to this end all our present preachers should be especially careful to urge all the members to the fulfilment of this duty.

*Speak
about
Christ.*

(iii.) That, inasmuch as the people are peculiarly amenable to the influence of their own neighbours and acquaintances, it is desirable more than ever to form bands for missioning the streets, for house-to-house visitation, and for tract distribution.

*To neigh-
bours.*

(iv.) That a special effort for the rescue of drunkards should be organised at each station, into which drunkards who are converted should at once be drafted.

*Drunk-
ards'
brigades.*

(v.) That cottage services are a most useful and necessary means of employing our converts and reaching the people, and should be established as opportunity may serve.

*Cottage
services.*

(vi.) That many of our female converts could be most profitably formed into bands of singers to visit the homes of the people, as well as more publicly to sing of salvation."

*Bands of
singers.*

The occasion of the Conference was utilised for the holding of some great demonstrations. On Saturday,

*Some
great
demon-
strations.*

1874,
Age 45. June 20th, Mrs. Booth gave a thrilling temperance address to a crowded audience in the Whitechapel Hall. General Neal Dow was also present and spoke. He will be remembered as the author of the first prohibitive legislation against drink in the United States, having introduced the law into the State of Maine, an example which has since been imitated by many others of the American States, and which is likely to form the basis of general legislation at no distant date throughout the world.

*General
Neal Dow.* "The General was a fine old man," says Mrs. Booth. "His colloquial, unpretentious way of talking could not fail to produce an impression. Why is it that in speaking about religion a stilted and unnatural style should be so commonly in vogue? The stirring tones, the flashing eye, the eager gesture which emphasize conversation regarding every important theme—why should these be banished from the pulpit?

*Be
natural.* "If I were asked to put into one word what I consider to be the greatest obstacle to the success of Divine truth, even when uttered by sincere and real people, I should say *stiffness*. Simplicity is indispensable to success; *naturalness* in putting the truth. It seems as if people the moment they come to religion assume a different tone, a different look and manner—in short, become unnatural. We want SANCTIFIED HUMANITY, not sanctimoniousness. You want to talk to your friends in the same way about religion as you talk about earthly things. If a friend is in difficulties, and he comes to you, you do not begin talking in a circumlocutory manner about the general principles on which men can secure prosperity, and the sad mistakes of those who have not secured it; you come straight to the point and, if you feel for him, you take him by the buttonhole, or put your hand in his, and say, 'My dear fellow, I am very sorry for you; is there any way in which I can help you?' If you have a friend afflicted with a fatal malady, and you see it and he does not, you don't begin to descant on the power of disease and the way people may secure health, but you say, 'My dear fellow, I am afraid this hacking cough is more serious than you think, and that nasty flush on your cheek is a bad sign. I am afraid you are ill—let

*To the
point.*

*Tell him
so.*

me counsel you to seek advice.' That is the way people talk about earthly things. Now just do exactly so about spiritual things. If your friend is a spiritual bankrupt just tell him so. Tell him where he is going, and that the reckoning day is coming. If your friend has a spiritual disease tell him so, and deal just as straight and earnestly with him as you would about his body. Tell him you are praying for him, and the very concern that he reads in *your eyes* will wake him up, and he will begin to think it is time he was concerned about himself. Try to attain this simple, easy, natural way of appealing to people about their souls. I believe if all real Christians would attain this, and act upon it, this country would be shaken from end to end!"

1874,
Age 45.

But the principal and most enthusiastic meeting of the series was one over which Mr. Samuel Morley presided.

*Mr.
Morley
presides.*

He commenced the meeting with the following introductory remarks:

"I am here on the present occasion rather to listen than to speak. I should like, however, to offer a few words expressive of the interest I feel in the work that is going on."

*A partner
in the
concern.*

"I have long been connected in a quiet way with Mr. and Mrs. Booth, the originators of this Mission, and I have taken a deep interest in it, as it has helped, comforted, and, probably, strengthened many hundreds of persons depressed in condition and fighting for existence, amidst great difficulties, in the eastern portion of London. I believe in the sincerity of those connected with the Mission; and I am here this evening as a partner in the concern." [Loud cheers. A voice: "You'll have a share in the glory!"]

He was followed by Mr. Booth, who gave the following statistics regarding the progress of the Mission during the twelve months ending 31st March. There were 265 unpaid preachers; 5,070 outdoor and 5,744 indoor services had been held, resulting in the professed conversion of 3,220 persons. The contributions of the Mission people towards the expenses of the work had amounted to nearly £2,000—a remark-

**1874,
Age 45.** able achievement, considering their poverty. During the twelve months halls had been built or purchased at Plaistow, Portsmouth, and Bethnal Green, and new stations established at Mile End, Plaistow, Barking, Woolwich, Cubitt Town, Rye, Wellingborough, Kettering, Portsmouth, Buckland, and Southsea.

*The converted
navvy.* After Mr. Booth had concluded, John Allen, the converted navvy, James Dowdle, the ex-railway guard, and others spoke. A few words from John Allen's address we cannot refrain from quoting:

*A King's
son.* "The Mission was fighting when it fired the shot at a street corner one week-night that struck me in my vile state. Wandering about with boots unlaced and a short pipe in my mouth, I wondered, when I heard the open-air preaching, what it could be, and drawing near I listened. The words took hold of my heart. I followed to the old hall at Poplar, and there sought and found the Saviour, and then I joined His army and am marching still at Christ's command. I had to put up with a deal of opposition from my old companions in sin. One day a man met me coming up from a coal barge, and I had been praising God and thinking of His love till the big tears had run down my cheeks. He said to me, 'Why, whatever's the matter with you?' 'Oh,' I said, 'there's plenty the matter, for God has pardoned all my sins, and I'm going to glory. Why, bless you, I'm a King's son.' 'What! you a King's son,' he said, 'with a black face?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I am a King's son, praise God; for though my face is black my heart is washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and I shall soon be done with the coal-heaving and go to glory.'"

And then turning to the Chairman, he added:

*Inside the
shop.* "We are still warriors, sir; we have not turned aside from the path in which God has led us thus far; and while you are fighting in the House of Commons, sir, we are fighting the Sunday traders in Salmon's Lane. A brother takes down his shutters every Sunday morning, and we stand inside the shop, where the police cannot shift us, and shout, 'Buy wine and milk, without money and without price,' while the butchers opposite are crying 'Buy, buy, buy!'"

Mr. Morley was deeply affected by this and similar addresses, and in concluding the meeting with a few warm and well-chosen words he said:

1874,
Age 45.

"The manifest earnestness and sincerity of those who have spoken prove that they are men well adapted for the work, and I have heard enough to satisfy me that this Mission is (*to an extent* of which I had no idea) solving the question how to get at the people. As an Englishman, as a patriot, and as a Christian I wish you every success in this good work, and pray that God may speed you yet more and more."

Earnestness and sincerity.

The special agency for the rescue of drunkards referred to in the resolutions of the Conference had been started early in the year by Mrs. Booth, who had regarded this class with peculiar hopefulness since her efforts on their behalf in the Gateshead Circuit. The drink question was at this time exciting a great deal of public attention, largely owing to the fact that what was termed "the ladies' whiskey war" had recently been started in America.

Rescue of drunkards.

The mode of warfare was as follows:

Notice was served upon the saloon-keepers in a given town or district, requesting them to close their establishments on or before a certain date. Upon their refusing to do so a band of ladies assembled in a neighbouring church, and, after prayer, marched in procession, with the church bells ringing, and often with an immense crowd, to the house selected for operations, entered the bar, and, kneeling down, commenced to pray and sing. If driven from the saloon, they knelt upon the sidewalk, and as a fresh band came on duty every two hours praying and singing were kept up all day long, until the publican, who found it impossible to get customers while these devotions were in progress, closed his place—the event being celebrated with thanksgiving and rejoicing on

"Ladies' whiskey war."

American mode of warfare.

A fresh band on duty.

1874,
Age 45. the part of the women invaders, who then proceeded to attack another in like manner. The movement soon attained such proportions as to attract the attention of the public throughout the whole civilised world.

*Account
of the
war.*

The following is the account sent by a correspondent from the seat of this remarkable humanitarian war:

*Rapid
spread
over the
country.*

"The female anti-whiskey moral suasion crusade is spreading over the country with extraordinary energy. When I last wrote about it, a week ago, it seemed mainly located in Southern Ohio, with some symptoms in Southern Indiana, and at Louisville, in Kentucky. Now, however, it has not only greatly extended its limits in these localities, but it has also appeared in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, the District of Columbia, Iowa, Illinois, and Nebraska. At Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, the women have already held a number of meetings to inaugurate the crusade, and there are premonitory signs of a similar movement in Philadelphia. At Manchester, in Iowa, the praying bands of women have been at work for nearly a week among the saloons, and with considerable success. At Lincoln, Nebraska, a female party of thirty began their pilgrimage on the 17th of February, and at one saloon which they visited the crowd was so great that the floor was broken down and all hands precipitated into the cellar. The women are also at work in Henry County, Illinois, and the grand jury of that county have come to their aid by finding indictments against forty-eight saloon-keepers for selling liquor to minors in violation of the law. In Indiana the work goes on bravely.

*Strong
support.*

"In Ohio, where the movement began and has won its greatest victories, it still progresses with amazing energy. It has received the strong support of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, who are very numerous in Ohio, and who have passed a resolution at their meeting at Xenia endorsing the women's crusade. At Ripley every saloon but one has been closed, and this will soon yield, as one hundred and fifty women are besieging it. At Athens nine out of

fourteen saloons had surrendered when I last wrote; now but one is left. It took four assaults to bring one of the most obdurate of the others to terms, but the power of prayer was ultimately shown by the proprietor bringing out his ale and beer kegs and emptying their contents into the road. The only remaining saloonist in Frankfort surrendered on February 18th. The crusade began in McConnellsburg on that day with one hundred and forty women in the praying bands, and one inn-keeper has already yielded."

1874,
Age 45.

*The last
saloonist.*

These ladies, as might be expected, met with considerable opposition, sometimes accompanied with violence. One publican, swinging a large axe over their heads, guarded his door with terrible threatenings. But the praying band, undaunted, persevered till the same axe was used by the publican to stave in his kegs of drink in the presence of an acclaiming multitude, and the man himself went round the country inciting the people everywhere to destroy the trade with which he had been so recently identified. A female saloonkeeper prepared a can of boiling water to pour upon the ladies. Some flooded the pavements in front of their houses with water, others covered them with grease, in order to prevent the besiegers from kneeling there. In other cases it was the magistrates and leading men who were the chief persecutors. But every attempt at opposition only made the victory of right more manifest.

*Violent
opposi-
tion.*

*Striking
incidents.*

Mrs. Booth was deeply interested in the movement. Memories of the successful work among drunkards were still imprinted upon her heart and mind. The existence of the Mission now afforded her an opportunity for renewing the effort on a greatly extended scale. And although public claims made it impossible to take the same personal part as before, there was no longer the necessity for doing so, since there were scores ready and eager to respond to her appeal. A

*Drunk-
ards'
Rescue
Brigade.*

1874,
Age 45.

Drunkards' Rescue Brigade was accordingly organised, and was from the first signally blessed in reaching and reclaiming many of the most forlorn and degraded of this class.

*Mrs.
Booth's
stirring
appeal.*

The following is an extract from the stirring appeal which she issued at the time:

*Eighty
out of a
hundred.*

*Regarded
as hopeless.*

"Those of our readers who have seen our last year's report, 'The Masses Reached,' must have been struck with the fact that out of a hundred typical cases of those brought to God by the instrumentality of this Mission no less than eighty were formerly drunkards. Only those who are intimately acquainted with our people know, however, what fearfully sunken moral wrecks many of them were when our measures first arrested their attention.

"*What are drunkards?* Not those who occasionally get intoxicated, but those who are known and recognised as drunkards; those who have drunk until they have drained the dregs of the inebriate's cup. What are these? They are generally looked upon as disgusting good-for-nothings, the refuse of mankind—hopeless, unredeemable slaves of the devil. The very publicans who have fattened on their ruin spurn them from their doors the moment their last penny is spent, lest the sight of them should bring disgrace upon an 'honest trade.' The public regard the drunkard, in his intoxicated state, as an object of ridicule when not a just cause of fear. Sobered, the poor fellow is more objectionable still. Despised by every one, almost despised by himself, without anything worthy the name of home, without character, with a family, perchance, whom his brutality has taught to look upon him as their worst enemy—with a fearful craving, to endure which is agony, and to satisfy which is to be drunk again—no wonder that this poor wretch comes to look upon himself, as others so often regard him, as hopeless.

Is it true?

"But is it true? Is this a wreck which Satan has fully accomplished? Is this man or woman separated by an impassable gulf from other poor sinners who appear to us so much more hopeful? Can our Christianity do nothing for such an one? Is this man possessed by a legion which Jesus of Nazareth cannot cast out? Shame on us! Should we not rather ask, 'Can

*Shame on
us!*

Jesus do anything with such miserable, unbelieving agents as we are?"

"That 'good-for-nothing drunkard,' that 'poor maniac,' that 'unnatural monster'—inquire about him, and see what manner of man he is. A good workman? His master will tell you: 'Oh, yes, one of the best in the shop; but for his ability he would have been discharged long ago.' A good husband and father, when sober? 'He is always good to us when he is not drunk,' pleads his suffering wife in the police court. And so he has been; but the fatal habit has so enslaved him that he is almost always drunk now except while he is working for the money to buy more drink. 'He is a good-natured fellow, and didn't mean any harm,' puts in a fellow-workman, as he is being tried for an assault in a drunken squabble. Ah! good-natured to a fault. It was his good-nature, his generous and sociable disposition, which first led him to indulge in the extra glass, and eventually to squander his money, time, and strength in treating those who now look down on him with contempt and scorn. The poor drunkard, then, is still a man. Ah! and in many instances, a man possessed of the highest susceptibilities and capabilities of human nature; only these have been smothered, blasted, or prostituted by the demon drink. Let this devil be cast out and the drunkard, like the man amongst the tombs, will be ready to take his seat, clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. Yes, the drunkard *can* be saved!"

Writing at the same time to Christians in regard to their personal duties and responsibilities towards this subject, Mrs. Booth says:

"Our Lord taught His disciples to pray to be kept out of temptation; and again and again we are warned and enjoined to keep ourselves out, and on this condition all His promises of grace and deliverance are suspended. God has nowhere promised to keep the man who needlessly and for the sake of his own indulgence runs into temptation. How fearful, then, the responsibility of those Christians who tell the reclaimed inebriate, aye, who tell any man, 'You may safely tamper with the drink! You may play with this fire of hell and trust in God to keep you from being burnt.' Alas! how do such counsellors unwittingly play the part of Satan in his

1874,
Age 45.

Highest
capabili-
ties.

*Finest
qualities.*

*The
demon
drink.*

*He can be
saved.*

*To Chris-
tians.*

*Thou
shall not
tempt.*

1874, **Age 45.** cunning approaches to our Lord: 'Cast thyself down, for it is written He shall give His angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' Oh, that all our brethren and sisters would ever bear in mind the memorable answer: 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'

*Abstinence
indispensable.*

"But not only is abstinence valuable, nay, indispensable, in order to *preserve those rescued out of the power of this great destroyer, but it is equally valuable to prevent others from falling into it.* We all profess to believe that prevention is better than cure; seeing, then, that strong drink is proved to be the most dangerous foe to perseverance in righteousness, and the most potent cause of declension, inconsistency, and apostasy, ought not Christians to strive, both by example and precept, to warn the young, the weak, and the inexperienced from touching it? Can any man answer for the consequences of putting a bottle to his neighbour's mouth, be it ever such a *small one*, or ever such a *gentle one*? God has recorded *His curse* against the man who does this, and thousands of hoary-headed parents, broken-hearted wives, and weeping, blighted children groan their Amen to the dreadful sentence! Perchance there are some men who can take these drinks in what they call moderation and suffer no visible injury; nevertheless, let that man beware who touches that which God has cursed, for there are injuries invisible more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt!

*Perchance
some are
able.*

"But suppose some people could take these drinks without hurting themselves; *will they dare answer for their children?* Alas! there are thousands of parents to-day in connection with the various churches of our land whose gray hairs are sinking in sorrow to the grave through the intemperance of sons and daughters who first acquired a taste for drink by sipping out of their own glasses, *never used but in moderation!* I ask these parents, I ask Christians, was not the curse of God on the *liquor* rather than on the *size of the glass which contained it;* and might not these parents have known that if they sowed the wind they must reap the whirlwind? If time would permit we might give illustrations here that would almost wring tears from demons.

*Save
them!*

"Christian parents, save your children from this moral pestilence; oh! as you value their happiness, their chastity, their godliness in this life and their felicity in the next, save

them from acquiring a taste for drink. *Christian ministers, deacons, elders, members, warn your young people that they come not within the fatal gaze of this moral basilisk!* Oh! warn them that they enter not the outermost circle of this eddying maelstrom of perdition, crimsoned already with the blood of myriads once as fair and pure, as virtuous and true, as they are now."

The appeals made by Mrs. Booth were destined to exercise a lasting and far-reaching influence. Not only did total abstinence become an essential and important plank in the Salvation Army platform, but the Drunkards' Brigade was reproduced in almost every corps, while the victims of drink occupied thenceforth a forefront place in the love and efforts of all Salvationists. Apart entirely from its regular stations and thousands of officers whose regular duty it is to reach and save this class, the most recent report of the slum work shows that, at the forty-five posts occupied in the heart of the worst districts, no less than 23,062 visits had been paid to public-houses during the previous twelve months!

It was at the outset of the Christian Mission work that Mr. Booth was asked by some sceptical critic where he was going to get his preachers. "From the public-houses and gin-palaces," was the characteristic and never-to-be-forgotten reply. In these dark corners of moral degradation he believed he was to find the right sort of material for opening the hitherto closed doorway to the masses. To dig up these buried talents was his God-appointed task. But when the words were first spoken he had himself but a vague idea of the literal fulfilment that awaited them. And when Mrs. Booth formed her little band of Drunkard Rescuers she could hardly have anticipated the grand proportions to which the effort would, in coming years, attain.

1874,
Age 45.

An
essential
plank.

Where the
preachers
come
from.

A God-
appointed
task.

CHAPTER LXIX.

CORRESPONDENCE. 1874.

*Visits to
the
stations.* AFTER returning from Hastings with the children Mrs. Booth remained in London till the following August, paying occasional visits to the various stations: Hackney, Poplar, Croydon, Bethnal Green, Kettering, Wellingborough, Barking, Chatham, and Stoke Newington. At Croydon a free tea was given to 300 poor people. In the meeting which followed Mrs. Booth spoke with power, and thirteen sought salvation, among them being three gypsy mothers with babes in their arms.

*At
Croydon.*

In Bethnal Green a new hall was opened, now famous as the Railway Arch. It certainly was a unique specimen of a church. It consisted in a prolongation of a railway arch, over which the trains thundered every two or three minutes. Had the noise been less frequent it might have disturbed the meetings, but fortunately 'use doth breed a habit in a man!' The regular attendants became so accustomed to the noise overhead that they ceased to realise it; like persons in a besieged town, who are said to become so habituated to the firing of the cannon that they can sleep through it, but are disturbed by the unnatural quiet when at length the firing ceases! Whether this be so or not, the Railway Arch has certainly proved the birthplace of hundreds of souls, many of whom have in their turn become saviours of others.

On the 23d August of this year Mrs. Booth com-

menced a two months' campaign at Ryde. The results did not answer her expectations. Perhaps it was the fear of the subsequent establishment of a Mission station which may have influenced the inhabitants of this fashionable watering-place. Or, very possibly, in proportion to the size of the town and the number of visitors and residents the success was quite as great as in other places; but Mrs. Booth was seldom satisfied unless her buildings were packed to suffocation, with hundreds turned away and scores seeking salvation. However, she persevered, and met with results which would have gratified any one else less difficult to please. Amongst many others was the interesting case of a young lady who was on a visit to the town. She came forward at one of the meetings, received the pardon of her sins, and returned home in all the joy of her new-found salvation. Shortly afterwards she was taken ill, and died triumphantly, leaving behind her a blessed testimony.

Emma and the younger children were with Mrs. Booth, while the elder ones, who had now begun to be useful in the work, remained in London with the General. His letters to Mrs. Booth give some interesting glimpses of their earliest attempts at public speaking:

"Willie, or, rather, Bramwell, as I like to call him now, has just left me. He is a good lad—a real precious boy. I manage him a little better than you do, I think. Perhaps it is because I let him have his own way rather more. I have no fault worth calling a fault to find with him. His thoughtfulness for the real interests of the Mission, his responsibility as to business, his manly dealing with men and things, are in my estimation very remarkable. Then he is, I think, really good, open to spiritual influences to any extent. Poor boy! Were he only stronger I should rejoice in contemplating his future, and push him on to aim at far greater things.

1874,
Age 45.

Cam-
paign at
Ryde.

A blessed
testi-
mony.

Useful in
the work.

No fault
to find.

1874,
Age 45.

"Dear
Katie."

*With
force and
feeling.*

*Gratified
ambition.*

*Will you
come?*

*A little
bit of
Railton."*

*As a fresh
seal.*

"I don't know whether I told you how pleased I was with dear Katie speaking in the streets on Sunday morning. It was very nice and effective. Bless her! I am delighted with all the children more and more. Willie is the greatest help I have ever had in the office.

"I heard Ballington give out a hymn and say a few words at Bethnal Green last night. He did not know that I was there. I was surprised and gratified in the extreme. He has an extraordinary voice and will be able to give out a hymn with more effect than many a man could produce with a sermon. The little he did say was spoken with force and feeling. They think very much of the promise he gives for ability at Bethnal Green. He will make a mighty man, with the Divine blessing. But it will be a serious matter. I could not touch him in effective giving out of a hymn in the open-air, and he is only seventeen. Willie's voice and chest are so weak that I don't see how he is going to make a preacher."

It is interesting to look back upon these prognostications, and to note how fully the ambition of Mr. and Mrs. Booth for their children has been gratified.

"I have not yet found any one for the office-work," he says in another letter to Mrs. Booth. "I want ability, and it is scarce. You would do as well as, or better than, any one I know! Will you come for £150?

"I am glad you had a good meeting on Friday. You must not be discouraged. I am sure your meetings will compare well with any others.

"I am pleased to hear you are believing. Get your will to help your faith, and let things go. Be determined not to care *how* things go—to life or death even—after you have done your best. A little bit of Railton mixed up with our anxious temperaments would do us a world of good."

This last reference was to Mr. Railton's imperturbable good-humour. Nothing seemed to upset his moral equilibrium, and every piece of bad news appeared rather to make him feel better than otherwise, and was accepted as a fresh seal to the apostolic character of the Mission. In fact, he would be

considerably disconcerted if a momentary lull occurred in the constantly recurring waves of calumny, abuse, riots, and other forms of opposition.

1874,
Age 45.

Amongst the correspondence of the year we find the following characteristic birthday letter from him to Bramwell:

*Birthday
letter
from
Railton.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"I wish you many happy returns of this day. In despair of finding an interesting book worthy of your name or your brain, I send you per rail one of the most tolerable I know of, with a prayer that you may be spared to live a life more worthy of record, and that your memory may be saved from desecration by a stupid biographer!"

"Yours affectionately,

"G. S. RAILTON."

The following letter from Bramwell to Railton gives an idea of the early difficulties which led to the subsequent abolition of the Committee system:

*The Com-
mittee
system.*

"Oct. 6th, 1874.

"MY DEAR RAILTON:

"Yours is to hand. I am convinced that we must stick to our concern, and also that we must keep up its so-called extravagances. They and they only will save it from dropping down into a sectarian nothing. I am afraid that we overrate the worth and sense of the world in general! It is surely, let us hope, that they have not eyes—not that, having them, they will not see! All we can do, it seems to me, is to pound on, utterly regardless of all the bosh and humbug around!

*Must stick
to it.*

"I was much put about on Saturday night at the Shoreditch quarterly meeting. A. and Co. introduced a motion to halve the Sunday night open-air at Hackney by beginning inside at 6:30, the open-air to commence at 6. It was followed by a similar proposal for Tottenham. Of course I fought, and fought hard. I think I spoke as I never spoke in my life—for *I felt*. However, I was beaten: seven votes against seven on one and seven against ten on the other. What vexed me much was that neither P. nor W. took any side at all.

*Much put
about.*

*1874,
Age 45.*

*A walk
round
and a
holler."*

*To fight
all hell.*

"It seems to me the height of folly. Here we are beginning a new hall at Hackney, and their first step is to spoil and nullify the open-air—because we all know what half an hour means: *a walk round and a 'holler.'*" I suppose there is nothing I can do? The meeting is adjourned to next Saturday. Your friend A. is at the bottom of it all.

"We began at Hackney yesterday. I was at Soho last night—good outside and fair congregation in, just our sort of people. I was delighted to find some capital young men ready to fight all hell. We must give them a little more help and the thing will go.

"Love. Yours faithfully,

"W. BRAMWELL BOOTH."

*Bramwell
to his
mother.*

The following is from Bramwell's correspondence during this year with his mother:

"MY VERY DEAR MAMA:

"I have a moment only to reply to your kind letter.

"I note your directions about the medicine. I do not feel quite so well to-day, but am much better than I was last week.

"We go to bed! That is to say, we *go* to bed! Ballington in good time and I middling.

"I am not rushing. I am getting a lunch.

"Ballington is very poorly, but I might as well attempt to stay the east wind as to cheek him! Utterly U-S-E-L-E-S-S!

"Much love to all, and very much to your own self,

"From your affectionate boy."

*A watch-
ful eye.*

Very interesting are some of Mrs. Booth's letters to her children, as she watched with veteran eye their early exploits on the public field. From Portsmouth in the previous year she writes to Bramwell regarding some children's meetings which he had commenced:

"April 17th, 1873.

"MY DEAR WILLIE:

"I was very pleased to receive your two letters, and more pleased still with some of their contents. Nothing could gratify me more than for you to take part in the children's work, and I think you can do so, if you act with prudence, without hurting yourself.

*The
children's
work.*

"I differ with you about speaking. I think that *is* your vocation, if the Lord enables you to do it without hurting your body; and if you begin with the children you will gain self-possession, which is all that is necessary in your case to make speaking easy. You see, you can talk to three or four hundred in the same time and nearly as easily as you can talk to one, and always with more effect in the form of an address. But more of this when I see you."

1874,
Age 45.

Your vocation.

"I was so glad to hear you had such a good meeting on Easter Monday. I should have liked to have been there. Dear papa! It is a shame he should be so confined to the East End when the world is wanting him!"

"I am very sorry to hear about the carman. Is he prepared to die? You ought to visit him. Are you coming here on Saturday? I think you would enjoy your Sabbath and be useful in talking to some young men at the penitent-form at night."

The carman.

"Your loving mother,
"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Still more practical is the letter which she sends from Ryde to her daughter Catherine:

still more practical.

"RYDE, Sept. 17th, 1874.

"MY VERY DEAR KATIE:—

"I am pleased with your letter. It is the Spirit of God that is showing you your own heart and leading you to seek that peace and satisfaction in Him which is not to be found anywhere else. I rejoice, my dear child, that the Lord is so gracious as to condescend thus to draw you after Himself. I can truly say that it delights me more than any earthly good possibly could. I would rather you should be a Nanny Cutler than a princess ten thousand times."

The Lord is gracious.

"But while I rejoice I tremble, because I know that many are thus drawn who never do give themselves fully to God. It is in yielding ourselves up, my dear child, to be led by the Spirit in everything, that the peace and the victory come. This requires us to crucify nature—that is, not to let nature have its own way; but when inclination, or temper, or pride, or desire, would lead us one way, and conscience and the Spirit another, we must follow conscience and the Spirit, and

Walking in the light.

1874, put down and trample upon nature. This is walking in the Age 45. light (1st Epistle of John, 1st chap., 7th ver.).

A step at a time. "The Spirit is teaching you this in showing you that you must be more silent. 'The tongue is one of our greatest enemies to grace' (James 3d chap. 5-13 ver.). Strive to obey these teachings of God. Follow as a little child, and He will lead you on and on to more and more grace till you get to glory. We learn in the Divine life much as we learn in the temporal, by *experience*. A step at a time. Yield yourself up to obey, and though you sometimes fail and slip do not be discouraged, but yield yourself up again and plead more fervently with God to keep you. Fourteen years ago you were learning to walk, and in the process you got many a tumble. But now you can not only walk yourself but teach others. So, spiritually, if you will only let God lead you He will perfect that which is lacking in you and bring you to the stature of a woman in Christ Jesus. Praise Him that you feel you are His child, though but a babe. It is a great thing to be a child of God at all. Don't forget to praise Him for this, because you are still an imperfect scholar; but praise Him and go on to be more diligent to learn and do His will.

Amen to the contract. "I did not forget your birthday. I think I gave you afresh to God more fully and determinately than ever before. I laid you on His altar, for Him to glorify Himself in you in any way He sees best. You must say Amen to the contract, and then it will be sealed in heaven.

"Your loving mother."

A gratifying event. Writing to her friend Mrs. Billups at the conclusion of the Chatham meetings, Mrs. Booth expresses her gratification at the manner in which Bramwell was commencing public work:

"It was first-rate." "They had a tea-meeting at Whitechapel on Monday night, and Mr. Railton got Willie into the chair in papa's absence. They say he spoke for more than half an hour, to the delight of everybody. Mr. Railton, Clare Garner, and several others of the workers were present, and all concur in saying it was first-rate. We knew nothing of it till papa heard of it at Whitechapel. Willie never said a word!

Perhaps! "Perhaps the Lord is going to make a preacher of him after all. Well, he was consecrated to this as soon as he was born;

his papa held him up in his arms and offered him to God for His work; perhaps the Lord will cure his heart and take him into the vineyard after all. What an honour to give our children to such a work! I would rather my boy should do it than be the greatest merchant or professional man in England. The Lord's will be done.

"Your ever loving

"C. BOOTH."

1874,
Age 45.

The following letter to the same friend refers to the Wellingborough visit, besides giving a glimpse into home perplexities:

"August 27th, 1873.

*A glimpse
of home
perplex-
ities.*

"MY DEAREST FRIEND:

"I have been at Wellingborough and Kettering over a week. I went much against my will, but had been long promised, so was obliged. The Lord went with me and mightily stood by me. I was at the Independent chapels in both places, and had crowds of people at the services and rich blessing. The friends told me that on Friday night the oldest ministers in both Independent and Baptist bodies were present. The Rev. Mr. Toller opened for me very appropriately. He completed his fiftieth year in the Independent ministry twelve months ago. He is a sweet-spirited man; took leave of me on Sunday morning after service, weeping so that he could hardly speak. Oh, for more men of like mind!

*Welling-
borough
and Ket-
tering.*

"Well, the Lord works in His own way, and it is marvellous in our eyes. We got £175 promised while I was there towards a new hall, making in all £250 for Wellingborough. I think they are thoroughly shaken up. All praise to Him who worketh all in all. Many thanks to you, my dear friend, for all your love and care to my dear Willie. I know the difficulties relating to his health of which you speak; but pray that you may be able to avert the spasmodic attacks of his heart which were so alarming. I grieve to find he is not so well.

*The
Lord's
way.*

"He is kept much too anxious. I know it all, to my sorrow, but what can I do? I can only try to rest and hope in God. I would like you to see two or three of his letters written from Cardiff; they made my heart leap for joy. He has chosen God for his portion, come prosperity or adversity, and I know the Lord will take care of His own. Is it not strange, these freaks of disease! How are they to be accounted

*Rest in
God.*

1874,
Age 45.

for on natural principles? I am persuaded they cannot. Let us get back through second causes to God. Oh, what a deal of unbelief is mixed with our small measure of faith. We need the Spirit to sound in our heart of hearts, 'Have faith in God.' O Holy Spirit, sound it in my soul and keep it sounding!

*Pray in
faith.*

"I am truly sorry to hear that dear Mr. Billups continues ill. I see nothing of much use but prayer. Try praying in faith. 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed.' We have a little faith, let us use it on his behalf. I am trying; are you? It is of no use without faith. The Lord sees the end from the beginning, and if it be for His glory and kingdom He will hear us, and do it for us.

*A pre-
cious sea-
son.*

"I had such a view of His love and faithfulness on the journey from Wellingborough that I thought I would never doubt again about anything. I had the carriage to myself, and such a precious season with the Lord that the time seemed to fly. As the lightning gleamed around I felt ready to shout, 'The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' Oh, how precious it is when we see as well as believe, but yet more blessed to believe and not see! Lord, work this determined, obstinate, blind, unquestioning, unanswered faith in me and my beloved friend, and let us two dare to trust Thee in the midst of our peculiar trials. As I looked at the waving fields, the grazing sheep, the flashing sky, a voice said in my soul, 'Of what oughtest thou to be afraid? Am I not God? Cannot I supply thy little, tiny needs?' My heart replied 'It is enough, Lord, I will trust Thee. Forgive my unbelief.'

*And not
evil also?*

"My dear friend, you do trust a little; oh, be encouraged to trust altogether! Sickness in our loved ones, weakness in ourselves, perplexity in our circumstances, even the workhouse in the distance are 'light afflictions' compared with what many of His dear ones have had to bear, and 'shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord and shall we not receive evil also?' 'All things work together for good' while we love Him and do His will. Lord, help us.

"I shall rejoice to hear that you are comforted by improvement in Mr. B. Give my kindest regards to him, and tell him I am pleading the Lord to remember all his kindness to His servants, and to add a few more years to his life for His kingdom's sake.

"From your ever loving friend,

"C. BOOTH."

^{1875,}
Age 46.

The intense humanity and practical sympathy of Mrs. Booth are manifest in almost every line of her letters. It might have been well, for her own sake, could she have incorporated into her nature a little Mohammedan fatalism, or some of the indifference which is mistakenly attributed to faith. But then she would not have been what she was, and the gain to herself would have been dearly bought at the sacrifice of that magnetism of sympathy with which she doubtless drew and lifted thousands to her God. There are dispositions enough in this world possessing the endurance of ice, over which ten thousand sorrows may tramp without leaving a trace behind—not a tear in the eye, not a furrow in the cheek, not a line across the brow. But the softness of the snow, upon which each footstep leaves its everlasting print, has a beauty of its own. And such was Mrs. Booth. Like the phonographic cylinder, her heart would receive upon its sensitive surface the impressions of the hour and echo back into the speaker's ear the very intonations of his voice. The sorrows of a truly noble heart are the sorrows of others. And thus those who loved her trembled to reveal their troubles lest she should make them as her own.

She could not sit with folded hands and let things take their course. She must needs arise and seize her circumstances by the horns while there was a possibility of doing so. Like David, she must weep and fast and struggle with the emergency so long as life was in the child, and then, when hope was gone, she would rise up and say, "The will of the Lord be done." *Till* then she would storm the very gates of heaven with holy violence. And many times did she prevail to "move the hand that moves the world."

**1875,
Age 46.** There were few who bore with greater equanimity and true nobility the reverses of fortune, "the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the law's delays, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." But while there was a remedy she would use it; while there was a scintilla of a hope she would fan it to a flame. It was a literal bearing of others' burdens, and if that be indeed "the fulfilling of the law of Christ," then, verily, it was fulfilled in Catherine Booth.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1875.

THE first attempt to give a legal constitution to the Christian Mission was made at the Conference of 1875, when a formal deed-poll was drawn up, executed, and enrolled in Chancery.

*A legal
constitution.*

"We have often felt," said Mr. Booth to his friends and supporters at the time this step was taken, "as though we would rather have no property other than the work God has given us to do. But the exigencies of that work have compelled us to build or buy, where we could not hire, suitable places for our services. For a long time it has been a matter of earnest consideration how these buildings could be settled on permanent trusts, so as to prevent them from ever being used for any other purpose than that for which they were first acquired. Experience, alas! has taught us, only too well, the tendency of the Lord's people in all times to grow weary in well-doing, and to turn aside from the rugged path of duty into easier and more attractive ways. We have seen mission halls and churches, where congregations have been gathered by dint of hard toiling among the masses, when once filled gradually settle down into a quiescent condition, leaving the missioning to others.

*The ten-
dency al-
ways.*

"Determined to prevent, so far as may be, any such occurrence in connection with the halls belonging to this Mission at any future time, we have at length completed and enrolled in Chancery a deed, which will, we think, render the use of them for other than purely evangelistic purposes utterly impossible.

*A deed in
Chancery.*

"Should any attempt be made in the future to convert any of our halls into a sectarian place of worship, to let or appropriate any sitting, or to preach any other than the pure and

*Make the
best use
they can.*

1875,
Age 46.

simple Gospel therein, the trustees will have ample power to prevent such a departure. And should the Mission become too feeble in any locality for the rough, hard work it has undertaken, the trustees will be able to make the best use they can of the property for the evangelisation of the surrounding masses."

The forward march.

In the objects and methods of the Mission from that day forward there has been practically no change, save in the direction of development and advance. Never have the roots of the work been more deeply buried in the lowest subsoil of humanity than at the present moment. Indeed, the principles laid down have been extended and applied with a literalness that then seemed impossible. In referring to the subject subsequently, Mr. Booth says: "Our first idea in regard to the slums was simply to march through them, or 'mission' them, as we used then to call it. This seemed to us at the time, and to everybody else, a marvellous achievement—to beard the lion in his den, the social outcast in his lair; to walk down streets where the police warned us it was not safe to go; to visit low lodging-houses and brothels for half an hour—all this seemed the height of daring. But our next idea was greatly in advance, when we made up our minds not merely to pass through the slums but to live in them, and establish our outposts in the very heart of the devil's kingdom. And now we have learnt to improve even upon this. Our next step will be to empty the slums, and to transfer their miserable inhabitants to such circumstances and surroundings as will render their reformation not only possible, but comparatively easy."

An evolution.

Such a progress has indeed been in the right direction, and is in happy contrast to the fatal tendency in the direction of ease and stagnation. In one respect,

however, the Christian Mission of 1875 was destined to undergo a radical revolution, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, an evolution. It is from itself that a religious society requires to be guarded rather than from outside enemies. Inward decay is more fatal to its growth than the outward ravages of storm and climate. "Oh, Ephraim, thou hast destroyed thyself," might be written as the epitaph over many an organisation's sepulchre! Self-destruction, moral suicide while in a state of temporary insanity, is the coroner's verdict which the jury of eternity will doubtless find in regard to many a promising enterprise which has ended in disaster.

In every community, however good, the majority is in favour of repose. Man is by nature conservative. "To dig" he likes not; "to beg" he is "ashamed." Ability, goodness, energy, and capacity for command are in the minority. It must be so. If all were shepherds where were the sheep? And if the sheep were able to care for themselves then where the need for the shepherds? If all had equal light and equal power to act up to it—equal knowledge and equal virtue—then might self-government be possible. And yet even then some sort of leadership would be necessary. But failing this, and taking society as it is, there exists persistent tendency to backslide.

The best of nations, the best of organisations, the best of governments, the best of individuals are prone to this inveterate disease. Religion—the spiritual salt of the world—is itself liable to "lose its savour," and is thenceforth "good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." How to guard against this tendency has been the great problem which has confronted each reformer of mankind. Every flow in the religious progress of the world has

1875,
Age 46.

*The jury
of
eternity.*

*Every
commun-
ity.*

*The great
problem.*

**1875,
Age 46.** been attended with a corresponding ebb, till it has come to be accepted almost as a foregone conclusion that such will be the necessary and ultimate result of every advance in spiritual progress.

To the perfect day. The young convert is warned upon the very threshold of his new life that he will not long retain his zeal and warmth of love, but will soon become as cold and inactive as the long-standing professors who so diligently throw cold water upon his ardour. Similarly, when a new society springs into existence there are not wanting those who prophesy its approaching decline and the extinction of its spirituality. But is this a necessity? Must it *always* be so? In the case of the individual we do not hesitate to reply in the negative, and to assert that "the light of the righteous" may increase daily "more and more" unto the shining of the perfect day, and that he may increase to the fulness of the stature of his Divine Master.

May trace the symptoms. With regard to organisations we are tempted to be more sceptical. And yet it is questionable whether every symptom of their decay may not be distinctly traced to some disregard of the principles which govern their success. For instance, some antiquated and purely imaginary model is set up, and everything is forced to square with it—whereas nothing is more remarkable in the Bible than the variation of each consecutive dispensation from all that went before and followed after. And it is obvious that what may be admirably adapted to one set of circumstances may be totally unsuited for another.

Self-government, How far this tendency to decay is due both in organisations and individuals to the policy of self-government it would be difficult to decide. No doubt other causes are contributory. But a large measure of the blame is assuredly due to the action of this



MARIAN BOOTH.

principle. Make man his own taskmaster and his task is not likely to be a difficult one. Let him tax his own energies and income and there is certainly no fear of his *overtaxing* them. Make him his own constable and he is not likely to apprehend himself, however gross be the breach of the law which he may commit; make him his own judge and he is never likely to do aught but acquit himself; make him his own jailor and the prisons will remain empty; let him be his own hangman and the gallows will remain unused, though his hands be imbued with blood.

Similarly with regard to progress in the Divine life: let him fix his own standard and it will not be high; let him measure his own attainments and they will not be low; let him estimate his own responsibilities and they will not be serious; let him be his own prophet and he will infallibly speak smooth things.

What is true of the individual is equally true of the society. Of this Mr. and Mrs. Booth had early painful evidence. They had previously striven to work in harmony with Conference and had failed. They had attributed their failure to the overruling influences of a selfish clique, but had naturally supposed that their experience would have been very different could the guidance of its deliberations have been in the hands of those who were as thoroughly devoted as themselves.

They had not considered, however, that, from the very nature of such institutions, the prevailing party commonly governs by means of the votes of those who trim between opposing influences, and who are as driftwood on the current of events—being usually carried away by their inclinations to vote in favour of peace rather than progress, conservation rather than aggression—and who too often hesitate at the critical

1875,
Age 46.

*How it
works.*

*And self-
measure-
ment.*

*Early
evidence.*

*The votes
of those
who trim.*

*1875,
Age 46.* moment when indecision means defeat. The same elements which had existed in other Conferences were not long before they made their appearance in that of the Christian Mission. And hence in regard to the governmental question it soon became necessary to alter its constitution.

No hesitation.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth were eager to enable their fellow-workers to participate in the government of the movement. They hoped to educate them into doing so as wisely, as conscientiously, and as disinterestedly as themselves. But when principles were assailed which they had sacrificed everything to defend they did not hesitate as to their duty. The same single-mindedness which had enabled them to face unflinchingly the loss of wealthy and influential friends enabled them to insist with no less pertinacity on the enforcement of the vital interests of the Mission.

*Wait for
light.*

For the present, however, the danger was not sufficient to justify the decision of so important a question as the future government of the Mission. And they waited patiently, as was their wont, for the light of experience to reveal what should be their future course.

*The anni-
versary.*

The anniversary of 1875 was celebrated at Whitechapel, with Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard in the chair. The meeting was even more crowded and enthusiastic than that of the former year.

*Mr. Shep-
pard.*

The Chairman in opening the meeting expressed himself as being agreeably surprised at its character.

*Taken by
surprise.*

"I expected I was coming to a little tea-meeting," he remarked, "and should, perhaps, be asked to address a few workers; but now that I see before me this large and enthusiastic gathering, I confess it takes me by surprise. But your enthusiasm is catching, and I feel a great deal of sympathy with you all in the great work in which you are engaged."

Mr. Booth then reported the progress of the Mission during the previous twelve months, stating that it had now 32 stations, 32 paid evangelists, 325 public speakers, an average weekly attendance of 19,540 persons at its indoor services, 3,141 penitents seeking salvation, and an income of £2,178 raised locally by the people themselves towards the expenses of the work.

1875,
Age 46.

The previous twelve months.

Mr. W. Shepherd Allen, M.P., followed with an *Mr. Allen, M.P.* earnest speech, in the conclusion of which he said:

"God is with you."

"I like you best because God is with you. Without any pretence to extraordinary revelation, I believe I am able to discern the presence of the Spirit of God with a people; and I believe He is here to-night. And when I see that God is with a people, I feel bound to help them in every way in my power."

Mrs. Booth's address.

The righteousness of enthusiasm in the cause of Christ formed the subject of a powerful address from Mrs. Booth. The following are extracts from her remarks:

Our enthusiasm.

"Mr. Shepherd Allen said that he liked us for our enthusiasm; and I have very often had to defend this characteristic of our workers; so many people seem to take exception to this and to various details of our work, though all the while approving our object and admitting our success.

No one complains.

"The glorious means and appliances placed at our disposal for the salvation of souls are such as should not fail to awaken the grandest enthusiasm. When the life-boat goes out to the stranded ship and brings some of the shipwrecked crew safe to shore, no one complains of the enthusiasm either of the bystanders, who perhaps hoist them shoulder high and carry them through the town. I maintain that it is right to be enthusiastic under such circumstances; and, if so, how much more right have we to be enthusiastic when we have such a Gospel to preach, and such results over which to rejoice!"

"More right have we."

"And, further, that it is right for us to be enthusiastic in our

1875, confidence. We are strong just in proportion to the strength of our faith. Look at Daniel, thrust into the den of lions alone, without an active friend on the face of the earth, and yet stronger than the whole empire of Babylon, just because his faith was so strong in the Lord his God.

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"Prefer quality to quantity."

“With regard to the future of our work, I say now, as I have said again and again before, Let us prefer quality to quantity. Let us take care what gospel we preach. Let us mind our doctrine. Let us ever set forth the atonement for sin, together with the conditions upon which alone the benefits of that atonement can be participated in by any sinner.

Christianity is aggressive.

“Again, let us care for our converts. Work to be worth much must be husbanded. There is little or no power in squandered activity. It is of the highest importance to maintain the *spirit* of the Mission. The spirit of the Mission commands extension and spiritual prosperity. The converts cannot help going forth and pushing their religion upon others while the Mission spirit is preserved. There are hundreds of them scattered all over the world, and nothing encourages me more than the letters which we receive from them, telling of their efforts to save souls. And this is nothing more than Christianity, for Christianity is necessarily *aggressive*. It cannot be Christianity which is not aggressive. The true light cannot be hid; it cannot shine for itself; it must go out, and out, and out to the uttermost parts of the earth, and on and on to the end of time.”

Close resemblance.

How closely the early character of the Christian Mission resembled that of the Salvation Army in the present day may be judged of from the following report of one of its evangelists, Mr. Dowdle, who said:

Mr. Dowdle's fiddle.

“While we were riding in the train to Middlesborough the Lord began to work. There was a poor woman who was all full of grumbling; so by-and-by I took out my fiddle and said, ‘Missus, shall we give you a tune?’ ‘Yes, do,’ she said, ‘for I’m so miserable.’ So I and my wife began to sing to her, ‘We are out on the ocean sailing; homeward bound we sweetly glide.’ Very soon the tears began to stream down her face, and I got on my knees and cried, ‘Lord, bring her

down.' God did bring her down to His feet, and I believe she is now on her way to heaven.

"The next Saturday afternoon, as we were walking about giving away handbills and inviting the people to the theatre, we met the theatre company just going into a public-house.

1875,
Age 46.

*The clown
and his
wife.*



JAMES DOWDLE.

The clown stayed behind the rest, and, taking me by the hand, said, 'I have been miserable ever since last Sunday night. I have been making thousands laugh, but my heart is broken.' 'Come again to-morrow,' I said. He promised me he would, and then followed the rest into the public-house. On the Sunday evening he was there in one of the boxes, and when I gave the invitation for sinners seeking salvation to come on to the stage, he was the first to respond to it. His

**1875,
Age 46.** wife came up with him. ‘Oh!’ said he, when I went to him, ‘can God save me?’ ‘Yes,’ I said; ‘He can save you on condition that you give up what you are doing.’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I have been a general for the devil. There are some here that I have been making laugh on their way to hell.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘God will save you just the moment you will give up all for Him, and be obedient to do His will.’ ‘I’ll give it up,’ he said, ‘to get salvation. I can command £12 a week at this, but if I can only get fifteen shillings a week, to feed my wife and myself, I must have Christ.’ And there and then both he and his wife got salvation, and went away rejoicing in God. He abandoned the clown business, and left the town.”

*Mr. R. C.
Morgan.*

*“Successors of the
Apostles.”*

Mr. R. C. Morgan concluded the meeting with a few kind and hearty words, and in the current number of *The Christian* he published an article with the striking heading “Successors of the Apostles,” in the course of which he made the following remarks:

“Then came a series of addresses from the preachers at the various stations, which were wonderful for their rugged eloquence and for the dead earnestness of the men.

*The glo-
rious
power.*

“If Mr. and Mrs. Booth had done nothing more than call forth this grand band of devoted men from the haunts of sin to be preachers of God’s Gospel, they would have left a deep mark on their generation. We look back a dozen years, when Mr. Booth was called from his settled pastorate to this evangelistic enterprise, and we can but adore the glorious power which has produced such great results, and gathered so many thousands of the poor into the Kingdom of God. When he was asked where he could get his preachers from, he replied, ‘Out of the public-house,’ and so he has. And when some of those rescued slaves of drink have been asked whence they expected to draw their congregations they also have replied, ‘Out of the public-house,’ and so they have.

*Mrs.
Booth at
the close.*

“Every heart was moved when Mrs. Booth, at the close, said that she thanked God for the past ten years. They had been filled up with labour and sorrow, as well as joy, yet she was thankful they had been lived. Never mind, faithful hearts, you shall rest from your labours, and your works shall follow you.”

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE ORGANISATION IS DEVELOPED. 1875.

DURING the early portion of the year 1875 Mrs. Booth visited the various stations of the Mission. The opening of the newly erected hall at Wellingborough was succeeded by a fortnight's visit to Middlesborough and Stockton, where a powerful work had this year commenced. The Sunday service at the Middlesborough Theatre Royal was attended by some 3,500 persons, and so great was the impression made by the sermon that thirty penitents were willing to mount the stage as seekers of pardon in the presence of the vast audience. At Hackney and Hammersmith also Mrs. Booth preached with signs and wonders following.

*With
signs and
wonders
following.*

All her time and energies were engaged when, during the Conference which took place in June, she was suddenly prostrated with another heart attack, still more serious than the illness which had occurred at Chatham. The doctor pronounced it to be an acute case of *angina pectoris*, and warned Mr. Booth that he must be prepared at any moment for the worst. For several weeks following Mrs. Booth became an entire invalid, being confined to her room, and suffering from chronic relapses, when for hours together she would writhe in agony on the bed or floor, and then, white and cold as marble, fall into a swoon from which it appeared that nothing could restore her. The doctors were unable to afford any substantial re-

*Angina
pectoris.*

No relief.

1875.
Age 46. lief. They prescribed medicines which reduced the action of the heart, but this was followed by relapses, when the sufferings were still more acute.

Hydro-pathy. Once more Mrs. Booth had recourse to hydropathy. It was out of the question for her to attempt the journey to Mr. Smedley's establishment at Matlock, but a Mr. Richard Metcalfe, an able and experienced practitioner of the system, was called in, and by his advice Mrs. Booth was removed at once to his house at Paddington Green. Mr. Booth accompanied her on the journey, which was effected with great difficulty; the cab having to be stopped at frequent intervals, as the motion caused such violent palpitation that it seemed alike impossible to either proceed or return. Their destination once reached, however, Mrs. Booth took her first Turkish bath, from which she experienced such sensible relief that she was able to sleep for some hours consecutively, which had long been impossible. With new hope and increasing encouragement the treatment was continued, till in the course of a few weeks she was enabled to return home comparatively convalescent, although for some months unable to resume her public duties.

Towards convalescence. *Hardres.* With a view to facilitating her restoration, Mr. Booth decided to take her for a complete change to a small village named Hardres near Canterbury, to which they had been cordially invited by their old friend Mrs. Newenham, now Mrs. Duthoit. "Contract the pupils of your eyes," she wrote in her usual racy fashion, "and prepare for our small doings and place! Bring two good pillows, hot tin and bags, and—*quiet minds!*" The advice was very acceptable, for the refuge was a welcome relief after the ceaseless agitation and turmoil inseparably connected with the conduct of the movement.

A welcome refuge.

The visit, which was intended to be but brief, was unexpectedly prolonged by the occurrence of an accident, the consequence of which narrowly escaped a fatal termination. They had driven out in a chaise and were allowing the pony to nibble at the roadside, wishing to give it a rest, as they had just mounted a hill. Suddenly Mrs. Booth noticed that the bridle had slipped from the pony's head and that the creature appeared somewhat scared. She promptly seized the reins, while Mr. Booth leaped from the chaise to the pony's head. But it was too late. The pony was off, and after dragging Mr. Booth a short distance it left him lying in the road, while it dashed along at full speed. Mrs. Booth held on to the reins with all her might, but this was of little use as she was only able to pull at the collar. The pony, after galloping some distance, turned round a corner into a side-road at the end of which was an old abandoned stone-quarry without any fencing to it. For a moment destruction appeared imminent, when, as if by an unseen Hand, the creature took another turn and dashed into a miller's yard, coming to a full stop directly in front of the mill. The inmates rushed out and seized it before any further mischief could be done.

So overwhelming had been Mrs. Booth's concern for her husband that she had scarcely realized her own danger, and no sooner was she in safety than she insisted upon harnessing the pony afresh, remounting the chaise, and returning to Mr. Booth. The miller accompanied her in order to render any assistance that might be necessary. They found Mr. Booth sitting by the roadside near the spot where he had fallen. He had endeavoured to spring to his feet and follow the chaise, but his leg doubled under him each time he had made the attempt, so that nothing re-

1875,
Age 46.A
runaway
pony.The General
dragged.Turned by
an unseen
Hand.A trying
position.

1875,
Age 46.

mained for him but to watch the receding pony as it swept round the corner and passed out of sight. Sitting under the hedge he had waited and prayed, full of intense apprehension as to what might have happened. Each minute seemed to be an hour. But at length his anxiety was relieved by seeing Mrs. Booth come round the corner with pony and chaise, apparently unhurt.

Pain and slow recovery.

It was, however, with the greatest difficulty and suffering that Mr. Booth was lifted into the chaise and driven home. The knee was greatly swollen, and appeared to be out of joint. The military doctor from Canterbury was sent for, and pronounced it to be a very serious sprain. He thought that some of the ligaments were broken, and gave it as his opinion that, if Mr. Booth ever walked again, he would probably be lame for life. This was indeed a terrible blow. But Mrs. Booth remembered her encouraging experience at Walsall, and with her usual energy set to work to make use of the fomentations and other appliances which had then been of such service. The result was again most satisfactory, and although it was a long time before he was able to set foot to ground, his ultimate recovery was complete.

Time utilised.

The interval of comparative inaction was utilised by Mr. Booth in the preparation of a book of revival music which had long been an experienced need, and which proved of invaluable service in the future of the work. From the time when Mrs. Booth, during their engagement, had rebuked him for sitting up till midnight singing, he had been a great believer in the magic power of music. He would have as reluctantly dispensed with its aid as would the Eastern serpent-charmer with that of his rustic reed when surrounded with his cobras.

In this view Mrs. Booth heartily agreed. No singer herself, she was nevertheless a thorough believer in the power of music to influence the masses, and she was careful to encourage the musical talents and tendencies of her family, so that the home provided a perpetual concert, in which violin, flute, guitar, concertina, organ, and piano joined; constituting almost as great a variety of instruments as took part in Nebuchadnezzar's famous orchestra!

It was no small testimony to the stability of the Christian Mission work that the prolonged absence of Mr. and Mrs. Booth for nearly five months should have so little affected its progress. On previous occasions when Mr. Booth had been laid aside it had been possible for Mrs. Booth to take his place, but in the present case both were invalidated. The value of organisation was thus fully proved; the Mission continuing to advance in spite of so serious a loss. It need hardly be said, however, that during the interval they exercised a careful supervision over the conduct of affairs. Nevertheless, this in itself would not have been sufficient to avoid a calamitous declension. But the careful toil of the past ten years was now beginning to bear fruit in the development of an efficient staff who were able to carry on the work in the absence of their leaders. The stations had become too numerous to be visited by Mr. and Mrs. Booth, save at ever-increasing intervals, their management and oversight being necessarily entrusted to their subordinates. Similarly the correspondence had grown till it far exceeded their individual capacity to deal with, even had it appeared advisable to devote their whole time and attention to its disposal. There was not, however, any longer the same need to concern themselves with administrative details, since these

1875,
Age 46.

*A perpet-
ual
concert.*

*Fruits of
careful
toil.*

*An effi-
cient staff.*

*1875,
Age 46.* could be safely committed to Mr. Bramwell and Mr. Railton, while they reserved to themselves the more important questions which demanded their consideration, and which, in the infancy of so novel an organization, could not be delegated to others.

The General's plan. It has always been Mr. Booth's plan to select his man for each post and then to entrust him with power proportionate to his responsibilities, only stipulating that he shall make his work a success. At times, no doubt, mistakes have occurred. The wrong man has been chosen, or the work has grown beyond the capacity of the one in charge. But Mr. Booth's knowledge of human nature enabled him to gauge his agents with remarkable accuracy, and he was seldom mistaken in his estimate. When, however, it has been otherwise, the very mistakes and failures so inseparable from human undertakings served as an education and preparation for a band of men who, being themselves the outcome of emergencies, were by that very fact peculiarly qualified to deal with the exigencies that they were themselves in turn to face. What, however, enabled him, perhaps more than anything else, to counteract the indiscretions and shortcomings of his agents, and to make use of men and women who fell short of his own standard, was his admirable organization. Before the man was put into his place his work had been marked out. The lines upon which his engines were to run were laid with such accuracy that all he required was the aid of the Holy Ghost and a strict adherence to the track in order to reach with safety the desired goal.

*Lines ac-
curately
laid.*

*Mishaps
some-
times.*

True, there were occasional mishaps and collisions. But their number was reduced to a minimum. All that signals and lights could do to avoid the danger

of a catastrophe was done, and done with rare skill and forethought. The machinery was so far perfected and simplified as to accomplish greater results in the hands of ordinary persons than could have been attained by the greatest ability without such aid. Were railway companies obliged to wait for men of science before they could work their engines their progress would be slow indeed. But the art of the engineer is to reduce his mechanism to such perfection that with a little practice it can be worked by any man possessing ordinary intelligence.

1875,
Age 46.

*Reduce
the mech-
anism.*

And why should not the same rule apply to religious machinery? Why should it not be possible to reduce the work to such mathematical precision as to entrust its accomplishment to men and women of average mental capacity and culture, provided they possess the unction of the Holy Ghost?

Why not?

Mr. and Mrs. Booth firmly believed in the feasibility and necessity of this. They saw that if they were to wait for the assistance of the talented and educated the great bulk of their work would remain undone. Hence they early sought to organize their efforts with the same accuracy and care as were displayed in the manipulation of an army or navy. They were not slow to mark that much of the abortive effort put forth in the religious world was due simply to the happy-go-lucky, careless, unmethodic way in which it was presented. "*Mucho y espuma, muy poco chocolate*" —plenty of froth, but very little chocolate—is an expressive Spanish proverb which might be applied with only too much truth to a vast proportion of religious work. And it is idle to deny that much of the consequent failure is self-invited. The application of business principles to religion was early grasped

*Business
principles
applied.*

*1875,
Age 46.* by the founders of the Salvation Army. In lecturing on the subject some years later at Cannon Street Hotel, Mrs. Booth said:

*Mrs.
Booth on
the
subject.*

*Left free
as air.*

"Does any one object that this is reducing religion to mere machinery? I answer, No! It is but providing a machinery through which the Spirit of Christ can operate. It is only reducing *sentiment* to *practice*. God prescribed the machinery under the old dispensation; but Jesus Christ and His Apostles left us free as air, in regard to modes and measures, in order that we might provide whatever kind of organisation is most suited to the necessities of the age. There is not a bit of red-tapeism in the whole of the New Testament. God does not care about the forms or modes, so that we have the *living Spirit* in them; and all forms are but corpses when the spirit has gone out of them.

*Wise
planning
a
necessity.*

"Nevertheless we must have forms and methods, and the more intelligently planned and the more wisely adapted the better they will succeed. Haphazard, fitful, unorganised, unreliable action fails everywhere, no matter how good the cause in which it is engaged. You never trust to this kind of action in business. If you want to accomplish anything, you call your heads of departments together and plan how it is to be done; you set the best man to the best post, and make him responsible for carrying out your arrangements.

*"Wiser
than the
children
of light."*

"Well might the Saviour say, 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' I wonder how long that will remain true. I wonder when the children of light will rise up and say, 'Is this a necessity? Are we born to the heritage of fools? Are we forced to hinder the chariot car of progress? Must we always be in the background? Can we not learn wisdom from the children of this world? And if this glorious Gospel is what we all profess to believe it, can we not put forth more thought, more effort, and more care to bring it to bear upon men?'

*Folly of
vague-
ness.*

"Men act on these lines with respect to the affairs of this world. When they want to excavate a tunnel, make a railway, lay a telegraph cable, they don't talk about it for generations in a vague, sentimental way, but lay their plans and set to work to accomplish the thing. If any business man were to talk and act as many Christians do he would be set down as

having a screw loose. Some of you may have had some experience of what I mean; you may have known a young man full of vague notions of how he is going to get rich. He is going to make a fortune. He is quite sure he can accomplish it. He looks upon that which his neighbours have been struggling for all their lives as an already accomplished fact. He sees none of the difficulties. He has grand notions of how it is to be done. A wise business man says to him, 'That is not the way. You will have to begin at the bottom of the ladder and climb slowly. You will not do it by building castles in your airy brain. You will have to set to work. You will have to concentrate your mind and form a definite idea of what you are going to do and how you are going to do it.'

1875,
Age 46.

"Thousands are just like that young man with respect to religious affairs. I often say: 'O God, help us to be definite; help us to recognise common sense in religion as we do in other things;' for it is wonderful what a deal of vapouring and vagueness there is in religious matters. You hear it in people's talk. They get up prayer-meetings sometimes and they say, 'We are going to influence the city.' How are they going to do it? They have no more idea than that young man has how he is going to get rich. They have no plans, no organised schemes. They have simply a vague notion that they are going to do something. They pray, perhaps, as Christians have been doing for generations, but do not work, and consequently it all comes to the ground, because that is not God's way. He commands His people to work, suffer, and, if need be, die; but they must preach His Gospel to every creature, whether it can be done conveniently, easily, genteelly, or not. It is to be done!"

"Help us
to be de-
finite."

Must
preach
His Gos-
pel.

"We must give up sentimentalising. Sentimentalising is of no more use in religion than in business, and we must set to real practical common-sense scheming and downright hard work. If ever the Gospel is to make headway against the rush of evil passions, worldly ambition, and devilish animosity, it must be by determined, deadly warfare, conducted with at least as much care, sagacity, and persistency as men bestow on earthly enterprises for gain or glory."

*The kind
of work.*

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE TRAINING OF MRS. BOOTH'S FAMILY.

By their fruit. IF trees are to be judged by their fruit, then assuredly parents may be judged by their children. And yet, if the majority of Christians be measured by this rule, "who should 'scape whipping?" The family altar of those who have been undoubtedly sincere believers is saturated with the blood, not of its enemies, but of its own progeny, until it resembles rather the shrine of Moloch than the holy of holies of Christianity. Worldliness, amusement, money-making absorb the attention; agnosticism and infidelity express the creed; an ignominious death terminates the life; while an unhallowed grave conceals the shame of the descendants of too many of those who have been justly described as pillars and ornaments of the Christian Church.

Light up the dismal reef. Far be it from us to add one drop to the bitterness of the cup of those who have reason to bewail such sad experiences as these. Prodigals there have been, and perhaps when sanctified love and discretion have done their best prodigals there will be in many a family fold. But why should these be the majority rather than the minority, the rule rather than its occasional exception? Can parents be absolved from a serious participation in the evil? Is it not directly traceable to their worldly precepts, or their inconsistent practice? In short, is not nine-tenths of this human wreckage distinctly avoidable? If so, what

can be more important than to establish upon this dismal reef powerful and warning lights? If this treacherous submarine "Hell Gate" cannot be blasted to a thousand atoms, may it not at least be illuminated?

1875,
Age 46.

The individuality of the Gospel is indeed grand. "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." Nevertheless there is a sense in which, just as the tares are bound in family bundles to be burned, so the wheat is bound in family sheaves to be garnered. And the latter would doubtless be an almost invariable rule if the teachings of the Bible were adhered to. It is by overstepping the commands of God that Christians manufacture trouble for themselves. Notwithstanding the immense force of the currents of evil which sweep so many to destruction, there are few parents who might not, by a judicious use of the provisions of the Gospel, guide their families to the same haven for which they are themselves bound.

*Family
sheaves.*

And yet we have only to turn to scores of recent biographies to learn with sadness that the Christian character depicted stands out in solitary relief against a background the darkest portion of which consists too often of the family circle of the deceased. Well may the historian's hand draw a veil over the sad scene. He has told us much of the pure sentiments and noble deeds of the departed, but, with finger placed upon the lip, he meets our enquiries as to the descendants of so remarkable a character with a silence that explains itself. Eli has "met with an accident"—has gone to his grave covered with honours; but Hophni and Phinehas—where are they? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."

*In soli-
tary
relief.*

1875,
Age 46.
Why?

And yet, if such disasters could be traced to their source, it is seldom that an explanation would be wanting. A worldly alliance, a severe father, a doting mother, a mechanical religion, the worship of mammon, school companionships, trashy literature, and a score of similar follies and indiscretions, have neutralized the influence of example and teachings alike. Childish peccadilloes, that should have been nipped in the bud, have been laughed at or condoned until they have developed into habits too strong to be broken—sins too manifest to be ignored.

*The
Prince
Imperial.*

It is said that when the late Prince Imperial was but a child he gained for himself the soubriquet of "Little Mr. Ten Minutes," owing to an inveterate habit he had acquired of pleading for ten minutes longer when asked to do anything. Whether it were the dinner hour, or time for sleep, the invariable ten minutes were demanded and usually granted. When, in the morning, he was called to rise, too sleepy to speak, he would hold up his hands with the ten fingers extended, signifying the desired delay. Who, could have dreamed that the habit was one day to cost him his life? Yet so it was. Ten minutes in a soldier-guarded palace was one thing. Ten minutes in the face of an agile enemy made just the difference between safety and death. And the heir-apparent to an imperial throne sacrificed all his prospects for an unchecked childish whim. Terrible must have been the anguish of the royal mother in realizing that her indulgence had sealed a fate which timely firmness might have averted!

*Affords
an illus-
tration.*

Whether the tale be true or not, it offers an illustration of the manner in which tens of thousands of young lives are shipwrecked by careless training. Habits of self-indulgence, vanity, pride, or ambition

are deliberately cultivated, or at least permitted to gain a footing which they never lose. The baby fault becomes the snare of youth and seals its manhood's doom. In the nursery is dug the pitfall which is to ensnare only too surely the unwary feet. The mouth of the trap is but too skilfully concealed with the leafy boughs of pleasures that do not please, or with a few handfuls of worldly pelf that deceive the wanderer into fancied security but cannot break his fall. And the lips that ought to warn are silent, or speak with such uncertain sound as serves to contradict the words they feebly utter.

1875,
Age 46.

Alas!

There is none of that holy violence which takes the kingdom of heaven by storm. The supineness of indifference is dignified with the title of resignation! Unbelief assumes the garb of faith! The sin of man is styled the will of God! Cowardly inaction is lauded as masterly inactivity! The narrowness of timidity is mistaken for the breadth of liberality! The bondage of sin is named freedom of conscience! Liberty to do evil is more sacred than the duty to do good. To command a household to serve God and to insist that the command shall be obeyed is no longer a virtue. It is a despotic tyranny. Wicked children are to be rewarded with fortunes that they have neither earned nor deserved, and which it is only too certain they will squander and misapply. What wonder, then, that those who "sow the wind reap the whirlwind"? How can saving faith be exercised where it is unaccompanied by corresponding works? Who can grasp the promises of mercy in the one hand, while the conditions on which they are based are flung away with the other? Why should God do for us what we are too idle, too careless, to attempt for ourselves? If we will not accept the necessary means, how dare we

*No holy
violence.*

*Dare we
blame
God?*

**1875,
Age 46.** profess to have sincerely chosen the desired end? If good wishes have not ripened into action wherein are we profited rather than condemned? Dare we blame God for refusing to answer prayers so manifestly insincere?

To uproot and replace. Perhaps there is no criterion by which to estimate a Christian's life and influence so just, so simple, so ungainsayable, as that of the fruits of his faith and of his works in his own family. It is a quality of virtue, as truly as it is of sin, to reproduce itself! And there is no soil so favourable for the manifestation of a man's graces as that of his home. He is master of the situation. His sway is almost unlimited. He can plant what he will, and very largely destroy what displeases him. To leave the best soil to itself is sufficient to ensure an abundant crop of weeds. But of what use is the gardener unless he uproots and replaces them with flowers? This is his business.

A blessed habit. That he can, with care, succeed, is aptly illustrated in the family history of Mrs. Booth. She commanded her children, and insisted on their obeying God, till obedience to His will developed into a blessed habit. It became early easier to be holy than to be sinful, to do good than to do evil, to sacrifice than to enjoy. The children could not fail to imbibe the lessons learnt from the lips and lives of their parents. There was an atmosphere of holy chivalry which spurred them on to generous and noble deeds.

When but a child. The Maréchale was but a child when a friend took her to a large bazaar to choose a present for herself. She cared nothing for dolls. But Emma, who was ill at home, was very fond of them. Remembering her sister's partiality, she chose one, saying it would bring her more pleasure than anything else, and carried it home in triumph—preferring to minister to

the little invalid's fancy rather than gratify her own desires.

1875,
Age 46.

And when Emma herself grew older, and was left in charge of the little ones during the absence of her mother from the home, she would pride herself in being able to report that everything had been done as carefully and systematically as in her presence. "I used to imagine that Mama was in the room all the time, and could see everything that was done, and this was a great help to me," she explained.

"I used to
imagine."

It was when she was a girl of thirteen, during Mrs. Booth's first visit to Portsmouth, that an incident occurred which serves to illustrate the intense hatred of cruelty with which they were all from the first inspired. She was out for her usual walk with the governess when a donkey-cart drove past, and she noticed the boy belabouring the donkey with a stick. She called out to him to desist, but he only laughed and hit the harder. Snatching herself away from the governess Emma ran after the cart, and after a long chase at length overtook it and caught the reins. The boy leaped down and tried to pull the donkey away. But he found his match for once. Snatching the stick from his hand Emma showered her blows upon his head and shoulders, saying, "There, now! How do *you* like it?" The boy was a strong young fellow, and could no doubt have easily turned the tables upon his assailant. But her tears and pleadings proved more powerful than her blows. He was too surprised and touched, and surrendered unconditionally; promising never to repeat his cruelty, and kneeling, at her request, beside the donkey in the dusty road to ask God to pardon his sin.

*Incident
at Ports-
mouth.*

"How do
you like
it?"

As they rose from their knees the conquered ruffian apologised for having brought her so far out of her

*The glad
mother.*

1875,
Age 46. way, and offered to drive her back. Seated beside him in the donkey-cart she rode home in triumph, admiring the little steed, and exhorting the lad to feed it well and treat it with every kindness. In the mean time the governess had returned to complain of Emma's rashness, but the delighted mother listened with undisguised pleasure to the tale and clasped with joy her daughter to her heart, rejoicing most of all at the happy sequel to the brave attempt.

Religious recreation.

Nourished in such an atmosphere the spiritual life of Mrs. Booth's children was sturdy and vigorous. The first training-ground was the nursery, where meetings used to be carried on according to the model of the Salvation services conducted by their parents. The children officiated in turns. Pulpit and pews were duly arranged. Dolls and pillows formed the congregation. Singing, addresses, and penitent-forms were made to resemble as nearly as possible the originals. There were few children who could more thoroughly enjoy a game or a run. True, they imported their religion into their very play. And yet they were unconventional and natural almost to a fault. Their recreation was religious and yet their religion was a recreation. It was difficult to draw the separating line. And disagreements were rare when those who might have won preferred to lose, realising more joy in averting from another the mortification of defeat than in securing for themselves the flush of victory.

Bramwell's first service.

Soon after the family had settled in London and the Mission had been formed, one of their first secretaries, a Mr. Rapson, afterwards pastor of a large church in America, started some children's services which were regularly attended by the little Booths, who soon began to speak and testify and at

length to conduct them. Bramwell was only twelve when he led his first service in a small room at Bethnal Green. He was in the middle of his juvenile sermon when an incident occurred which would have disconcerted many a more practised hand. A large rat came and stood in the doorway, which was behind the audience, and coolly surveyed the scene. Bramwell knew instinctively that if the little urchins present caught sight of the intruder there would be a general scamper and a chivy at once. He therefore went on steadily with his address, gesticulating with all his might in hopes of frightening the visitor. But the rat held its ground without flinching. The speaker waxed warmer and warmer, in his efforts to dislodge the enemy, until at length even the nerves of the East End rat could resist no longer, and it beat a rapid and welcome retreat, leaving young Bramwell in full possession of the field.

1875,
Age 46.

The rat held its ground.

When, in 1870, Mr. Eason's work was incorporated with that of the Mission, Bramwell, though only a lad of fourteen, became one of the most active workers, and the hall being close to Gore Road he regularly attended its meetings, and commenced, both indoors and in the open air, to address for the first time adult congregations. He also chaperoned his sisters in their earliest public efforts, and encouraged them to persevere amid the timidities and disappointments which usually accompany the *début* of a public speaker.

*Mr.
Eason's
work.*

But, in spite of her own remarkable experiences, Mrs. Booth had scarcely risen to such a level of consecration as to be willing for her daughters to speak at street corners to a rough East End crowd, especially at so tender an age. Her scruples were, however, gradually overcome. It was Catherine who led the way. The children's meetings with which she had

*Scarcely
willing.*

**1875,
Age 46.** commenced were now frequently interspersed with adults. But the first occasion on which she ventured to address a grown-up audience was in the open air at the corner of Cat and Mutton Bridge, so called from a popular public-house in the vicinity. It was a favourite Sunday morning resort of the East Enders,

*Cat and
Mutton
Bridge.*



3 GORE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK.
General and Mrs. Booth's Residence, 1869.

and thus became the *rendezvous* of the Christian Missioners, since crowds of loungers could easily be attracted to listen to the singing and speaking. Catherine had for some time accompanied Bramwell to these meetings, though only as a silent spectator, being only fourteen years old at the time, when one day her

brother suggested to her that she should say a few words. She did so with such sweetness and power that the request was often repeated, Bramwell being alike surprised and delighted at the fluency and force with which she spoke.

1875,
Age 46.

Some time afterwards, when Mrs. Booth was holding her services at Ryde, Miss Booth again spoke at a large open-air meeting conducted by the united churches in the town. On hearing of this incident Mrs. Booth raised some objections to such early publicity. But Mr. Bramwell, who had been with his sister at the time and had induced her to make the effort, looked at his mother with great solemnity and tenderness, saying, "Mama, dear! You will have to settle this question with God; for Katie is as surely called and inspired by Him for this particular work as yourself." Mrs. Booth with her characteristic humility accepted the gentle, son-like reproof, and in the spirit of fresh consecration embraced the new departure, thus paving the way to triumphs which were to bring her, in holy joy and satisfaction, a hundred-fold reward.

"From that hour," relates Mr. Bramwell Booth, *The path was clear.* "my sister's path was clear. Continuing her education, which included, by a happy coincidence, a special liking for the French language, she gradually undertook more and more public work, as health allowed and opportunity offered. Meetings were held in different parts of London, from Stratford and Poplar to Hammersmith, and gradually longer journeys into the country became necessary. In nearly all these expeditions, for more than twelve months, by an arrangement of our mother, I accompanied her. In every direction she was blessed in the attraction of enormous congregations, and in the salvation of hundreds of souls.

1875,
Age 46.

Ceaseless labour.

Threatened illness.

"The one special meeting was soon manifestly inadequate to deal with the opportunity created by these visits, and thus, after a few months, just before she was seventeen years of age, my sister began to conduct in the chief centres evangelistic campaigns which sometimes lasted for three weeks or a month. Very few can form any conception what this meant. The largest building in the town densely crowded Sunday after Sunday, and frequently on week-nights also; hundreds of people to speak to personally about their soul's salvation every week; private meetings of our own people; correspondence; travelling; in fact, ceaseless labour and responsibility, the like of which no mere secular occupation could equal. During part of this period my sister suffered from a threatened curvature of the spine, from which she afterwards, by God's mercy, entirely recovered. For hours together she would lie in great weakness and pain, almost unable to think or pray. But God was with her. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings He has perfected praise,' and the weak things have been once more chosen to confound the mighty, that He may be glorified. People were greatly prejudiced until they saw and felt for themselves that God was with her. Others said, and wrote, in loving unbelief, that she would die; that she was killing herself. But having obtained help of God she continues unto this day, and continues the same in purpose, in sacrifice, and praise.

One Sunday night.

"One Sunday night in particular stands out in my memory. My sister was announced to speak on 'the death of the righteous.' A crowd assembled at the doors of the theatre then used by us on Sabbaths, composed of many of the lowest and roughest of the town, who, overpowering the doorkeepers, pressed

into the building, obtaining complete possession of one gallery, so that by the time the remainder of the theatre was occupied this portion presented a scene more like a crowded tap-room than a gallery of what was, for the moment, a place of worship. Rows of men sat smoking and spitting, others were talking and laughing aloud, while many with hats on were standing in the aisles and passages, bandying to and fro jokes and criticisms of the coarsest character. All this continued with little intermission during the opening exercises, and the more timid among us had practically given up hope as to the meeting, when Miss Booth rose, and standing before the little table just behind the footlights commenced to sing, with such feeling and unction as it is impossible to describe:

“The rocks and the mountains will all flee away,
And you will need a hiding-place that day.”

“There was instantaneous silence over the whole house. After singing two or three stanzas she stopped, and announced her text: ‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.’ While she did so nearly every head in the gallery was uncovered, and within three minutes both she and every one of the fourteen or fifteen hundred people present were completely absorbed in her subject, and for forty minutes no one stirred or spoke among that unruly crowd. In making her concluding appeal she called for volunteers to begin the new life of righteousness, when a big, navvy-looking man rose up in the midst of the throng in the gallery, and with sobs and groans exclaimed, ‘I’ll make one!’ He was followed by thirty others that night.”

The correspondence between brother and sister would serve as a model for many a family—bright,

1875,
Age 46.

*“I’ll
make
one!”*

Letters.

1875.
Age 46. cheerful, destitute of sanctimoniousness, and yet earnest and practical.

Looking forward. "I love you," writes Bramwell, "and as I cannot see you to say so, I write it. How are you? How is your soul? Better? I hope so. How is your throat? I am looking forward to your getting well soon and then we can together have a real, red-hot campaign against the devil this winter. I think I should be in better trim now than ever. If you were not so busy—so hard at your studies—so full of work of every kind that you scarcely have time to eat, much less to talk or write letters, I should have expected a note."

In a later letter to his sister Bramwell says:

A full salvation. "I was very sorry to see from your letter sent to Tunbridge Wells this morning that you are depressed. You must not be so. Look on the bright side of things and keep your heart up, or you will neither be able to study nor do anything else. Now you are away, and shut out for a time at least from the hurry and dash of home life, you must go in with all your might and make a mark on your soul and mind for life. You have only to develop your thinking powers to make a mighty preacher. But of course, my dear sister, you know as well as I do that all depends upon the prosperity of your soul. I think I have felt the last week or two, more than ever before, how utterly useless and empty and contemptible all is without the Holy Ghost living always in a man, giving constant dower over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Now, Katie, I do hope you are going in for a full salvation. Never mind about any theoretical difficulties you may see to be in the way. Just trust the Lord for your own need and your own perfect peace. I beseech you, don't let Satan cheat you, as he does heaps of people, by persuading them that they are different to others, and can't have this or that blessing which others can have. It is for *you*—the precious water which Jesus said He would give to those who would receive it, and which drinking they should never thirst, satisfied with the fatness of His house, dead to sin and alive to righteousness. Now, dearest Katie, do throw yourself on Jesus for all. Write and tell me how you get on—in all ways. Never mind about the scribble, and tell me your difficulties—spiritual difficulties—if you like. I may be able to help you."

Referring to her daughter's success, in a letter to Mrs. Billups, Mrs. Booth says:

"William writes that he is utterly amazed at Katie; he had no idea she could preach as she does. He says that she is a born leader, and will if she keeps right see thousands saved. He is delighted, and her health is improving. Dear friend, join me in praying that she may be kept humble and simple, and that all that the Lord has given her may be used only for Him. Praise His name that she can stand in my stead to bear His message to perishing souls."

1875,
Age 46.

*Mrs.
Booth's
prayer.*

To Catherine herself Mrs. Booth wrote letters full of wise advice. The following is specially interesting as conveying her feelings in regard to work among the rich:

*Work
among the
rich.*

"PORTSMOUTH, Feb. 16th, 1876.

"MY DEAREST KATIE:

"I did not think it necessary to write again, and the rheumatic gout in my hand being so painful I can scarcely hold the pen.

"I note all you say. But, my dear child, when you have seen as much of the upper classes as I have you will turn to the poor, as your Lord did, as by far the most hopeful of the two. 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom.' When they get right, not one in a hundred keeps so. 'The deceitfulness of riches' chokes the good seed. Still, we must do all we can for them, but it is hard work to get rich people saved. I had thousands of them at Brighton, Folkestone, and Hastings, and had a far less proportion of fruit visible than at other places.

*Do all we
can for
them.*

"The Lord's way is best: preach to all alike and let rich and poor come together. A class and caste religion is just what they are seeking for. The Gospel served up in a lordly dish. But this is not God's way. The aristocratic Christianity I have seen has been of a sorry sort. 'Go tell John the poor have the Gospel preached to them,' was our Lord's highest credential: let us be content with it.

*Let them
come
together.*

"I was very glad to hear that you had been blessed by reading Finney. I hope you will read every word of it. That is what I mean by Divine influence. You see also the secret of

*Thorough
with God.*

1875,
Age 46.

his having it—that he was so thorough with God on all points. I am persuaded that this is just what makes the difference. Oh, how it would rejoice my heart to hear you say that you see it, and that you are resolved on being so!

"I see what a glorious, blessed, useful life you may live, but I see also your danger, and I pray for you that you may be enabled to cast aside the world in every form, to look down upon its opinions, and to despise its spirit, maxims, and fashions. Oh! that the Divine Spirit may help you!"

"Your ever loving mother,

"C. BOOTH."

A tempting offer.

In view of her future career as a public speaker, Mrs. Booth was constantly urged by her friends to send her daughter to some first-class school, where her education could be perfected. In one case, the principal of a lady's college, who had attended Mrs. Booth's meetings and been greatly blessed, offered to receive and educate Miss Booth gratuitously. The offer was a tempting one. The lady was an earnest Christian, and was anxious for the spiritual welfare of her students. Mrs. Booth visited her home and addressed her pupils. But the first sight of their fashionable dress and evident worldliness convinced her that it would be the height of folly to expose her daughter to such influence, and she declined the offer with thanks.

Miss Booth not apprehensive.

Miss Booth was, however, herself very anxious to prosecute her studies, and, though eager to submit to her mother's judgment, hardly participated in these apprehensions.

The following letter serves to show Mrs. Booth's feelings upon the subject:

"MY DEAREST KATE:

Her mother's feelings.

"I have not changed about the school. I still think a great deal of the teaching would be useful to you, and I would like you to have it, but I fear the associations will lead you to strive after too much, and to imbibe a worldly spirit and aim.

1875
Age 46.

I do not think your desire to learn *sinful* if it be subordinated and rendered helpful to your serving God, but you see it is so difficult for us to judge for ourselves as to whether things are thus subordinated. I am sure I don't want to think one unjust or unkind thought of you. I never loved you so deeply; not when you were my first baby girl, as pure and beautiful as a snowdrop; but oh, I do so want you, and all my children, to live supremely for God. I do so deeply deplore my own failure, compared with what my life might have been, that I feel as though I could die to save any of you from making a mistake. I see as I never saw before that all God wants with us, in order to fill us with the Spirit, and make us flames of fire, is that we should be honest and whole-hearted with Himself, and I want you to begin life by being so. And yet how can I expect it if I allow you to go into associations such as prove too much for so many older and wiser people than you are? I would rather pay twice the money, and go without necessaries to pay it, in order that you might have the teaching without the danger. I want you to have some of the advantages, but I am so afraid of the spirit of such an establishment. 'What hast thou to do in the way of Egypt to drink the waters of Sihor?' seems to sound in my heart. 'Why shouldst thou go to the world for implements of war to use in My battle? Is it not I who give victory and strength? Do not I furbish the spear and cause the sword to devour?'

"You see, the whole question with me is not whether you shall have some more teaching, but whether this is of the right kind. Perhaps, if we pray and wait, the Lord will show us and open a way. You must not think we do not rightly value education, or that we are indifferent on the subject. We have denied ourselves the common necessities of life to give you the best in our power, and I think this has proved that we put a right value on it. But we make God and righteousness *first* and education second, and if I had life to come over again I should be still more particular. Your danger is, lest, while in *sentiment* you put God and usefulness first, in *practice* you put learning first.

The
question.

God first.

"You talk, my darling girl, about Herbert becoming a mighty man in God's Israel. Mightier youths than he have fallen. Besides, where did he get the principles you have such faith in? Under his mother's thumb and eye; not at a

Dangers
in educa-
tion.

1875,
Age 46. school for little boys preparing for college, and where deception and lying and infidelity are the order of the day—where the lazy or overtaxed mistres has no time to ferret out sin, and expose and correect it, and weep over and pray with her poor little motherless charge, as you remember I used to do when any of you were at fault! Ah, Katie, the tree is known by its fruits, and this deadly rage for education ruins tens of thousands. It is as rank as idolatry, as the worship of Baal, and God is as jealous of it, and as angry with it, and will have no more to do with it! Look at the ministry. It is an *educated* ministry! Perhaps you say that they put it in the place of the Spirit. This fact shows the *danger there is of doing this*. It is well known in Methodism that hundreds of young men have gone into their colleges like flames of fire, *soul-winners!* But they have gone to be taught Latin and grammar, etc., and in numberless cases they come out the devil's charred sticks! How is this? Does it not look as if there were something antagonistic between learning and godliness? Does it not prove the great danger of setting the heart on learning, and forgetting where the strength for usefulness really lies? How is it that all great soul-savers, even highly educated men, have invariably thrown aside their studies when they have given themselves up to soul-saving? I have read of numbers doing so. Finney loved the study of the law, but when he gave himself fully to God he abandoned it and began to study Gospel, and Gospel *only!* And he had a mind that I doubt not will greatly mould the theology of coming generations. His book I think would do you twice the good in every way that you would gain from studying Greek or German. Perhaps you will say, 'You don't want me, then, to learn any more?' Yes, I do, a great deal more; but of the right kind, in the right way, and for a right purpose—even the *highest good of your race*. I would like you to learn to put your thoughts together forcibly and well, to think logically and clearly, to speak powerfully, *i.e.*, with good but simple language, and to write legibly and well, which will have more to do with your usefulness than half the useless knowledge you would have to spend your time over at college.

"Your loving mother,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

*The
devil's
charred
sticks.*

*Learn for
a right
purpose.*

CHAPTER LXXIII.

DOINGS AND WRITINGS. 1876.

IN January, 1876, Mrs. Booth revisited the scene of her former labours in Portsmouth. At the conclusion of her first meetings a branch of the Mission had been established, and the work had been prosecuted for some time with remarkable success. On one occasion, when Mr. Bramwell Booth and his sister Catherine visited the town, no less than three hundred persons sought salvation in one week. But at the moment when the work was at the very zenith of its success it suddenly received a serious check.

Portsmouth revisited.

The Annual Conference which fixed the appointments in 1875 had decided unanimously to transfer the evangelist elsewhere, appointing a successor to take his place. To this he and an influential majority of the Portsmouth members strongly objected. The Conference, however, held its ground, and a dispute ensued in regard to the ownership of the Mission Hall which was painful in the extreme, and which for some months threatened seriously to shipwreck the cause. Mr. Booth determined, however, in this case not to repeat the course of action which had been adopted under similar circumstances in Brighton, but to stand upon the rights of the Mission, trusting to the future for vindication. He felt that a second withdrawal, besides being unnecessary, would establish an unfortunate precedent, calculated to cause in the end increased trouble; to encourage others to

A painful dispute.

The Conference justified.

1876,
Age 47. imitate the example of the seceders. Moreover, the Brighton experience had proved that, in the interest of the town, it was their duty to resist the unjust demands of the malcontents. A prolonged dispute followed, which terminated in the justification of the action of the Conference by the legal tribunals, the evangelist and his supporters being compelled to relinquish the field, and the work ultimately recovering its former prosperity.

Methodistic ideas. The circumstance is the more interesting since it affords an insight into the working of the system which Mr. Booth had then tentatively adopted. We have seen that when Mr. Booth commenced operations in the East of London he was largely influenced by Methodistic ideas. He was, as has already been remarked, an intense admirer of Wesley, looking upon him as the prince of organizers. He still believed, and continued to do so for years afterwards, that Wesleyanism was ultimately destined to conquer the world for Christ. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that in shaping his own policy he should have adhered to the model with which he was most familiar. Perhaps it would have been better still had he from the first more closely imitated the autocracy of the great founder of the movement rather than the radicalism of his successors. However this might be, he had no sooner established his first society than he proceeded to organise it upon the basis to which he had been accustomed, dividing it into class-meetings consisting of some twenty-five members, each having a "leader" of their own. As the number of classes increased it became necessary to have a meeting for the leaders, and when these in turn multiplied, a selection from among them was made to constitute an elders' meeting, which included secretaries, treasurers,

The system adopted.

and a few other nondescripts who held various important posts in connection with the Mission.

1876,
Age 47.

Acting upon his favourite administrative principle, Mr. Booth did not hesitate to entrust his office-holders with powers equivalent to their responsibilities. Hence the leaders and elders soon came to occupy a position of considerable influence. As the number of stations increased they were grouped together into circuits and placed under the charge of evangelists. While it was the duty of these latter to lead and govern the members, they were at the same time partially subject to the control of the local councils, who manipulated the funds and paid the salaries. Each circuit had, moreover, its quarterly meeting, and from these in turn were selected the lay delegates who, in company with the evangelists, composed the Conference. But the experiment proved to be a disappointing one. Much valuable time was wasted in unprofitable debate. True, many excellent resolutions were passed. But they were left for others to carry into effect, or remained a dead letter in the minutes of the proceedings. On the other hand, the opportunity to obstruct often created the desire to do so, and useful measures were thus needlessly blocked. Sometimes the members disagreed among themselves; sometimes the committees were at loggerheads with the Conference. Mr. Booth had hoped to weld the Mission into a cohesive and self-governing organisation, but after a careful experiment he became thoroughly convinced that the system was too cumbersome to be consistent with the rapid advances on which his heart was set.

Too cumbersome.

Speaking of the troublesome debates which took place at this period, Mr. Bramwell Booth writes:

*Details by
Mr.
Bram-
well.*

"Sometimes the local meetings would last for three or four

1876,
Age 47. hours, and would then have to be adjourned without anything being settled. The worst feature was that the chief power gradually slid into the hands of those who were the least fitted for it. The most spiritual and earnest members would remain silent, while a few interminable talkers would have it all their own way. The best of our evangelists to manage these meetings was Pearson (subsequently Colonel). He would get his leaders and elders together and have a red-hot prayer-meeting. He did not care how long it lasted. Sometimes he let them continue for two hours. Then when he had screwed up everybody to the highest pitch, and made them in love and faith ready for anything, he would tell them that he had a little business to go through before they separated. It was really wonderful how he succeeded in getting his resolutions passed! But this was quite exceptional. As a rule the meetings were tedious and unprofitable in the extreme."

*Better in
a single
hand.*

*Concen-
tration
needed.*

The conviction forced itself more and more deeply upon Mr. and Mrs. Booth that the system which they were endeavouring to transplant from Wesleyan soil was entirely unsuited to the nature of the work which they had in hand, and that they were wrong in refusing to accept the responsibilities which God had evidently intended should rest upon their own shoulders, and, for the time being, at any rate, upon theirs alone. The opportunity to be, to do, and to suggest might remain in the possession of each individual unit, but the directing, driving power of the organisation would be better concentrated in a single hand than divided among many. In an aggressive body like the Christian Mission authority was increasingly necessary. But the authority of many was the authority of none. Progress depended largely on discipline, and discipline on a supremacy of command. Unity of purpose and promptitude of action, so requisite in face of an active and enterprising foe, could thus be best ensured. The rays of the sun, when

focussed, are more powerful than twice the number of scattered rays. The horse with too many riders was scarcely better off than the horse with none.

1876,
Age 47.

Nevertheless Mr. Booth was too cautious in forming his judgment, and too anxious to carry the people with him, for premature action in the matter. The Conference of 1876 was therefore allowed to come and go without any radical change. The annual meeting is thus described by the editor of *The Christian*:

No
present
action.

"The Christian Mission took advantage of the public holiday to gather its workers from various parts of the kingdom for conference at its central station, the People's Hall, Whitechapel. The directors may well be proud of their fellow-workers. Some zealous labourers work indefatigably, but never reproduce themselves, nor gather round them others to supply their place when they are gone. Mr. and Mrs. Booth, always seeking help, have wondrously succeeded, not only in winning souls to Christ, but in raising up a band of spiritually stalwart men and unwearying women, who plant their flag on the enemy's high places, and carry it into his hidden fastnesses. These men have a might of lung which ensures a hearing above the city's din; and the women, moved by a love which casts out fear, do not shrink from telling of the Eternal love to assembled rough and noisy crowds, who listen hushed and still as when God quiets the earth with His south wind.

The Con-
ference.

"It was worth the journey from the Surrey side, though we only got to Whitechapel for the latter and smaller half of the proceedings in the East. We found Mrs. Booth exhorting her fellow-labourers to faithful service as the indispensable condition of the Master's 'Well done.' Then followed two or three of David's mighty men, welcomed from America, gathered out of Yorkshire, picked up in the East End, no matter whence, so that they had the right stuff in them: fear of God, love of souls, hatred of sin and the devil. Then came a delicate little sister, all-wise, warm with womanly tenderness, willing to live so long as to live was Christ, though made to feel that her life-work was a sore offence to the Sunday shoppers and sellers of Brick Lane. Then more of David's or Daniel's band. Then Miss Booth, a fragile, ladylike girl of

The
workers.

Miss
Booth.

1876,
Age 47. seventeen, half woman, half child, a characteristic product of the Christian Mission, whose words fell like summer rain upon the upturned faces of the crowd. Then another son of thunder; a hymn, a few last words from the Superintendent, and the meeting closed with prayer.

"Evangelists have now been appointed to open branches of the Mission in Leicester, Bradford, and Leeds.

Nine persons raised up and trained by the agency of the Mission have this year been taken entirely into the work, besides several who have devoted their lives to the Lord's work in some other form.

"Spiritual pioneers." "Let us help these spiritual excavators and pioneers; they are working for greater and more lasting results than the searchers of the Arctic seas, or the explorers of the Holy Land."

Significant resolution. Among the resolutions adopted by the Conference was a significant one, deciding that in future "no circuit plans be printed, and no committee meetings be held at any station, except in such instances and in such manner as the Conference may sanction."

Total abstinence. The question of making total abstinence a condition of membership was also discussed. From the first even moderate drinkers had been excluded from holding any office, but it was now proposed to make abstinence a test of membership. The suggestion met, however, with considerable opposition, and was abandoned for the time in favour of a milder resolution, "strongly urging upon the evangelists and office-bearers of the Mission the duty of persuading all members and converts to abstain from all intoxicating drinks."

Bazaars, etc. Another important pronouncement of the Conference declared "bazaars, fancy sales, spelling-bees and entertainments to be opposed to the spirit of the Mission, and therefore unadvisable and inadmissible."

Statistics. The summary of the previous year's advance was highly satisfactory. There were 29 stations and 30 evangelists. The membership had increased from

1,980 to 2,455, the largest societies being those of Stockton (320), Middlesborough (250), Hammersmith (233), Whitechapel (221), Cardiff (140), Hastings (116), and Hackney (110). Of these nearly twenty per cent. spoke regularly in public. The names of some five thousand anxious inquirers had been registered during the year. The circulation of the magazine had risen from 3,549 to 4,676, and the local contributions from £2,178 to £2,724.

1876,
Age 47.

The most revolutionary measure adopted by the Conference was the appointment of women evangelists to the sole charge of stations. Hitherto they had been attached to various places to assist the regular evangelist, as a sort of irresponsible co-pastor. But now for the first time their names were published in the annual list of preachers as fulfilling the ordinary duties assigned to the male evangelists. Annie Davis, afterwards Mrs. Colonel Ridsdel, was placed in charge of Bethnal Green. Mrs. Reynolds, subsequently a major in the Rescue work, was attached to the Whitechapel and Shoreditch circuit. Miss Booth was reserved for "general evangelistic tours."

Appoint-
ment of
women.

Upon the conclusion of her meetings in Portsmouth Mrs. Booth had spent two months in Leicester at the earnest invitation of some friends. Many souls were ingathered, and, as usual, when the services had drawn to a close the converts united in forming a branch of the Mission. One of the oldest and most experienced evangelists was placed in charge; but his popularity proved to be his downfall. One of the Leicester friends, desirous of permanently retaining his services for the town, induced him to sever his connection with the Mission and to commence a rival work. Undaunted by this rebuff, the Conference despatched another evangelist to repair the mischief, and the

Leicester.

A rival
work.

1876,
Age 47.

cause soon recovered from the blow. The retiring preacher had resigned ostensibly on the ground of his objection to the employment of women as evangelists. He had also complained that the Mission made no arrangement for the superannuation of its agents, alleging that he felt it to be his duty to take such a course as would ensure proper provision for his wife and family. Strangely enough, he disagreed soon afterwards with his wealthy patron, started an independent mission on his own account in another town, and died three or four years later in such abject poverty that help was advertised for on behalf of his wife, the Mission contributing to the amount raised.

Two worldly-wise evangelists.

It so happened that another evangelist, who had left a short time previously on the same plea, ended his days in a hospital, his wife going to the work-house. Both were men of fine physique, and in each case the very steps taken to avoid the dreaded calamity only hastened and accentuated the catastrophe, while the organisation which had been quitted for the betterment of their worldly prospects continued year by year to advance in prosperity!

Among Mrs. Booth's letters written at this time we find the following. Writing to her daughter during a season of depression, she says:

"MY VERY DEAR EMMA:

Sympathetic and cheering.

"I hope you are recovering from the fit of dumps into which you had fallen when you wrote me. I note all you say, and am quite willing to admit that most girls of sixteen would feel very much as you did about Katie coming, my being away, etc. But then *my* Emma is *not* one of these '*most girls*.' She has more sense, more dignity of character, and, above all, *more religion*. She only got into the dumps, and for once felt and spoke like 'one of the foolish women!'

"That is her character."

"Well, that is all over now, and I doubt not she is herself again, acting as my representative, taking all manner of re-

sponsibility and interest in her brothers and sisters—tired often with them but never tired of them—acting the daughter to her dear precious papa, the mother and sister to Ballington, and the faithful, watchful friend to the whole household. I know that is her character, and I shall not receive any opinion that would contradict it, even from *herself!*

"My dear child, don't grow weary in well doing, or in enduring; *the reward* is always greater than the sacrifice. Jesus 'reigns,' and He will never forget the work of faith and the labour of love which nobody else sees. When a friend does a *secret* kindness, we say, 'Ah, it was not only a great kindness, but the way in which it was done was so nice, so acceptable, that it made it double the value. There was no splash, no fuss, no telling folks and talking about *sacrifice*. It was all so quiet, so hidden, but so real.' 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.'

"Jesus feels very much as we do. Only He knows *how* to reward, and He won't forget! Bless His name, my dear child, and take courage. You will share in the spoils, the eternal spoils, of my victory in this place, for there *will* be spoils such as will be eternally saved. Pray much for me, that the Lord will supply all my needs, physical and spiritual.

"Your ever loving mother,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To Ballington, who was at school at Bristol, Mrs. Booth writes from Leicester:

"Mind your soul. Do not let your thoughts be so absorbed even in study as to lead you to forget your Bible and to neglect prayer. I am sure the Lord will help you to learn and understand, if you constantly look to Him and trust Him. I am as certain that God gives mental light as that He gives natural light, if we only seek it from Him and watch against those things which tend to darken the mind. It appears very wonderful that the Lord has opened this path for you. You little thought, when praying for Him to undertake for you, that He would do so in so agreeable and sufficient a manner as this! Let this encourage you to trust Him more and more.

"Since writing the above your letter to Willie has been forwarded to me. I am delighted to hear that you are going on so well, and that the Lord is using you amongst the boys.

11.—10.

1876,
Age 47.

"He will
never
forget."

*Ballington at
school.*

1876,
Age 47.

*"Get
ready to
help us."*

Nothing could rejoice me more than to hear that you are prospering in your soul; only keep right with God and everything else will go well, *i.e.*, *for your good*, though not always as you would *like*. I had a good time in the theatre on Sunday night. It was packed, and hundreds, they tell me, were unable to get in. I trust the work has begun in reality, but I am so poorly that I fear I shall not be able to go on long. I thought I must have sent for a doctor yesterday. I was so prostrated I could scarcely stand. Papa came at night quite unexpectedly, and has gone on to-day to Stockton to interview some candidates. The man they sent here is a perfect sell: neither *soul* nor *sense* for Christian Mission work. Poor papa, it is very trying for him. Make haste and get ready to help us. I am going on without any one for a while; we shall need no publishing beyond announcements. I am in the Congregational chapel one night each week. A fine chapel, but oh, the cold, dead state of the people everywhere! it is very sad.

*Good
counsels
for soul
and body.*

"I am pleased that Mr. W—— puts such confidence in you, but do not be puffed up by it. Remember how weak you are, and ask the Lord to save you from conceit and self-sufficiency. Try to be fair and just in all your dealings with the boys; *i.e.*, do not be hard on a boy whom you may not happen to like so well as another, but be fair, and treat all alike when left in charge. I know you will listen to these counsels because they are from your mother, and are given in love and desire to do well both for your soul and body. We had a good service last night in one of the chapels; there was a splendid influence, and towards the close of my sermon I asked all those who would go all lengths with God to stand up, and some thirty or forty rose to their feet right in the public congregation. Pray for Sunday; I wish you could come and help me.

*No
secrets.*

"My dear boy, walk consistently. It is the great source of strength, next to the Holy Spirit, and we must be consistent in order to *keep* the Spirit. Cast yourself afresh on the Lord for strength. Try simple trust a moment at a time. Mind and observe all laws. Keep your own counsel. Never allow any boy to approach you with a secret which you would not like me to hear. Then you are safe. I am in haste now, so good-bye.

"From your loving, anxious Mother."

Mr. Bramwell was at this time in a great controversy as to his future path in life. A generous friend, struck with his ability and promise, had offered to give him a university education. But Mrs. Booth, though grateful for the kindness and not blind to the advantages, yearned to see him consecrate himself to the immediate claims of the Lord's service, and threw all the weight of her influence into this scale.

From Leicester she writes to him upon the subject as follows:

"I am glad to hear that H—— did not get *lost*, at least so far as his wife and children are concerned! I do hope you will not throw a lot of money away in *trying* him, just for want of courage to tell him at once that he will not do, because I am sure that it will be thrown away. It is the *nature* of the man that is at fault, and not his *circumstances*. He is a *drone*, and nothing, no change of place or position, can ever make him into a *bee*. He never ought to have left his trade; he never *would* have done so if he had thought missioning was harder work!"

1876,
Age 47.

Which
path to
choose.

*A drone
not to be
made a
bee.*

"Oh, these professing Christians! I wonder it does not make your blood boil to do something to rescue the people! I hope the Lord will make you so miserable everywhere, and at everything else, that you will be *compelled* to preach! Oh, how my heart glows with indignation and throbs with grief at what I see and hear! Let us mind not to be brought into bondage to the rich; this is the rock on which almost everybody splits. The Lord give us a supreme contempt for all their pride and starch."

*"Bondage
to the
rich."*

"O my boy, the Lord wants such as you—*just such*—to go out amongst the people, seeking nothing but the things that are Jesus Christ's. You are free to do it; able, by His grace; born to do it, with splendid opportunities. Will you not rise to your destiny? 'Have courage, and be strong, and I (the I AM) will be with thee.' 'Get thee out and I will go with thee.' Dare you not take hold of the Arm that holds the world and all things up? And, if you do, can you fail? The

*"You
must
preach."*

1876, Lord gird you with His strength and make your brow brass
 Age 47. and your tongue as a flame of fire. You *must preach!*

"Your ever loving mother,
 "CATHERINE BOOTH."

In November of the same year Mrs. Booth writes the following simple but touching letter to her daughter Eva when eleven years old:

"STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

"MY DEAR EVA:

*Letter to
Eva.* "You have got one of the prettiest names in the English language. I hope your character will match it, because I dislike bad matches in anything, but most of all in names and characters! I used to like my name when I was a little girl, and took pleasure in finding out all about the good 'Catherines' who had lived in past generations, and I struggled and prayed to be as good as they were.

"I thought I should like to be clever, too, but I remember thinking how hateful a very clever wicked person was; it seemed to me that to be *clever without being good* was just like Satan, and I would rather be ever so *foolish and good*, than ever so *clever and naughty*. I hope you have the same choice, and that you are striving and praying against everything that you know to be displeasing to God.

"I cannot bear the thought of my little Eva, my special Christmas box, being naughty. Oh, no, I will not think of such a thing! I believe she will be a good Christian child, and grow up a devoted woman of God; to live, not for her own pleasure and profit—not to show, and shine, and be admired—but to *do her duty* wherever the Lord may put her, and to win souls for Him.

"I want you to help papa in the Mission, if you only grow *good* enough. I want you to help the weak and the poor and the ignorant and the wicked, and lead them to Jesus and to Heaven. That will be something like a life that is spent for such a purpose; will it not? Now, to this end, 'work while the day is bright.' Read, write, sum, practise, talk French, learn lessons, all for this, and God will help and bless you.

"So prays your loving mama,
 "CATHERINE BOOTH."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

BEHIND THE SCENES. 1876.

THE latter part of 1876 was marked with severe *severe illnesses.* illnesses, which brought the leaders of the Mission to the very borders of the grave. The stability and permanence of the organisation were indeed tested during this period to the very utmost.

The first to be invalidated was Mr. Bramwell Booth. *Mr. Bramwell Booth in Scotland.* He could ill be spared, but continued trouble from his heart and throat rendered a change necessary to prevent a complete breakdown. At the invitation of a warm friend of the Mission he spent several weeks in Scotland, profiting considerably by the rest, and returning at length to his post with renewed health.

His soul was greatly exercised by the sight of the deadening effects of the Calvinism which surrounded him, and he soon found himself involved in hot disputes with his host and neighbours. If the practical and immediate outcome was small, Mr. Bramwell Booth soon proved himself able to hold his own in argument with his Scotch assailants. Mrs. Booth fortified him with her advice, and urged him to study the writings of Charles G. Finney, the great American theologian and evangelist, who had himself been brought up in the midst of Presbyterianism, but had changed his views regarding some of its leading doctrines soon after his conversion.

Finney was to Mrs. Booth what Wesley had been

1876,
Age 47.

A sound
champion
of the
truth.

Mrs.
Booth's
apprecia-
tion.

to the General. Without agreeing with him on every point, she appreciated his massive intellect, enjoyed his lawyer-like logic, dived into the depths of his philosophy, and, above all, admired the zeal and Holy Ghost power which permeated the life and writings of the great revivalist. Among the few modern books which have received the hearty *imprimatur* of the Salvation Army have been the "Revival Lectures" and "Autobiography" of Finney. Mrs. Booth regarded with a doubtful eye much of the religious literature of the day, for, while she believed it to contain much that was good, she held that a large proportion was marred by streaks of error which rendered its teachings dangerous to the unsophisticated soul. Finney, on the contrary, she considered to be a sound champion of the truth. While he did not manifest the organising genius of Wesley, he was a theologian after Mrs. Booth's own heart, imparting life and spirituality to subjects which were usually handled in a dull, dry manner, and bringing within the reach of the ordinary mind questions which had usually been abandoned to the consideration of divines. As a controversialist, Finney was inimitable, smiting the errors of Calvinism, Antinomianism, and Universalism hip and thigh, with a trenchancy and power that left little to be desired. Mrs. Booth studied his writings perhaps more than those of any other author, and continued to do so, and to recommend them to others, to the end of her life.

While Bramwell was resting in Scotland Mrs. Booth sent him the large volume of Finney's "Theological Lectures"—undoubtedly the author's masterpiece—urging him to use his leisure in studying them.

They evidently produced a deep impression upon his mind, for he writes as follows:

"I am reading Finney again, and I think it better than before. What a strange thing that he did not make more of a mark in England, and what a pity! But oh, what a splendid fellow—a sort of gigantic channel through which the power of God found access to the people; not merely a preacher, or even a wondrously powerful one, but just, it seems to me, a connecting link between God and His love to the godless! Ah me! Why are there not more such?"

1876,
Age 47.

Bramwell
im-
pressed.

In replying to this letter Mrs. Booth says:

"I am very glad of your letter, so very glad that you are better. Do not worry about anything at present. Remember you are there to benefit your health; to get strength of nerve and brain to fight in the future some of the giant evils of which you are only just getting a fair view now.

"I expected all you say. They cannot help it; it seems a peculiarity of the awful doctrine of Calvinism that it makes those who hold it far more interested in and anxious about its propagation than about the diminution of sin and the salvation of souls. 'By their fruits ye shall know them'—*doctrines* as well as men. I know just how you feel. I have felt so myself in the past. But go to the Lord for arguments, and hit right straight home at the heart and conscience. *Never mind consequences.* It may be God will bless your sling and stone to deliver His servant out of the paw of this bear of hell—Calvinism.

"Never
mind
conse-
quences."

"I only wish you understood the controversy better and could meet them theologically, but perhaps you will do best by pounding at their hearts. If you could get a meeting arranged, and talk and pray and get some anxious souls, that would help to smash up their cold and dismal creed better than anything else. Let your heart out on them, and break up their stagnant souls. Oh, how Satan laughs at their God-dishonouring theories while thousands go down to the chambers of death!"

"Their
stagnant
souls."

"You can talk to Mr. —— on *heart* religion. He loves God, and desires to know more of Him. Talk on experimental subjects. Read those parts of the Bible which he overlooks, and show him how much is made of human responsibility and choice and will. I long to be with you to help you.

"Do not fear to speak out your convictions, but try to be

1876, gentle and courteous in manner. Mrs. Newenham has often Age 47. said that if my visit to St. John's Wood had done nothing but deliver her from the thraldom of Calvinism it would not have been in vain. I spent hours meeting her difficulties and overturning her arguments. Mind you go to the Lord for yourself, and do not allow the deadly poison to infect you.

Useless. "Do not think of studying Greek. There is such able criticism of men of all creeds, who have spent their lives at it, that it is useless bestowing time and trouble on acquiring what would, after all, be but a mere smattering.

"I should much like you to be able to decipher Latin and to read French, and this you will do with comparative ease.

"Mind, however, your health is the first great consideration. Get stronger, and keep near to God, and He will make everything else right for you.

"Garner wrote most enthusiastically about your services at Stockton; says the people were delighted, and he adds, 'Bless him, there is a mighty man of God in him!' I trust so. In fact, I don't think we know yet what *one* man can do, or could do, if as well filled with the Spirit as we all might be. May the mighty God of Jacob own and use you for Himself!

"Your ever loving mother,

"C. BOOTH."

Mr. Booth ill. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Bramwell recovered when the General was suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of gastric fever. Had it not been, under God, for Mrs. Booth's indefatigable nursing he would probably have died. A homœopathic doctor was sent for, Mrs. Booth stipulating, however, beforehand that he should allow the use of the water treatment. Fever packs, liver packs, mustard packs, and the other paraphernalia of hydropathy were called into requisition with the most encouraging results.

"I need not tell you how I feel," writes Mrs. Booth to Mrs. Billups. "My soul seems dumb before the Lord. A horror of great darkness comes over me at times. But, in the midst of it all, I believe He will do all things well. I am not at all taken by surprise. I have known so long that this breakdown



LUCY M. BOOTH.

must follow. The doctor says it has been coming on a long time. My beloved says I am to tell you that he is in the furnace, but has perfect peace. Praise the Lord for this."

1876,
Age 47.

But the strain was too great for Mrs. Booth's delicate and overwrought frame, and she again collapsed, just as the General's illness had taken a favourable turn. As soon as it was possible to be moved, both were ordered away, for change of air, to Tunbridge Wells. They had scarcely arrived when the sad news reached them that their daughter Lucy was dangerously ill of small-pox, and that one of the servants had also contracted the disease, having been removed at her own request to the hospital, where, a few days afterwards, she died.

*Mrs.
Booth
also.*

*Small-pox
at home.*

With his usual intrepidity and devotion, Mr. Railton visited her deathbed, and thus, to the grief and deep concern of all, received the infection. Mr. and Mrs. Booth returned immediately to London, sent the children to the country, and, abandoning their home to the patients, located for the time being at the already crowded and ever busy headquarters in Whitechapel. Mrs. Booth has since said that some of the most anxious hours of her life were spent in the little upper room from whence she superintended with persistent care and skill the hydropathic treatment, which she believed to be, under God, the means of their ultimate recovery. In her daughter's case the danger gradually abated, but with Mr. Railton the attack assumed a most virulent form, and for some days his life was despaired of. He had himself, while sickening for the disease, expressed a presentiment that his earthly days were numbered, and that his time had come, as he graphically expressed it, for being "promoted from the infantry of earth to the cavalry of the skies."

*Mr. Rail-
ton's a
severe
form.*

1876,
Age 47.

"Heathen
England."

Determined to make the utmost use of the brief interval of life that he could yet call his own, he surrounded himself with his papers and composed a book of nearly two hundred pages, with which his name and memory will ever be associated. "Heathen England," as it was happily entitled, described, on the one hand, the terribly godless condition of the masses in this country, and on the other the strenuous and successful efforts put forth by the Christian Mission for their salvation. There was much in the narrative to carry the mind back to the experiences of the apostles. And why should it not be so? Granted that the pen which described the one was not so directly inspired as that which dealt with the other, are we to conclude that the wonder-working Power which rendered possible those miracles of grace has either ceased to exist or lost any of Its original energy? If not, then why this incredulity in the reception of the history of His modern miracles? Why should we receive with joy the news of the three thousand who were saved at a stroke on the day of Pentecost, and cast doubts upon the genuineness of the two hundred thousand who annually profess the same change of heart at the penitent-forms of the Salvation Army? If in the latter case some have fallen away, or the hand of bitter persecution has succeeded in scattering the fruit, what can be more plain than that the apostolic narrative furnishes numerous instances of like catastrophes? It was enough that the work as a whole advanced till the stone cut out without hands had become the mighty mountain of Christianity, towering above all the religions of the world.

*A mighty
future in
store.*

At the time that Mr. Railton wrote, it is true, the work had not by any means attained its present proportions, but there was more than enough to en-

able the most unenthusiastic soul to realise that a mighty future was in store for the organisation which had outlived so many storms and thriven among circumstances so apparently adverse to its existence. To plant religion among the very dungheaps of society might have well appeared a hopeless task. But the more the hand of enmity and ridicule sought to smother the seedling with the unsavoury masses of putrefying corruption that surrounded it, the more they unconsciously contributed to its growth and strength. The ploughed fields of the religious world had been well-nigh worn out with the harvest that had been wrung from their overtaxed soil, while the untouched swamps and vice-beridden jungles of society awaited the magic touch of the daring innovator who should substitute joy for sorrow, health for sickness, wealth for poverty, hallelujahs for curses, and psalms of praise for ribald songs.

Mr. Railton's book is specially interesting because it serves to show how truly the Salvation Army of to-day is a reproduction of those early times. Indeed, there are few facts more remarkable than this family resemblance, not only between the different epochs of the work in the same country, but between its various branches all over the world. And yet combined with this general similarity there is none of the tameness and sameness of a fac-simile. Each has its individual characteristics. In nothing is the genius of the Army more manifested than in the readiness with which it has adapted itself to its varying circumstances, thus overleaping the barriers of time and tide, of race and space, with a facility that has caused universal surprise. Instead of endeavouring to force every nationality through a single unchangeable mould, it has clung *only* to the essentials of salvation, applying them

1876,
Age 47.

*The
genius of
the Army.*

God works through man.

1876,
Age 47. to humanity with varying measures, thus proving that the contact of man with God, which constitutes real religion, is dependent everywhere upon the same conditions. It is not within the province of the Divine to do for us what we can do for ourselves. We are supplied with materials both in the physical and moral world, and with the intellect necessary for putting them to the best use, and then we are left to the exercise of a wise discretion, upon which hang the issues of success or failure. Wisdom brings its own reward, folly ensures its own punishment. God places Himself at the disposal of man. He works through human means, or not at all. The lightnings of the skies, the thunders of eternity, are placed within the reach of the humblest follower of Christ. Armed with spiritual powers, he is not only invulnerable amid the fiery darts of the wicked one, but invincible whithersoever he turns. It has been so in the past. It is equally so in the present. And the Salvation Army lives to prove it in the face of an unbelieving world.

Many letters.

Unable through sickness to devote herself as usual to public work, Mrs. Booth made use of the comparative leisure for multiplying her letters to her children and friends. It is with regret that lack of space renders it necessary to lay aside many of these, able and touching as they are, with the hope that at some future period they may be published in a separate volume. But for the present a few passages culled from her correspondence must suffice. The following was addressed to a young woman who was tempted to despair:

The devil's way.

"I am sure the devil has laughed at you, not because he has got you to sin, but because he has got you to *give up*.

"That was just what he had in view. This is always his

way, to tempt into sin and then turn to us and say, 'Now you will never have the impudence to seek forgiveness!' He knows that despair is weakness, and while you give up you will be an easy prey. Then, great as your sin is, to despair and refuse to ask God's forgiveness is greater. This adds insult to rebellion, because He promises to forgive if we confess and forsake sin, and you as good as tell Him you don't believe Him. He tells us if our brother sin against us seventy times seven, which means any great number of times, and if he repents and turns again unto us and asks our forgiveness, we are to forgive him! Now if this is the measure He has set us poor, puny mortals, how dare we set Him a measure? For as the heavens are high above the earth so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts and His mercy greater than ours. His mercy endureth for ever. He bears long even with His enemies, if perchance they may repent and be forgiven, and He keepeth mercy for such as fear Him. He keeps it in store.

"Now, while you cannot too deeply mourn over sin, *you must not lie down in it.* You must up and seek forgiveness and more grace for the future. If you lie down in it for twelve months it will have to come to this in the end. There is no other way. Why not take it at once? Yes; do not wait another hour, but the first moment you can get alone go and confess all to your Father who seeth in secret and ask for grace to keep you in the future. Tell Him that you cannot keep yourself, but that you are going to trust *Him* to keep you. I am sure, if you trust, and work together with God by keeping out of temptation, He will help you. You are His."

Writing to Mrs. Billups from Leicester, Mrs. Booth says:

1876,
Age 47.

God's promises.

You are His.

*To Mrs.
Billups.*

"I tried to get opportunity to write before leaving home, but it was impossible. I cannot tell you the many worries and duties I had, neither would I if I could, for you have plenty of your own. Do not think, however, when I am silent, that it is from diminution of affection or interest; it is only that the bounds of possibility are reached and no more can be done. If the Lord would only strengthen my body I could do so much more, but it is such a drag to get through

1876, day after day. However, I am comforted by the thought that **Age 47.** it cannot be so always, and that rest will come at last.

"I am here to open a branch of the Mission. I am to preach in a large Congregational chapel to-night. Temperance Hall holds two thousand for Sundays. Pray for me.

"I was very sorry to hear that you were so worried and so poorly; our lot seems very much alike in some respects. I cannot express how deeply I feel for you. I see your position, but can do nothing, only commend you to God. Life is a mystery, darkness and cloud are round about us, but light will break by-and-bye. David said, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' We must hold on as well as we can, though our hands be bleeding and torn. 'Whom He loveth He chasteneth.' 'All Thy billows and Thy waves are gone over me.' Bless the Lord for these psalms. My dear friend, be determined to get more time to read the Word. With our shattered nerves we must have retirement if we are to maintain our spiritual life.

"The dead past." "I am so sorry, dear friend, that you will continue to brood over the past. It can bring no help or comfort and cannot be pleasing to God. Admitted all you say about it, what can you do now but run for refuge to the hope set before you? Look ahead, dear, look ahead! 'Let the time past suffice, wherein ye have wrought to the flesh.' 'Ah, but,' you say, '*mine* has been such a long time.' Well, but if Jesus is willing to cover it with His blood, will not you be willing to let Him? And will you not make the desperate effort to redeem the little you have left? There is time to sow a good broad acre to the Spirit yet, perchance, and that will be something for eternal rejoicing. Give up, dear friend, despairing over the past, and brace yourself for present faith and obedience. Cut every tie that binds you to the dead past, get your conscience afresh purged from dead works to serve the living God, and by His grace you may win many gems for your crown yet. Be determined to get more time alone; let earthly things go; they will soon *all go*, whether we will or not. Earth will recede. Oh, let us anticipate the time and let it go now. Let things take their chance, while you sit at the Master's feet. No wonder we learn so little, and get so little, when we are so little there. Be determined.

"I wish there was a prospect, as you say, of our going to-

gether to some quiet retreat, though why you should want to be with me I cannot imagine. I wish I were worthy of half the good opinion you have of me; I feel the most undeserving of beings in myself, and now I am so weak and nervous I think I must be a burden to others. How I get through the work I do not know. On Sunday I thought it would be *impossible* to preach. I could not resist an uncontrollable fit of depression all day. I could not hide it from the strangers round about me, which to me is terrible. I have no very sympathetic soul here, so that I am pretty much alone. I went, however, feeling, 'Well, I will try; and if I fail I shall fail trying to do *His* work.' He again stood by me, lifting me completely out of myself and giving me power to hold every eye and heart, but afterwards I went down just as low, and all day Monday could scarcely lift my head. Perhaps there is no other way by which He could lead me. He knows best. He knows best in your case, dearest friend. Will you trust him?

"Oh, dear, what a chasm there is between people's sentiments and their doings! The Lord help me to learn by the inconsistencies of others! I have got some valuable lessons and illustrations here! I have secured the theatre, after great perseverance and prayer. The first service, on Sunday night, was packed to the ceiling, and they tell me hundreds were shut out. The Lord was with me, but the effort prostrated me, so that I could not leave my bed until yesterday, and I am so poorly that I can only just sit up now. I am almost sorry that I began here, but I trust the Lord will help me through, and then I shall have to seek rest and quiet again. I have no kind friend like you to take me out a bit. I have been here a month and never been outside the town but once, though there are several attend the services who keep their carriage. There is not a bath-chair to be got in the town, except an old one, like a child's large perambulator, all open and exposed, in which I have to go in sight of hundreds of people to my service, and I am so nervous that it quite upsets me. And yet, what are all these little things compared with souls? Pray for me that I may have strength to go through triumphantly."

"I have Emma here. She is not at all well, but her presence is a comfort to me. I often fear she is too good for this world. Bless the Lord for His goodness to my children."

"Yours in love and sympathy."

1876,
Age 47.

"Some
quiet re-
treat."

Depres-
sion.

"What a
chasm!"

1876,
Age 47.

In a later letter to the same friend Mrs. Booth sends her some practical advice regarding the training of her grandchildren.

*Practical
advice.*

"I have felt anxious for some days to know how your little pet was getting on. The more I see of the training children generally receive, the more confirmed I am in the opinion that the foundations of ungodliness are mostly laid in early life. There is a little girl here where I am lodging who might be a sweet child, but oh, dear, the poor little thing is ruined already. She has no idea of authority; gets under the table when her mother calls her and will not come out till she pulls her out, and then there is a crying bout. Emma is trying to do a little both with mother and child, but of course it can but be a little. People do not see how it is done; as Mrs. H—— said to Emma just before we left home, 'Well, but how is it that your mama gets such obedience? because she is not severe.' No, people do not see that it is simply speaking and acting with *authority*. Oh, what misery it would save in this world, and destruction in the next, if mothers would but see it! Are you trying, dear friend, for yourself and to help Mrs. I—— with her dear little one? Oh, for the sake of her future peace, as well as for the child's welfare, do try and help her to be firm.

*Unusual
difficulties.*

"We have been progressing a little here since I wrote you, but unusual difficulties have intervened all the way through: the chief of which has been having to go from chapel to chapel on week-nights, and these being at considerable distances one from another has prevented my having the same people so frequently. Nevertheless, we have had some precious fruit, and I hear of many being under deep conviction up and down the town. I have been so ill, however, that I have announced to conclude on Sunday. I don't know what to do next. Pray for me, that I may not grow 'weary while I am chastened of Him.' It seems to me that short and sharp afflictions are much easier to bear, but perhaps they are not so profitable. He knows best."

*Letter to
Herbert.*

The following letter was addressed to her youngest son during a temporary absence from home:

"I trust you are enjoying yourself, and also that you are striving to live so as to please God in everything."

1876,
Age 47.

"I have been hoping to hear again from you that you had found that peace and joy which you told me you were so earnestly seeking. I am sure the Lord has no objection to give it to you when He sees that you really want it—for we do not always really want the things that we cry and pray for, strange as it may seem. The Lord judges of how much we want a thing by the price we are willing to pay for it; that is, by the sacrifice of our own will that we are ready to make for it, and the hard or unpleasant things we are ready to do for it.

*The price
we will
pay.*

"Now David said, 'I will patiently wait for the Lord.' 'In His law will I meditate day and night.' 'My soul followeth hard after God.' 'I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.' 'I hate every false way;' that means every *deceitful* way. Now you see how David sought God; he waited for Him in the way of keeping His commandments and striving to please Him in everything, and God is always found of such souls. They are allowed to sing, 'So God is become my salvation, of whom shall I be afraid?'

"I have not a doubt that David when a little boy had been industrious and faithful in tending his father's sheep. Many a cold night in the wilderness had he led them into the fold, and many a lonely day had he practised his music out in the fields while caring for them. He must have done; or where did he get the wonderful skill in playing which brought him into the court of the king? (1st Samuel, 17th and 18th chapters.) He was the best player in all Israel. How little he thought when sitting on a stile practising his harp, or his flute, that this very industry would be the means in God's hands of setting him on the throne of Israel! He must have studied grammar, too, for some of his psalms written when he was quite young are amongst the most beautiful compositions in the world. All the learning of all the ages since he wrote has not been able to surpass the beauty of some of his poetry!"

*David's
boyhood.*

"Did God choose him, think you, because He saw that he was a good and faithful boy, and therefore that he would make a good and faithful king? Read 1st Samuel, 16th chapter, and see what God said of him. David loved and served God

*Why did
God
choose
him?*

*1876,
Age 47.* in his boyhood, and God remembered it when He wanted a man to take the place of unfaithful Saul! He passed over all the high and noble sons of the great men of the nation, and chose a young, ruddy lad who kept his father's sheep, for 'He judgeth not according to outward appearance, but by the heart.' Are you copying David's example? Are you practising in all things what the Lord loves? And seeking to please Him day by day? If so, I am sure He will be found of you, and if He does not make you a king He will make you what is a great deal better, a winner of souls and a king and a priest unto Himself. O my dear boy, 'Be not a forgetful hearer of the word, but a doer of the same, and you shall be blessed in your deeds.'

"Love to all, from your loving mother."

*Needful
warnings.*

Writing to one of her daughters when only ten years old, Mrs. Booth warns her to beware of the foolish personal remarks and flatteries which have doubtless been the ruin of many children. When such observations were made in her presence Mrs. Booth did not hesitate to check the speakers by a glance, a word, or a vigorous pressure with her foot under the table. For the same reason she seldom allowed her children to visit at the houses of friends, or even to form associations with other children, until their principles had become sufficiently matured to enable them to resist injurious influences. And when at length they were sent forth to meet the world they were fortified with every needful warning, and were guarded, as may be gathered from the letters already quoted, with the tenderest solicitude. Of a naturally apprehensive temperament, Mrs. Booth studied to forestall the evil day before its arrival had made it too late to make the preparations which prudence would dictate.

*Eager
foresight.*

To her own family, in an especial sense, Mrs. Booth was a typical specimen of the Israelitish watchman,

who stood "continually upon the watch-tower in the daytime, and was set in his ward all night." Nothing seemed too trivial to escape her notice, no danger too far off to be overlooked. Whether the "chariots" of the approaching enemy were drawn by "horses, by asses, or by camels," she was quick to discern and eager to provide against contingencies too remote for the ordinary mind to observe. Acting the part of "the prudent man" in Proverbs, she gazed into the future and with almost prophetic prescience "foresaw the evil" that was to come, and "hid herself" and those around her, while "the simple passed on and were punished."

1876,
Age 47.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE SALVATION ARMY. 1877-78.

A military system. JANUARY, 1877, will ever be memorable in the history of the Salvation Army, for it was then that the democratic system of government into which, as we have already seen, the Christian Mission had fast been drifting, was finally replaced by a purely military constitution. Not that Mr. Booth had any intention of copying the latter. On the contrary, it was some time before he himself noticed the resemblance. In striving to develop and perfect his infant organisation he unconsciously drifted into a system which assumed a military character. Thus the Army existed as such before he gave it the name, and the evangelists were already officers long before the title of captain had been adopted. Guided, doubtless, by Providence, and prompted by the Spirit of God, one new departure had succeeded another, until the Mission had become what it was ultimately designated—an army.

Need of a new departure. Mr. Booth was slow in coming to a decision. The republican system, founded on the model of liberal Methodism, had been carefully weighed in the scales and found wanting—or, to speak correctly, it was abandoned in favour of a form of government which more closely resembled the autocracy of Wesley, who was himself, in all but name, the practical and absolute commander-in-chief of the forces he had organised. But the parallel was rather accidental than

intentional. Mr. Booth realised increasingly that the solving of the religious problems of the world required an entirely new departure, in which no church precedents or traditions could be safely followed, and in which, if any model were to be adopted at all, it must be of a popular rather than of a ministerial character.

The children of this world had proved themselves wiser in their generation than the children of light, and as in the days of old the Prophet of Nazareth pointed His followers to their example for lessons in practical wisdom, so now it was from such that Mr. Booth was to borrow some of the most valuable features of his organisation. The success with which nations slaughtered each other, the infinite pains bestowed on the superlatively devilish science of wholesale destruction, contained germs of useful knowledge which might well be applied to the superlatively Divine science of saving souls. Nay, rather, might it not be truly said that here, in the camp of the Philistines, was to be found the stolen ark of God, which had been transferred from its original Shiloh, and gone about from Gath to Ekron and Ekron to Ashkelon, spreading devastation where once it had been the harbinger of salvation? Was it not from the very armoury of heaven that the devil had borrowed his best weapons? Was not his government but an imitation of that which he had himself revolted against and assailed? There is nothing good in the devil's modes and measures which has not originally been stolen from the Divine and may not properly be restored to its original ownership. Solomon's golden shields have been carried into Egypt, the vessels of the Temple have been transferred to Babylon, the consecrated harps of Israel have been hung upon the willows of the world; but the time comes at length

1877.
Age 48.

*Stolen
good in
the devil's
methods.*

*From
heaven's
armoury.*

1877,
Age 48.

*Salvation
is restitu-
tion.*

when each and all are restored to the service for which they were originally intended, and heathendom is compelled to disgorge what it had no right ever to possess. Hence it is that, when those plans of government which have been found to be best adapted for purposes of destruction are traced to their source, they will be found to be mere copies of what God has ordained and intended for the benefit of mankind. Sin itself is nothing but time and talent misapplied, appetites perverted, human nature gone to weed, Divine gifts prostituted to selfish purposes. And salvation is the restitution of each to the purpose for which it was originally intended.

*Carefully
con-
sidered
speech.*

Such were the thoughts that influenced Mr. and Mrs. Booth when at this critical juncture they summoned to their side the thirty-six evangelists then employed in the work of the Mission. In a carefully considered speech Mr. Booth poured forth upon his followers the feelings which had so deeply stirred his heart. He reminded them that, when first he selected them to fill their present positions, it was with the most distinct understanding that they would submit themselves to his leadership and act upon the plans which he should lay down for their guidance. None of them had supposed when they first joined the Mission that they were to govern it, but, on the contrary, they had been given to believe that they were to carry out the orders of the General Superintendent. Of late years, influenced by a desire to educate them into self-government and law-making, he had embarked them on a sea of legislation which had resulted in failure and disappointment to them as well as to himself. He now proposed to revert to the original idea with which he had started: to abandon the system of Conferences and Committees, and to retain in his

*To control
the Mis-
sion
himself.*

own hands the general control of the Mission. If there were any present who objected to the proposal they were perfectly free to retire, and he would help them to find a sphere of labour more congenial to their tastes. Those, on the other hand, who reposed in him the same confidence which had led them first to cast in their lot with the movement must continue to trust him as fully as their leader as he trusted them for the fulfilment of the various duties committed to them. If he was himself to be saddled with committees in the position which he occupied it would become necessary to impose upon them similar restrictions, and they would then prove how greatly their liberty would be controlled and their progress retarded. Indeed, they had already discovered in the experience of the past few years how possible it was for valuable time to be wasted in fruitless discussions.

As a first step in the new direction, Mr. Booth informed the evangelists that he had decided to abolish the Conference Committee which had controlled matters between the sittings of the Conference. His reasons for doing so were as follows:

In the first place, it had been found almost impossible to constitute a really representative committee. Most of the old, experienced evangelists held appointments at a distance, while London was chiefly occupied by raw and inexperienced preachers who were unfit for such responsible posts.

Again, the evangelists themselves when in trouble did not wish to go to a committee. They invariably preferred to leave their case in the hands of Mr. Booth.

Above all, committees were too slow and round-about for such a work as theirs. Continually Mr.

1877,
Age 48.

*Time had
been
wasted.*

*Abolish
the Con-
ference
Com-
mittee.*

*Three
reasons.*

1877,
Age 48.

Booth was receiving letters, from all of the evangelists, asking for immediate decision regarding buildings, meetings, and other important matters, in which a telegram was required at once. Theirs was a war. They were in the presence of an active and enterprising enemy. Prompt decision and immediate action were necessary to ensure success.

*A council
of war.*

With regard to the Annual Conference, Mr. Booth said that he would continue it for the present, but that in future it would be rather a council of war than a legislative assembly. Just as the commander-in-chief of an army gathered around him his principal officers, and received from them counsel and information upon which to base his operations, such would be their future practice. They would meet together to "consider and deal with practical questions, to receive reinforcements and to re-station our army, and, above all, to help each other's souls, and to cry together to the living God for a re-baptism of the Holy Ghost."

*No
dissent.*

The General's proposals were carried without a dissentient voice. He has always evinced the happy knack, so important to a great commander, of carrying his followers with him in every new advance that he might contemplate. In fact, he has seldom taken an important step without making sure beforehand that it would meet with the hearty support of at least a substantial majority of his fellow-labourers. In many instances he has created his public opinion before acting upon it. Like a skilful mariner he has watched the ever-shifting tides and winds of popular feeling, and has known when to scud before a tempest with bare poles and when to spread every stitch of canvas to the breeze, trimming and tacking his vessel so as to make progress even in the teeth of adverse winds.

Confident of the co-operation of his evangelists, he had little doubt as to the probable attitude of the rest of the Mission. In fact, the influences were so overwhelming as to be practically irresistible. It was, moreover, at such times as these that he was able to trade upon the confidence with which his followers have always regarded him. His very willingness during the previous years to share his power with others made them the more eager to restore to him that with which he need never have parted. Moreover, all alike were bent on victory. It mattered little to them how the great end in view was to be accomplished providing it was actually attained. The absorbing passion for souls rendered this little apostolic council comparatively careless as to the intermediate methods. Like an eagle swooping down upon its prey, they realised that, while wings and talons and beak had been contending which should strike first, they had remained, as it were, suspended in mid-air while the wished-for object of pursuit had escaped to a position of security. And now they were willing that the directing head should lead the way, while folded wings and gathered talons rendered swifter the descent, as with unhindered speed and unerring directness the body hurled itself through space upon its victim—a sin-cursed world.

The decision of the January Council was confirmed with equal unanimity by the Annual Conference held in June, and from this moment the work commenced to extend itself with unparalleled rapidity. It seemed as if the Mission had taken a new lease of life. Like David, it had thrown aside the cumbersome armour of Saul and had run to meet Goliath with its simple sling and stone. Wherever the evangelists appeared the armies of the Philistines were put to

1877.
Age 48.

All bent
on
victory.

Like an
eagle.

Con-
firmed in
June.

1877,
Age 48.

*One
resigns.*

flight. The largest buildings could not contain the crowds who flocked to the meetings. Powerful revivals broke forth in the most unlikely places, through agents whose only qualification seemed their desperate earnestness. There were some disappointments, it is true, but they were due rather to the old than to the new régime. At the January Council it had become necessary to announce the resignation of one of the oldest and most successful of the evangelists, ostensibly on the ground of the employment of women in charge of stations, but really for the purpose of commencing an independent work. His place, however, was promptly taken by another, who volunteered to fill the gap and to uphold the Mission cause under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Indeed, the defection of the one seemed to bind the remaining evangelists more firmly together in the bonds of brotherly love, and to render easier for Mr. Booth the delicate task which he had in hand.

*The pio-
neer band.*

It would be interesting, were it possible, to sketch the character and career of some of the men who composed Mr. Booth's pioneer band of evangelists. Several of them, such as John Allen, the converted navvy, have already gone to their reward. Not a few were invalidated by the arduous nature of their toil, while others, after serving for a time, either waxed weary in well-doing, or have sought for themselves easier paths than the rugged ones marked out for them within the borders of the Mission. But a goodly number continue to occupy more or less prominent positions in the Salvation Army of to-day. Several of these have been already referred to.

*Elijah
Cadman.*

Another whose character and career were destined to make a considerable mark upon the future was Elijah Cadman. Like his prophetic namesake, he was a

product of the deserts—had traversed them in their length and breadth and familiarised himself with every detail of their barren desolation. But “the howling wilderness” of which this modern Elijah was a denizen was peopled not with phantom ghosts and ghouls, nor even with dragons and fiery serpents, but with human beings almost as numerous as the sands which constitute the Arabian desert, each particle instinct with life and power for good or ill. Born and bred among the misery and sin of slumdom, a chimney-sweep by profession, a pugilist for recreation, a good customer at the public-house, a desperate handful for the police, a ringleader in every sort of mischief, Cadman had early gained for himself an enviable notoriety in his native town of Rugby. Short, but thick-set, and powerful beyond his size, he was an awkward antagonist in the drunken brawls and sprees with which he was perpetually mixed up. His keen wit and humourous sallies were the delight of the tap-room, where he was a second Falstaff. His conversion fell like a thunder-clap upon his old associates. It was as complete as it was sudden. He became as out-and-out for God as he had been for evil. He loved his Bible so passionately that he carried it with him wherever he went by day and slept with it under his pillow by night, although he was so unlettered that he could not tell whether he was holding it right side up or wrong! But he soon learned to read on purpose to be able to master its contents, and an admirable memory and fluent tongue helped to make amends for all educational deficiencies. He wrote to Mr. Booth offering his services, was accepted and sent to assist first at Hackney, then at Leicester, and afterwards to take charge of Whitby. This was a new opening. The evangelist walked

1877,
Age 48.

*Born in
slumdom.*

*Con-
verted.*

*Learned
to read.*

1877,
Age 48. round the town with a friend, engaged the St. Hilda's music-hall for Sundays, the old town-hall for week-nights, and issued a bill couched in very sensational terms.

A "Hallelujah Army."

In this bill the Christian Mission for the first time advertised itself as a "Hallelujah Army," an approach to the name by which it was soon afterwards to be known. It was by a remarkable concurrence of circumstances that this change finally came about. The General was preparing his annual appeal for Christmas, 1877, and was pacing the room, discussing the various particulars. Seated at the table were his two indefatigable aides-de-camp, Mr. Bramwell and Mr. Railton. "What is the Christian Mission?" was a question propounded by the circular. To this was proposed the reply, "A Volunteer Army." Paus-ing for a moment, and leaning over the shoulder of his secretary, the General picked up a pen, passed it through the word "Volunteer" and wrote above it "Salvation."

The Salvation Army.

An inspiration.

Fully adopted.

All the trio agreed that the new name was nothing short of an inspiration. It was at the same time simple, terse, and euphonious, expressing in a nut-shell the great fundamental principles upon which the Mission had been based and the great object which it was seeking to fulfil. The outside public were not slow in confirming the dictum, while within the ranks of the Mission itself, and among the masses for whom it catered, the newly-coined expression gained immediate currency. Nevertheless the official recognition of the title only took place by degrees. At first the notepaper used for correspondence bore the heading, "The Christian Mission, or the Salvation Army." A few months later the order was reversed and the heading became "The Salvation Army, commonly

called the Christian Mission." And finally all reference to the Mission was discarded.

1877,
Age 48.

The first time the new name appeared upon a public poster was in Plymouth, which had been opened by Captain and Mrs. Dowdle. Soon afterwards Mr. Bramwell Booth caused it to be painted across the Whitechapel Hall at the back of the platform, to the considerable perturbation of some of the older members of the Mission, who thought the change boded no good.

The title of "captain" was also a novelty. In the first instance it was intended to be nautical rather than military, and to catch the eye of the Whitby fishermen. Some time previously the Conference had passed a resolution prohibiting the evangelists from using the title of "Reverend." But plain "Mr." was equally inconvenient, and unsuited for the masses. "Captain" was not only Scriptural but popular, being commonly applied to the skippers of the coasting craft and to the leaders in mines and other inland occupations. Hence the use of the term soon spread, and quickly superseded the obnoxious "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" which had hitherto been in use.

Nautical
"cap-
tains."

The subsequent addition of other military titles was a matter of necessity. It became essential to define the position of the assistant evangelist, and what more convenient term could be found than that of lieutenant? Elders and class-leaders were no more, but some substitute was necessary. Sergeants and sergeant-majors just met the difficulty. The rapid increase of the work made it advisable to group the stations into districts, under the charge of the most experienced evangelists. A distinguishing title became again a necessity. The clerical catalogue had been abandoned as unsuitable. Hence it appeared

Other
titles.

**1877,
Age 48.** advisable once more to have recourse to military phraseology, and the major and colonel were accordingly introduced.

The General. Mr. Booth had always been known as the General Superintendent of the Mission. What more natural than that the latter portion of the title should be dropped, and that he should be announced by Captain



ELIJAH CADMAN.

Cadman as the General of the Hallelujah Army? It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Booth called himself General. The name was forced upon him by others in exactly the same way that Christians were first so called at Antioch. For many years he continued to be known as the Rev. William Booth, and it was only by degrees that he accustomed himself to the new title, though as far back as 1872, in writing to him, Mr.

*Mr.
Railton's
custom.*

Railton was accustomed to address him as "My dear General," and signed himself as his "Lieutenant."

1877,
Age 48.

The adoption of military terms soon led to further important advances. The stations received the name of "Corps," and in 1878 the first flag was presented. The ceremonial soon became both popular and useful, attracting large crowds by its novelty. The colours were designed by the General, and were intended to be emblematic of the great end in view. The blue border typified holiness, while the scarlet ground was a perpetual reminder of the central lesson of Christianity—salvation through the blood of Jesus. A yellow star in the centre betokened the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost. Equally striking was the motto, "Blood and Fire," inscribed across the star, signifying in a word the two great essential doctrines of the Mission—the blood of Jesus and the fire of the Holy Ghost.

The first flag.

It is needless to say that innovations so numerous and so sweeping excited at the time no little opposition, especially on the part of the more respectable friends, who when they "heard these things doubted of them wheretunto this would grow."

Respectable friends.

Referring to the change of name, and to the consequent opposition and loss of sympathy on the part of some who had hitherto supported the work, Mrs. Booth writes on the 23d October, 1878, as follows:

"We have changed the name of the Mission into 'The Salvation Army,' and truly it is fast assuming the force and spirit of an army of the living God. I see no bounds to our extension; if God will own and use such simple men and women (we have over thirty women in the field) as we are sending out now, we can compass the whole country in a very short time. And it is truly wonderful what is being done by the instrumentality of quite young girls. I could not have believed it if I had not seen it. Truly, out of the mouth of

"If God will own and use."

1877,
Age 48.

babes and sucklings He has ordained strength, because of the enemy, and the enemy *feels* it.

*The Hal-
lelujah
Lasses.*

"In one small town where we have two girls labouring, a man, quite an outsider, told another that if they went on much longer all the publics would have to shut up, for he went to every one in the town the other night and he only found four men in them all! The whole population, he said, had gone to the 'Hallelujah Lasses'! Oh, for more of the fire! Pray for our officers.

*Moorings
cut.*

"Now, my dearest friend, you have access; go up boldly and in mighty faith for torrents of power to break in on the enemy's territory on every side. Our moorings are fairly cut and we are 'out on the ocean sailing.' The rich and respectable are giving us up on every hand, as they did our Master when He got nearer the vulgar cross, but we hear Him saying, 'I will show thee greater things than these.' And, money or no money, we must go on."

*The
finishing
touch.*

Writing in November, 1878, Mrs. Booth mentions that it had been finally decided to adopt uniforms, and thus put the finishing touch to the military tactics which had served to infuse into the Mission such a spirit of hopefulness and aggression. Indeed, it was this that constituted the chief value of the recent changes. The mere adoption of titles and uniforms was simply valuable as being the outward and visible sign of a remarkable increase in the aggressive spirit which had always been a distinguishing feature of the Christian Mission. In carnal warfare success depends much more upon the spirit which animates the troops, and upon the enterprise of their leaders, than upon the uniform that they wear, or even the weapons with which they are armed. The enthusiasm which induces men to leave their families and risk their lives for the sake of their country, or in pursuit of some shadowy ambition, constitutes, no doubt, the one feature of war which, if directed into spiritual channels, is capable of accomplishing similar results. Mr. and

Mrs. Booth strove to create on behalf of the cause of Jesus Christ the same spirit of devotion and sacrifice which has been so conspicuous in the military history of the world. They believed that this was possible, and they were not disappointed.

It may be naturally asked, if this be so, why could not the spirit of the military system have been bor-

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*Use of
titles and
uniforms.*



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rowed and its outward paraphernalia left behind? For exactly the same reason that the commander-in-chief of our national forces would decline to dispense with them. It would be easy to find a thousand reasons whereby to defend the use of titles and uniforms in actual warfare. Let any one attempt to organise a fighting force in which such usages should be abolished, and he would at once find himself confronted with a problem to which there could only be two solutions possible: either he must allow his followers to become an undisciplined mob, each member of which

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did what was pleasing in his own eyes, or he must adopt some sort of terminology and visible emblems of authority such as could be understood by the rank and file. If he objected to the old system his only alternative would be to invent a new one.

In early ages.

Now this was exactly what had happened in the history of Christianity. Its rapid conquests in the early ages had made it necessary to organise its converts, and it had done so. True, the terms which it adopted were borrowed rather from the vocabulary of everyday life than from the military code. But for the latter there was then no pressing necessity. Bishops, ministers, deacons, and elders were the plebeian but expressive epithets which it largely substituted for the priestly titles made use of in the Mosaic economy. Early Christianity was in a profound sense a revulsion of feeling from every form of secularism on the one hand and from elaborate ceremonialism on the other. But its leaders saw clearly that some sort of nomenclature was necessary. Some titles they invented for themselves—others were forced upon them. Their followers were called Christians; they were gathered into a church (*ekklesia*—the called out); those who were placed in necessary positions of authority were termed overseers, having the oversight of the souls of others, whose ministers rather than masters they were to consider themselves—the name reminding them of the deed. Admirably chosen were these titles, and it is difficult to overestimate how greatly they facilitated the rapid spread of Christianity.

Time for a change.

But when General Booth faced the same problem eighteen centuries had elapsed. The titles had lost their original meaning, and with it much of their first force and nearly all of their early attraction. The

Well-chosen titles.

garb of a Galilean fisherman or the toga of an old Roman had no longer any fascination for the lower ranks of society, whom Mr. Booth believed it was his special mission to evangelise. He had tried the terms commonly used by other religious societies of his day, and had found them totally unsuited to express either his aims or ideas. He had then evaded the question as long as possible, and postponed decision till the time for further postponement had evidently passed away. Indeed, he had himself shrunk from the course which Providence and recent events had forced upon him.

In the question of uniform Mrs. Booth took a special interest. Herself careful to an extreme to dress with neatness and modesty, some of her most powerful anathemas had been directed from time to time against the fashions of the day.

Even within the borders of the Mission the evil had crept, despite the most strenuous efforts to guard against it. Left to their own discretion, some of the members of the Mission, and even some of the wives of the evangelists, had dressed in a manner which in some degree resembled the fashions of the world. Others, in their anxiety to avoid this evil, and naturally destitute of taste, had adopted costumes that were unsuitable, and even ridiculous.

Mrs. Booth set herself to work to devise for the women something which would be at once plain, distinctive, and attractive. Shutting herself up in a room with her daughter, and surrounded by a heap of bonnets of various sort and sizes, she endeavoured to discover what would be adapted to both. Some suited one and some the other, but the now famous "Hallelujah bonnet" was at length hit upon and pronounced equally suitable to all. Others who were consulted

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A special interest.

The Hallelujah bonnet.

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on the subject confirmed this opinion, and thus was settled the character of "the helmet of salvation" which was to be worn by the women warriors of the Salvation Army.

*Respect
for na-
tional
customs.*

Not that it was intended to force it, or any other portion of the uniform, upon the world irrespective of the national customs which might elsewhere prevail. When the Salvation Army invaded the East the Hallelujah bonnet was readily discarded for the graceful Oriental veil, but a color was adopted which distinguished its followers as effectually from all around them as did the European bonnet or the ash-marked forehead of the heathen devotee.

*Not un-
alterable.*

Nor was it intended that the uniform should be unalterable, as in the case of monks and nuns. Should it at any time cease to be in harmony with the popular dress the fullest liberty has been retained to make such alterations as shall keep the Army in touch with the masses. There is no idea of *finality* in the present choice. Nor has there been thought to be any virtue in disfigurement, the one object being to combine simplicity with the testimony of separation from the world.

*A perpet-
ual
reminder.*

In railway, street, or tram-car it is a perpetual reminder to the careless and the ungodly, forcing them to think of the eternity to which they are hurrying and which they would fain banish from their minds. The very criticisms to which it may give rise often pave the way to close personal dealing upon spiritual themes, and it is seldom that the Salvationist allows his assailant to depart without receiving some home-thrusts which, lingering in the heart long after the interview has terminated, have not infrequently resulted in tears of penitence and salvation.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

MRS. BOOTH'S CHILDREN COMMENCE PUBLIC WORK. 1877-78.

DURING the year 1877 Mrs. Booth realised the peculiar joy of seeing her children one after another commence to occupy prominent posts of usefulness, and, although prevented by sickness from standing with them in the field, she continued from behind the scenes to instruct, advise, and encourage them as occasion offered. While staying at St. Leonard's her shy and retiring daughter Emma for the first time stepped upon the public platform. As early as 1873 her brother Bramwell had persuaded her to conduct some children's services in the schoolroom at their Hackney home. But no amount of persuasion would induce her to either speak or pray in public until the occasion referred to by Mrs. Booth in the following letter:

*Emma
Booth's
first
sermon.*

"You will be surprised to hear that Emma spoke in the Hall here on Sabbath last. I could not believe it, but it was so. We have a good little woman evangelist here, who is struggling with a lot of rough poor people, and she had so enlisted Emma's sympathy and won her heart as to get her to promise to help her, though it was more than she had hoped to persuade her to take a service. On Sunday night, however, to her astonishment, Emma went on the platform and took a hymn-book and began as though she had been at it for twelve months. She preached from Isaiah, 10th chapter, 3d verse, and they all say she did wonderfully. Not a hesitancy or apparent qualm. She tells me that she felt unutterable

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things, but was enabled to keep calm outside. There were five souls sought salvation—a real triumph for this place. Does it not seem as if the Lord was going to take me at my word and use them all in His work? Bless His name!"

The Maréchale in Leicester

It was about the same time that the Maréchale commenced a series of meetings in Leicester, a town in which Mrs. Booth felt a special interest, the work having been commenced through her instrumentality. Miss Booth, assisted by her brother Bramwell, soon succeeded in bringing about a powerful revival. Delighted with the news, Mrs. Booth sent her daughter the following inspiring epistle:

"I am delighted to hear of the break. I thought it must come. Praise the Lord! And now, just divest your mind of any and every other concern for the present and live for God and Leicester! I want you to gather every convicted soul in the place. Next Sunday you will feel more at home and have a better hold of the people. Only pray and believe, and keep near the Lord, and Leicester will be your first great victory for Jesus and eternity.

"If I were in your place."

"Oh, it seems to me that if I were in your place—young—no cares or anxieties—with such a start, such influence, and such a prospect, I should not be able to contain myself for joy. I should indeed aspire to be the 'bride of the Lamb,' and to follow Him in conflict for the salvation of poor, lost and miserable man. I pray the Lord to show it to you, and so to enamour you of Himself that you may see and feel it to be your chief joy to win them for Him. I say I pray for this; yes, I groan for it, with groanings that cannot be uttered, and if ever you tell me it is so I shall be overjoyed.

No vows.

"I don't want you to make any vows (unless, indeed, the Spirit leads you to do so), but I want you to set your mind and heart on winning souls, and to leave everything else with the Lord. When you do this you will be happy—oh, so happy! Your soul will then find perfect rest. The Lord grant it to you, my dear child.

"Try to get to know how long the cases have been under conviction when you speak to them. It comforts me to hear that my labour has not all been in vain. I am sorry to hear

there was such paucity of help. We must *make* workers. There are few know how to deal with souls. *You* must make some, by God's grace and help. You must now take the flag and hold it firmer and steadier, and hoist it higher than ever your mother has done.

• "I have been 'careful about many things.' I want you to care only for the *one* thing. I would give my heart's blood this moment to see you in spirit a Nanny Cutler! I would far rather be that woman now than Gabriel. Look onward, my child, into eternity—*on*, and *on*, and *on*. You are to live *forever*. This is only the infancy of existence—the school-days, the seed-time. Then is the grand, great, glorious, eternal harvest. 'He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' Glory! The battle will soon be over. Oh, shall we not win the field? The Lord help us to resist evil, even unto blood!"

"Your ever loving mother."

In writing some time later from Stockton-on-Tees, Mrs. Booth sends an interesting description of the meetings conducted in that town by the General and Miss Booth:

"Pa and Katie had a blessed beginning yesterday. Theatre crowded at night, and fifteen cases. I heard Katie for the first time since we were at Cardiff. I was astonished at the advance she had made. I wish you had been there, I think you would have been as pleased as I was. It was sweet, tender, forcible, and Divine. I could only adore and weep. She looked like an angel, and the people were melted, and spell-bound like children. Three parts of the audience were men, most of them the sons of toil. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Melrose, of Edinburgh, were so delighted with her that they entreated Pa to leave her to be nursed up for six months. Mr. Melrose said it was a mercy she was not his daughter, for he should make an idol of her. Pa said, 'You would not let her preach.' He said, 'No, that I should not.' Still, he rejoiced in the good she was doing! This is the flaw in most people, unwillingness to give the Lord that which is dearest. 'Now I know that thou lovest Me, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, whom thou lovest.'

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*Make
workers.*

*"The in-
fancy of
exist-
ence."*

*Stockton-
on-Tees.*

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*"Hare
had to
walk
alone."*

"It is the greatest trial we have that we cannot get helpers who are determined to know nothing amongst men but 'Christ, and Him crucified.' There are plenty who have no objection to *Christ glorified*, when He can be made to glorify themselves, but when it comes to sacrifice and cross-bearing for the sake of souls, then is the test. When something better for this world presents itself, then those who have not much depth of principle fly off. Well, as some one said the other day, all God's great reformers have had to *walk alone*, in a path specially their own, and, if need be, we must be content to walk so even to the end. The more I see of the religion of the churches the more I am satisfied that it is in the great majority of instances a great sham, a shell without the kernel. They say, 'Lord, Lord,' but they do not the things that He says. We must keep on trying to save a few from the general wreck. The Lord help us!"

*"But
poorly,
and
frail."*

"I found my beloved as well or better than when he left home, and dear Katie also, notwithstanding that they hold between them three and four meetings per day. Katie is still, however, but poorly, and frail, which seems to be the only hindrance to her doing an immense work.

*"At the
head of a
procession."*

"She had a meeting lately for women only and had seventy anxious! Most of them were married women; one literally shrieked out in the meeting, and all were weeping. Papa says he felt very proud of her the other day as she walked by his side at the head of a procession with an immense crowd at their heels. He turned to her and said, 'Ah, my lass, you shall wear a crown by-and-bye.' She plays the harmonium out-of-doors at noon every day, and crowds stand round to hear her sing, and many a rough son of toil pays her the tribute of his tears. Doubtless the Pharisees think us enthusiasts, or mad, to allow her to do such a thing, but so they have thought all those who have gone 'without the camp, enduring the shame.' Pray for her, dear friend, that Satan may not be allowed to mar or hinder her; for there are few who have such a prospect of usefulness. Pray that she may be deaf alike to the voice of flattery and of condemnation.

"'My soul does magnify the Lord' for His grace and truth shown to my children. He hath given me the desire of my heart."

At the close of the Stockton meetings Miss Booth



MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

visited the scene of her father and mother's labours in Gateshead, her own native town. The occasion is thus referred to by Mrs. Booth:

" My dearest husband and Katie finished up here with a fine meeting, which went off well. Katie took a service in Gateshead chapel on Wednesday night—the chapel she was baptised in, and where I first opened my mouth for the Lord! There were many there who remembered both occasions; some were deeply moved. I was very sorry not to be present, but was unable to go. She had a fine congregation and a good time. In the prayer-meeting three men prayed who had been brought in at Stockton during this visit! So soon does the good seed begin to disperse abroad. Pray that it may be found after many days. Praise the Lord, we meet with many cheering incidents by the way, showing that our labour years ago was not in vain in Him. I wish I had time and strength to detail some, as I know they would deeply interest you, but I cannot."

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*Miss
Booth in
Gates-
head.*

Not infrequently Mrs. Booth would help her children by finding them subjects on which to speak. The following outline of an address was sent to one of her younger sons:

*Outline
by Mrs.
Booth.*

" Get on with all your might, but don't do more than you can. Send a few texts to me that you want sermons on and I will suggest some divisions, not in the form you need use them, but so that you can adapt them. I should have said, just at first sight, on that text you name :

" I. Satan desires to have all men, but specially the Lord's servants.

" II. *Why* he desires them—

" 1st. Because he hates God and desires to circumvent His purposes in man.

" (Here is a capital field.)

" III. *How* he tries to destroy them. By 'sifting' them. This means by searching, fierce temptation. Thus he tried to conquer their great Captain. . . (Refer to the temptation in the wilderness.) He knew that if Jesus would only yield, as Adam had done, then all would be lost. He knew that on

**1877,
Age 48.** *His obedience depended His power to redeem us, so he pressed Him hard—he 'sifted' Him. Thus he tempts us. He knows that on our obedience hangs all, etc., etc.*

"IV. This subject shows the tremendous importance of *watching*. Watch, etc. Resist, etc. 1st. Because Satan never tires or sleeps, always desiring to have us. 2nd. Because he is very wise and clever, and knows how to set a trap for our feet. Remark on his subtlety with Eve, with Jesus, etc. 3rd. Because he is very powerful. He is the god of evil, legions, etc. 4th. Because, alas! he so often succeeds. Get out at backsliders, and on the numbers who have fallen from God, etc."

*Sort of
preachers
needed.* Speaking of the sort of preachers who were needed by the Mission, and of the difficulty of securing such, Mrs. Booth says:

"I hope, my dear boy, that, whatever sense of obligation or gratitude you have towards me, you will try to return it by resolutely resisting all temptation to evil, and by fitting yourself to your utmost to be useful to your fellow-men. I ask from you, as I asked from God, no other reward. If I know my own heart, I would rather that you should work for the salvation of souls, making bad hearts good and miserable homes happy, and preparing joy and gladness for men at the judgment bar, if you only get bread and cheese all your life, than that you should fill any other capacity with £10,000 per year. *I believe in eternal distinction.* 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

*Not for
the
reward.* "Not that I would have you do it for the reward, but for the pure love of Him who died for you and them; still it is not wrong to 'have respect to the recompense of the reward,' and now that almost everybody is pulling and striving for this world's rewards and prizes, it is meet that the real children of the great King should sometimes think of *their* reward. Paul did this, though it was the love of Christ alone which constrained him to labour. 'There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give unto me at that day.' Happy they whose ambition aims not below the skies; they will never be disappointed!

"I hope you are getting on in your studies and not allowing

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them to draw you from God. There is no illuminator like the Holy Ghost. He is promised on purpose to lead us into all truth, consequently to guard us from error. Seek His light on all you read, and His help in all you do, and your progress will be real and rapid."

Referring to the same subject in another letter, Mrs. Booth says:

"I was talking with a young minister the other day who has spent much time in studying science! He knows a great deal, I doubt not, but alas, by his own confession and by the miserable results of his ministry, it is evident he knows not how to win souls. I saw in talking to him more clearly than ever that the main qualification for preaching is not gifts, nor learning, but spirit. 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of' might be sounded in the ears of thousands of ministers nowadays. They are of a scientific, a philosophical, a metaphysical, an astronomical, or any other kind of spirit, rather than of Paul's spirit, who determined to know nothing among men but Christ, and Him crucified.

Not learning,
but spirit.

"This is what the world wants: men of one idea—that of getting people saved. There are plenty of men of one idea—*gold* getting. They show that it is their great aim and object in life. They make no secret of it, they make everything bow to it; they are of a worldly spirit. Now we want men who are just as much set on soul-saving; who are not ashamed to let everybody know that this is the one object and aim of their life, and that they make everything secondary to this—men of a Christ-like spirit. There need be no mistake or mystery about it—'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Paul, and every other man of like spirit, has had his fruit, and *will have* to the end of time. Your father is a man of this spirit; the Lord make all his children such, and you among the first. It is 'not by might, nor by power, but by *My Spirit*, saith the Lord.'"

The one
idea.

Mrs. Booth eagerly took advantage of a measure of returning health to deliver an address to the new converts in Stockton and to speak a few words at the anniversary meeting held in Hartlepool. On the lat-

Stockton
and
Hartle-
pool.

1877, ter occasion a number of her early converts of 1861
Age 48. were present. "I was greeted," writes Mrs. Booth,
 "by many smiling faces and sparkling eyes, but could
 not stop to do any handshaking. How grand will it
 be to meet our spiritual children up yonder!"

*Mr.
Bram-
well's
decision.*

The controversy which had for some time been perplexing Mr. Bramwell Booth, as to whether he should devote himself to some secular profession, which would render him independent of the Mission funds and which would still leave him free to devote his leisure to the work, was at length happily decided by his determining to abandon the idea. The exigencies of the hour, the ever-increasing burden that rested upon his parents, the rapid progress of the Mission, all seemed to point in one direction. Mrs. Booth never hesitated for a moment in urging upon her son that which had been her ambition for him since his very birth—that it was his highest duty and privilege to consecrate himself to the great business of saving souls. It was with unfeigned joy that she learned from him his resolution to do so. She writes to encourage him in the following terms:

*His
mother's
joy.*

"I am rejoiced to hear of the Lord's goodness to you. I felt almost like saying, 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' I cried to the Lord for you, and He heard my cry, and I praise Him. Surely you will never give place to the devil again as to your call. I note what you say. Yes, you are booked for a public man; and although, if I wanted a life of ease and comfort for you in this world, I should deplore it, yet, seeing that I want honour and immortality for you in the next, I rejoice in it. I want you to live for the salvation of those for whom the Saviour shed His most precious blood. I know it will be a life of toil and trial, involving much self-sacrifice and conflict, yet I know it will bring peace and joy and eternal renown.

*Led by the
Lord.*

"I believe that it was the Lord who led us to begin the work, and it seems to me that He has grown you up for the

purpose of helping to carry it on, for certainly no one but He could have given you such a heart for it. I used to fear, when you were about twelve, that your tastes would lead you off from our sort of work, but how wonderfully the Lord has led you by a way you knew not!

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"By rheumatic fever He put His veto on your being a doctor, and saved you from a vortex which has swamped the religion of thousands of promising, piously trained young men. Then He disappointed your hopes and showed you the hollowness of mere earthly good, and step by step He has led you on to your present position and absorption in spiritual work, and now, bless His name, He is showing you that with Him you can do all things. O my boy, go on to follow the Lord fully, and I feel sure He will make you a mighty man of valour in His army. You shall do a deal that I ought to have done, and perhaps be permitted to enhance my joy in glory. I feel the force of what you say about reading. The longer I live the more I believe in the study of the Bible *with the Spirit*; it is dead without.

Step by step.

"Be assured that you were never so dear to my heart as now. The first time I clasped you to my bosom I was not conscious of so great a joy as I have felt in hearing of your enjoyment of, and dedication to, God. I rejoice over you with singing (inside, at any rate), and love you with a love above that of earth altogether. The Lord bless you, and grant that you may wax stronger and stronger. Don't be discouraged by difficulties. Those who are to lead in the fight must be prepared to see their comrades fall, and run, as well as the enemy, and must be willing to stand alone, if need be, grasping the standard even in death. All men will go on seeking their own more or less to the end, but you are to be a Paul, who seeks nothing but Christ, and Him crucified. The Lord strengthen you by His spirit in your inner man,

*You are
to be a
Paul."*

"Prays your ever loving mother."

Writing to another of her sons, she urges him to increasing watchfulness and devotion:

"We must seek *till we find*, and this is just the difference between real seekers and hypocrites; the former go on till they find, and will not be satisfied with anything less than God; the latter get tired, and find rest in creature-good of one

*Seek Him,
not His
gifts.*

1877,
Age 48. kind or another. Better go 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness' all our days, than to take up with the devil's draughts or eat his husks. But our Lord is not a hard master, and when He sees that we seek *Him*—not *His gifts*, but *Himself*—with all our hearts, then we find Him.

"The Lord help you not to grow weary, but to strive to enter in at the strait gate. The enjoyment of God, spiritual usefulness on earth, and glory for ever, are worth a struggle, are they not?

Dives and Lazarus. "Abraham said to Dives, the rich man, 'Son, remember! Thou in thy lifetime hadst thy good things, but Lazarus evil things; now he is comforted, but thou art tormented.'

Here and there. "Perhaps I have not quoted the exact words, but it means, 'Thou didst choose thy portion on earth and thou didst get it—a mansion, crops, barns, flocks and herds, horses and carriages, etc., without God and salvation; whereas Lazarus chose to serve God and do right and save his soul, even though perhaps this very choice led him to the dunghill (I think very likely it was so). Now, and for all eternity, he is and shall be comforted. 'Just and righteous art Thou, O King of saints!' We know God's ways; let us act accordingly."

"Run for your life." "Do not be disheartened because you are tempted. Paul speaks of the 'fiery trials' of the saints, of the 'fiery darts' of the devil, and of being 'tried as by fire.' Now these must have been pretty sharp contests for such a brave soldier as Paul to call them 'fiery.' Temptation is the severest of all tests of grace. Many a man could go to the block far easier than fight his own lusts. Jesus knew this; therefore He warned His disciples against the first beginnings of sin. (Matt. v., 28th and 29th verses.) Looking at and thinking about forbidden objects brings all our woe! Keep your eyes and your thoughts off, and you are safe. Jesus said, 'Watch.' Satan is so cunning, he says 'You can just indulge a little. You need not go all lengths.' But he knows that if he can find a lodgment in the thoughts he is sure of everything. Mind him. He is a 'liar from the beginning.' Resolutely resist his first whisper. Don't listen to one word. Run for your life. He has slain millions through the *first thought!*

Worldly ambition. "Dr. —— was found insensible from prussic acid in the —— Road the other night at ten o'clock and died shortly afterwards. Another victim to worldly ambition. He was once,

Mr. W—— told me, a humble, earnest Christian, but he got the ambition to be a doctor, and to get up in the world. He studied and pinched and worked night and day, changed his religious views, and believed that, once saved, he could never be lost, passed his examinations, took his degree, became M.D. and an adulterer about the same time, has lived on in his sin and vainglory, till now prussic acid has ended the scene. Insensible; no time to say, ‘Father, forgive me!’ even. Awful! but the career of hundreds! Verily, ‘they in their lifetime get their good things’—as they *call* them—but oh, the evil things that are to come! Let us watch!”

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Age 48.

*Diversity
and
ability.*

In glancing over Mrs. Booth’s letters nothing is perhaps so striking as the extraordinary diversity of subjects with which they deal, and the ability with which each is discussed. While in many of her letters she urges her children to make the most of such educational advantages as have been thrown in their way, she cautions them in the following letter against the other extreme of “cramming” the mind with quantities of ill-digested knowledge:

“ You are under a mistake to suppose that sacrificing your recreation time will help you in the end. It will not. Cramming the mind acts just in the same way as cramming the stomach. It is what you digest well that benefits you, not what you cram in. So many hours spent in study, and then relaxation and walking, will do your mind more good than ‘all work and no play.’ The mind must have time to recruit as well as the body, and if you do not allow it to do so it will be just so much duller and the more inactive. Now mark this: Do not be looking so much at what you *have* to do as to what you are *doing*. Leave the future (you may spend it in heaven) and go steadily on doing to-day’s work, in to-day’s hours, with recreation in between to shake the seed in. One step well and firmly taken is better than two with a slip backwards. It is of no use breaking the bow by stretching it too tight. Thousands do this, and are rendered useless for life! Poor human nature seems as though it must go to extremes. Either all or none, too much or too little, idleness or

*Don't
cram the
mind.*

*“To-day's
work.”*

1877, being killed with work! May the Lord show you the happy medium!
Age 48.

"*In fun.*" I was sorry about the cause of the accident. I don't like that way of doing things in fun! Though it was very wrong and wicked of the boy to throw the brick, yet it would have been better to let him look at the guinea-pigs being fed and thus have pleased him. There was no harm in what he wanted to do. You should watch against a hectoring spirit, and mind the difference between a sacrifice of truth and principle and one only of self-importance or of mere feeling. If a boy wants you to do wrong then be firm as a rock, and brave for God and goodness. Mind my letters; they are written in the greatest haste and are not fit to be seen by other eyes."

*Faithful-
ness
essential.* Writing to a young man who had sought her advice in regard to some family differences, she urges him to faithfulness, as an essential characteristic of true love:

"Of course I shall not mention what you have said to the parties concerned. No, no; but I think you should write him just as you have written me. Never mind what he thinks, faithfulness to his soul demands it. Do it as kindly and wisely as you can, but tell him how it strikes you. Tell him how much more patient and amiable he seems with strangers, etc, with 1st, 2nd and 3rd, and finish by telling him how you feel towards him in affection and interest, and how you rejoice in his success. This is true love, to tell our loved ones of their faults. We must be willing for them to think hardly of us (if they are not wiser than to do so) in order that we may do them good. Time and circumstances will prove our love and fidelity."

To one who complained that her nature rendered her peculiarly susceptible to temptation, Mrs. Booth replied:

*Encour-
agement
for the
weak.* "Supposing that you are in yourself of a restless and discontented nature, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?' Are we bound always to remain what we were at the beginning? If so, why did it please 'the Fa-

ther that in Him should all fulness dwell?' *What for*, but for our emptiness, and want, and weakness? 'Where sin hath abounded grace doth much more abound.' By watchfulness on our part, and discipline and succour on His, what may we not become? We may even 'adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in *all* things.' It is not of nature's tree the fruits of the Spirit spring. It is from the tree of the Lord's own 'right hand planting.' Here is encouragement for you and for me. The top-stone of our renewed life is to be brought forth shouting, not '*Nature, nature!*' but '*GRACE, GRACE unto it!*' 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.' Watch and trust, and nature will be conquered. The Lord help you!"

The following letter to a friend deals in a masterly manner with some of the errors of Plymouth Brethrenism. Its crude and contradictory theology, permeating and enervating so much of the Christian life of the present century, never failed to excite her stern and unmeasured denunciation, and never more so than when she believed that those whom she loved were becoming tainted by its dangerous fallacies. The subject is viewed in the following letter from a different standpoint to that of a previous chapter, and casts fresh light upon the grounds of her opposition to the doctrines of Brethrenism:

"I believe John to be one of the best of men, but he holds Plymouth Brethren views for all that, on some points. His theology does not hang together. He has been a good deal at Mr. ——'s, and got many of his practical views from him, but they do not fit well with his former ones. However, I believe he is right at heart. It is only in judgment he errs. It may be that he holds '*Jesus only*' in a right sense, but I object to the phrase as unscriptural and new-fangled, representing a highly dangerous theology. It is a perversion of Scripture, being a phrase out of the middle of a narrative, not intended to teach what is tacked on to it. With this exception it does not occur in the New Testament.

"In all that concerns us and our salvation the Father and

1877,
Age 48.

*From a
different
stand-
point.*

*Plymouth
Brethren-
ism.*

1877,
Age 48.

*Not Jesus
only.*

the Spirit are equal with the Son in love, labour, and honour. He came on purpose to reveal to us the Father, and He and His Father are one; then how can it be 'Jesus only'? We must stick to the form of sound words, for there is more in it than appears on the surface. 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' was the theology of our fore-fathers, and I am suspicious of all attempts to mend it.

"I am sorry you were disappointed at our comments on the pamphlet. I had seen it before, and formed my opinion of it then. I do not condemn it all by any means, only the confounding things that differ and mixing the clean with the vile. I do not find the Lord doing so. He always recognised all the good amongst men and rejoiced in it. But Plymouth Brethrenism, while it pleads for sin, and protests that it cannot be rooted out, condemns humanity as such simply because it is human.

*Our
Lord's
human-
ity.*

"Christianity is intended to *sanctify* human nature, letting it still be *human*, but Plymouth Brethrenism crushes out human nature, leaving nothing but sanctimoniousness outside, while evil is rampant within. Now it seems to me that our blessed Lord Himself was intensely human. Although Divine, as well as sanctified, He was a human being, with human loves, sympathies, congenialities, and bodily infirmities. If Mary had a portrait of her brother I don't believe He would have reproved her for looking at it, or even for weeping over it. Therefore, I don't see why such manifestations of our humanity should be classed with sin.

*God's
aim.*

"The constant reprobation of *the creature* would seem to imply that God was greatly mistaken in making creatures. Creatures, especially immortal creatures, are very important beings, and will not be crushed into nothings by all the cant in the world. God recognises the dignity and importance of humanity all through the Bible. What He aims to crush and uproot is *its sinfulness, not itself*. He wants humanity restored and sanctified, and then he will be as pleased with it as He was when He pronounced it to be 'very good.'

*What do
they
mean?*

"As to the '*flesh*,' they don't know what they mean by it. I have asked them again and again, 'Do you mean the soul, or the body, or sin?' They attach quite a different meaning to this term to what the old divines did. I say, if it is the tendency to sin in the soul, then it can be cured or Jesus fails

in His mission. If it is in the body it is not a moral agent, as my body is only the instrument of my soul, and can no more commit sin of itself than my pen can! If it is the corrupt corpse of my past sins, then if I am risen again in Christ this is loosed from me and buried. What, then, is this flesh, which I am to drag about with me as long as I live? THEY CANNOT TELL!

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"And instead of answering they say, 'Oh, you must not set up human reason,' which means, 'you must not exercise common sense.' I heard one of them say that common sense was the greatest evil of the day! It seems to me that common sense is the great desideratum. Another told me that the Bible was not a logical book! I always thought it the highest standard of logic, and reason too, if we could only comprehend it. 'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.' Therefore He cannot contradict Himself. Contradiction must involve error; God cannot err, therefore He cannot contradict himself. When we come into the light of eternity, or the full light of God, we shall see that there is not a single inconsistent statement in the whole Bible, rightly rendered. But where am I getting to? I had no idea of all this when I began.

*Common
sense.*

The Bible.

"However, let us beware of wrong doctrine, come through whomsoever it may. Holy men make sad mistakes. 'Well, but,' say some, 'is not a person who holds wrong views with a right heart better than a person with right views and a wrong heart?' Yes, so far as his personal state before God is concerned, but *not in his influence on man*. This was the argument put forth some time ago in favour of ministers holding public fellowship with those who believe in auricular confession and other Popish errors; specious, but false. A man may be sincere in lashing his back and consigning his daughter to a nunnery, and may himself have the love of God, but I must not on that account receive or lightly esteem his errors, because of their fearful consequences on others. My charity must extend to those likely to be deceived and ruined by his doctrines as well as to him. So of all false doctrine. We must try the spirits, for 'if the foundations be destroyed what shall the righteous do?'"

*Try the
spirits.*

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE LAST OF THE CONFERENCES. THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE CRITICS. 1878.

The dead system. THE last of the Christian Mission Conferences was held in August, 1878, when the funeral ceremonies were finally performed over the old Methodistic system, and the military programme was adopted unanimously and with acclamation.

No doubts remain. Eighteen months had elapsed since the first council of evangelists, in which Mr. Booth had announced his intention to institute a change in the government of the Mission. He had proceeded, however, with his characteristic caution, guiding rather than driving, and awaiting the natural course of events before delivering the last *coup de grace* to the already sentenced methods of the past. Whatever doubts might have existed as to the propriety of the new course had disappeared long before the time for consideration had passed by.

In the interval. But the interval was occupied in anxious deliberations, on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Booth and the confidential council in which the more important affairs of the Mission were discussed, as to the character of the new constitution which was to be laid down. Consultation followed upon consultation, the lawyers being continually referred to. In these cabinet gatherings Mrs. Booth was a leading spirit. Her almost prophetic far-sightedness, her intimate know-

ledge of human nature, and her thorough acquaintance with church history were much valued by the General, as helping him to anticipate the difficulties with which the movement was likely to meet, and to devise the best safeguards for preserving its spiritual vitality.

The Salvation Army in its present form is no more the accidental grouping together of a number of atoms than is the product of engineering skill, such as a steamer, or railway engine. Those who see but its outward developments have little idea of the care, the consideration, and the calculation which, in constant dependence upon the Divine Spirit, are bestowed upon the preparation of each component part. The Deed Poll of 1878 was the final outcome of prolonged and prayerful deliberation. It was purposely simplified to the utmost possible degree. Only those doctrines were included which appeared to be necessary to salvation. Only those regulations were introduced which should serve as a skeleton for whatever addition differences of time and nationality might demand. Only those fundamental objects were enacted which were to be the eternal and unchangeable pursuit of the Salvation Army so long as a single sinner remained to be saved.

At a subsequent date the new name of the Christian Mission (the Salvation Army), which had not been hitherto officially recognised, was endorsed upon the Deed, provision for such an alteration having been reserved.

The Conference, or War Congress, as it had been re-baptised, was of the most enthusiastic character. Indeed, there was little room for anything but unqualified gratitude to God concerning the remarkable progress which Mr. Booth was enabled to report. Dur-

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Age 49.

*The Deed
Poll.*

*The new
name.*

Statistics.

*1878,
Age 49.* ing the previous year the stations had increased from 29 to 50; the evangelists from 31 to 88; the regular speakers from 625 to 1,086, of whom 355 were women; the weekly indoor services from 161 to 313; the weekly open-air services from 224 to 355; the average Sunday night congregations from 11,675 to 27,280; and the number of persons professing salvation (the chief criterion by which the results of so much effort were to be judged) from 4,632 to 10,762. During the month that followed the Conference 14 more towns were opened, and the number of evangelists increased from 88 to 102. In the succeeding month an equal number of new openings took place, and although in some cases, as might be expected, rebuffs and disappointments were experienced, the Army advanced, on the whole, with a rapidity which far surpassed anything in its previous history. At the conclusion of the year (1878) the Army was able to report 81 corps, 127 officers (of whom 101 had been converted at its own meetings), and 1,987 public speakers. Besides the above, 141 of the Army's converts and 83 of its regular members had become ministers, missionaries, evangelists, Bible-women, and colporteurs in the service of other religious organisations.

The early objects of the Salvation Army have been so clearly epitomised by the General in an article written early in 1879, and are so exactly those of later years, that we cannot do better than quote from it the following paragraphs:

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The General's epitome. What a strange name! What does it mean? Just what it says—a number of people joined together after the fashion of an army; and, therefore, it is an army, and an army for the purpose of carrying salvation through the land; neither more nor less than that. If it be wise and lawful and desirable for

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men to be banded together and organized after the best method possible to liberate an enslaved nation, establish it in liberty, and overcome its foes, then surely it must be wise and lawful and desirable for the people of God to join themselves together, after the fashion most effective and forcible, to liberate a captive world, and to overcome the enemies of God and man.

So at least it is understood by the Salvation Army. This is the idea which originated and developed and fashioned it in the past, and which dominates and propels it to-day. Let us look at it. What is this work we have in hand? To subdue a rebellious world to God. And what is the question to which many anxiously ask an answer? How is it most likely to be accomplished? Now, there are some things on which we may reckon all to be agreed:

1. That if ever the world, or any part of it, is subdued, it will be by the instrumentality of man.
2. By holy men—saved, spiritual, divine men.
3. By men using substantially the same means as were used by the first apostles; that is, preaching, praying, believing, etc.
4. That all that is effected will be by the co-operation and power of the Holy Ghost, given through and because of the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now on these lines how could a number of the Lord's disciples conduct themselves in order the most effectually to succeed in the direction of discipling all nations, subduing the world to God?

Supposing 5,000 godly men and women presented themselves at St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow, saying, "We are so deeply impressed with the awful spiritual condition and peril of the world that we cannot rest; the word of the Lord is as a fire in our bones, and the love of souls is such a constraining power in our hearts that it will not let us remain idle; we want to join in a holy crusade for the redemption of mankind. Take us and all we have and use us in the way most likely to accomplish this end." What in such a case could best be done? How could these 5,000 burning hearts be used with the greatest force and likelihood of success? Let us see. It seems to us that substantially something like the following answer must be given:

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I. The 5,000 must work in COMBINATION, and that the most complete and perfect possible. To separate and scatter them, leaving them to work out varying plans, would surely be unwise. No, no. Two working in combination will accomplish more than two in separation. Why?

1. Combination gives the strength which flows from sympathy. The knowledge that if one is sore pressed, wounded, a thousand hearts feel with him, that if he falls they will shout victory o'er his grave, follow him in imagination to "the river," and anticipate meeting him again before the throne, will be stimulus unutterable; will make him willing to face enemies, loss, death, and devils.

2. Combination gives confidence. There is wonderful power in the consciousness that a multitude are shouldering the same weapons, engaged in the same conflict, marching to the same music, under the same standard, for the destruction of the common foe. Confidence makes men into heroes.

Man imitates and emulates. 3. Combination gives the power which comes from example. Man imitates. The deeds of daring and self-denial, and sacrifice done here will be talked about, and printed, and written about and imitated there. Men emulate. In every company there will be spirits more courageous and daring than others, and so all through the 5,000. These will lead and the rest will follow.

Must act under one head.

II. But such combination or oneness of action will only be possible with ONENESS OF DIRECTION. If all are to act together all must act on one plan, and therefore all must act under one head. Twenty different heads, according to the nature and experience and history of heads, will produce twenty different plans with twenty different methods for their accomplishment, clashing and hindering each other more or less. Then what next? Difference of opinion, of feeling, of following, of action. Disagreement, confusion, separation, destruction. 'I am of Paul' and 'I am of Apollos' soon leads, so far as the actuality of things is concerned, to being of nothing save wrangling and the devil.

Subordinate leadership.

Bring in your earthly usages. How do men ordinarily act? Do you want to tunnel a mountain, bridge a river, manage a railway, or conquer a nation? Is it committeeed? Did a committee build the ark? emancipate the Israelites?—or ever command, or judge, or govern them after they were emancipated?

If you will keep the unity of your 5,000, one mind must direct and lead them. Is this direction of one mind all the direction needed? By no means. Subordinate leadership there must be in all manner of directions; all the talent in this direction possessed by the 5,000 must be called into play; but one controlling, directing will must be acknowledged, accepted, and implicitly followed, if you are to keep the unity of the 5,000, and make the most of it for God and man.

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1. Then, of course, you will train the 5,000. An army without training, without drill, would be simply a loose, helpless mob, a source of weakness and danger, impossible to hold together without training and drill. And this 5,000 will be little better, though every one of them may now have a heart full of zeal for God and love to man; so we must train them and that to the uttermost. We must teach them how to fight, how to fight together, and how to fight in the very best way. Train them in the industrious, practical, and self-sacrificing discharge of their duties. Develop what gifts they possess, and help them to acquire others. Let every one have a chance. God is no respecter of persons, nor sex either; neither must you be. Every gift you need is here; they only want calling forth and cultivating and you will be fully provided for war. But, mind: you must train and teach and develop—no pipe-clay soldiers will be of any service here—and establish your army in actual service. In earthly armies something may be done in making soldiers with marchings and inspections and drillings in the barrack-square, far away from the din and smoke of actual war, but not so here: they must learn as they fight and fight while they learn. They will train most rapidly in the ranks; and only in the ranks, on the field, with the flag of victory waving over them, can they be made into veterans, and inspired with that feeling, or conviction, or whatever it may be, that will make them assured that they are the soldiers of the Most High, and therefore invincible, unconquerable, and all-conquering.

*"Train to
the utter-
most,"*

2. When you have trained your 5,000 you will *sort* them. You will put the right man in the right place, and for every place you will have a man. Gifts differ. You will want the head, and the eye, and the ear, and the hands, and the feet, and you will have heads, and eyes, and ears, and hands in abundance. You want infantry, and cavalry, and engineers,

*and sort
them.*

1878,
Age 49. and transports, and every other arm needed to make up a mighty force, and you have all, or you will by your training make all, and to all you must assign the place for which they are adapted and needed.

*Implicit
obedience,
for God's
work.* 3. Then, of course, there must be *obedience*. If the 5,000 are to act together, and to act on one plan, it will be self-evident that it can only be effected by implicit obedience. If it were otherwise—if the officers of the Salvation force can only express their wishes for those composing it to act in some particular manner, which said wishes can be received or rejected as they may appear pleasant—then anything like certain and foreseen action is impossible. But if it is known and assured that the 5,000 will act as directed, then the most important measures can be devised and executed with exactest certainty. If a desired course of action will only be taken on its recommending itself to the judgment, the leadings, the impulses, the feelings of each individual, then you can be sure of nothing except confusion, defeat, and destruction.

*and the
world's
work.* Try this on any of the aforesaid human undertakings, and where will you soon be? Any great commercial enterprise, for instance; will not the very speedy result be bankruptcy? Or war. Try it in the presence of the enemy. Let every man fight as he is led, or every regiment charge up the hill and storm the redoubt, or do any other deadly, murderous deeds, according as they are resolved upon after discussion, and votes, and majorities, and where will you be? What sort of telegrams will you send home to an expectant country, and what sort of a welcome back will those of you that are left receive? No! obedience is the word. Somebody who knows what they are doing TO DIRECT, and then simple, unquestioning obedience. Obedience for earthly business and earthly war, and obedience for God's business and God's army.

*Push for-
ward!* 4. And, lastly, having organized and developed and disciplined your army, it must be used, employed, and that to the uttermost. Nothing demoralizes Salvation soldiers more than inactivity. Idleness is stark ruin, and the devil's own opportunity. Push forward; never heed the number or position of your foes or the impossibility of overcoming them. Your Salvation Army has been made to accomplish the impossible and conquer that which to human calculations cannot be over-

come. Forward! If you will only go forward, and go forward on the lines here indicated, you will go forward to fulfil the commission of your Divine Captain: the discipling of all nations, the subjugation and conquest of the world.

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Age 49.

The Salvation Army had now fairly entered the public arena, and it was not long before it became "the observed of all observers." The newspapers, those modern Athenians who spend "their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," spied the infant prodigy, and their columns, usually destitute of a particle of religion, soon teemed with comments, which, could they be collected, would require the lifetime of a Methuselah to read through, and would represent as veritable a Babel of contradictions as were ever written upon any subject in so brief a space of time.

*News-
paper
comments.*

Somehow, everybody felt qualified to pass an opinion upon the Salvation Army, from the little whipper-snapper who shouted "There goes Jesus!" as the bonneted sisters passed down the street, to the almost deified editor who sent forth his oracular utterances day by day to his votaries all over the world, and received from them the coppery tributes of their adoration. If diatribes, tirades, and philippics could have annihilated the Salvation Army it would surely have perished long ago. Its first appearance was a signal for a storm of abuse and ridicule which for violence and persistence has probably seldom been equalled in the world. Like David, it might truly say, "The ploughers ploughed upon my back; they made long their furrows." "Strong bulls of Bashan" beset it around, gaping upon it "with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion."

*Storms of
abuse.*

Anybody and everybody felt they must have a fling. It was quite safe to do so. They knew they would

*In full
chase.*

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not be hit back. Here were people who when struck on the one cheek were actually willing to turn the other to the smiter also, and who when robbed by a brutal mob of their coat were willing to offer to an unsympathising bench the cloak of their liberty and rights as British subjects. It was "sport" to crush the fly, because it was not a wasp, and could not sting! The "noble field" had caught sight of the religious stag and was soon in full chase. The journalist blew the horn, and great was the company of hunters and huntresses, and countless the packs of ready hounds that joined in the pursuit. Who was not there? Every shade of society had its representative.

*Nothing
new.*

Not that it was anything so very new, after all. What century and what generation and what nationality has not had its similar stag, which it has hounded to death, "from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias, whom they slew between the temple and the altar," and onward to the present day, through a truly apostolic succession of saints and martyrs?

Looking back upon the history of the past thirteen years, it seems nothing short of miraculous that the Salvation Army should have survived the whirlwind of criticism to which from its very infancy it has been exposed. Well was it that Providence had placed at its helm two hearts unflinching, two wills unwavering, who clung to their post with the desperate tenacity of a faith which increased as storm after storm was weathered. Thus wave after wave that threatened to engulf the vessel but carried it more swiftly toward its destination, compelling the very "wrath of man to praise" its Divine Controller.

*Common
cause.*

For the time being, however, all seemed with one consent to make common cause in levelling a lance

at the obnoxious intruder upon the religious quietude of the world. Earls, countesses, justices, mayors, aldermen, professors, literati, scientists, sermonists, novelists, cartoonists, satirists, reporters, journalists, showered upon its devoted head anathemas sufficient to have relegated it summarily to a purgatorial limbo from which it should never have returned. Remarks cynical, whimsical, hypocritical, nonsensical, inquisitorial, dictatorial, dogmatical and, generally speaking, wiseacreical were belched forth upon it like showers of bullets from a mitrailleuse.

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Liliputian nobodies from the land of pigmydom *Small and great.* strutted out, stretching themselves to the very utmost limits of their insignificance, and aiming their poisoned shafts of envy and calumny at those who had dared to overstep their mental and spiritual invisibility. Intellectual Goliaths, whose *ipse dixit* was wafted through the world on journalistic wings, stalked forth with ponderous shield and weighty spear, to throw down the gauntlet to this "army of the living God" which had dared to raise the standard of revolt against the heathenish Philistinism of modern Christendom. Those who knew least bragged loudest, and those who were the most shortsighted prophesied with the utmost confidence.

A coroneted religious luminary in England's sky discovered in the Salvation Army the magic number of the Beast of Revelation, though in what respects the one resembled the other any more than he did himself would be difficult indeed to discover. No canon of interpretation was given. None was asked. It was enough to brand the object with another's misdeeds, and gibbet it, not for what it had been or done, but for what it might some day become.

"The
Beast of
Revela-
tion."

"Jesuitry," cried another self-constituted "defender

"Jesuit-
ry."

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of the faith" to those who did not even know what Jesuitry meant; who had never studied its history, nor copied its devices, and whose pure and holy lives bore witness to the falseness of the charge. But how could one judge who had never been to a meeting in her life, and who closed her door upon those who would have sought her out to explain what she might have misunderstood, or to learn from her the higher altitudes upon which she would have had them construct their morality? But this titled upholder of orthodox Protestantism, this daughter of freedom-boasting Switzerland, could incite maddened mobs and jealous priests and unfriendly governments to tear in pieces, shoot, imprison, stab, stone, and shed the blood of those with whom she would not even pray! Had a Chinese mandarin or Mohammedan dervish done the same Great Britain would probably have declared war, and outraged Christendom have united to demand an apology.

A "rope of sand." Others of the critics were of a less rabid character. The Salvation Army they loftily pronounced to be a "rope of sand." It did not possess in their estimation the elements of durability. It would soon die a natural death. It had long ago attained the zenith of its success. And now it was on the wane. It was a notorious fact that it was not what it had been, nor could it ever be so again. But, alas, for their prophetic spirits! The papery mausoleum which they had prepared with infinite trouble to receive its last remains continued empty. The swan-like requiems were left unsung. The Salvation Army was a long time wan-

ing, and never reached the point at which it could be correctly said to be "quite dead."

A close parallel. Many a time the journalistic gibbet was erected, and the editorial executioner prepared to bandage the

eyes and give the culprit his last swing into space. But at the critical moment, when all eyes were fixed, some royal messenger came dashing round the corner with the unwelcome reprieve, and not unfrequently the modern Haman, after leading Mordecai through the streets amid the applause of an admiring city, in royal apparel, upon the King's own charger, found himself swinging upon the gallows fifty cubits high that he had erected. Verily, history repeats itself! What closer parallel to the Jewish story could well be found than in the funereal honors heaped on Mrs. Booth and the magnificent ovation subsequently offered to the General in the Antipodes, together with his unprecedented welcome home to England?

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But it would be vain to attempt to exhaust the endless stream of idle tales and groundless slanders which have more or less flowed on from that hour forward. "Take no notice of them! March straight on!" were the General's orders to his soldiers, when surrounded with a howling East End mob. And the same directions were not only given to but acted on by the rank and file in regard to the abuse and vituperation showered upon them from all quarters. "Answer them not a word," as Hezekiah said to his people upon the wall, when Rabshakeh sought to shake their fidelity.

"Take no
notice of
them."

It was, however, Mrs. Booth's special lot to handle these assailants, and for the sake of well-meaning but puzzled friends and supporters to reply to their calumnies. She did so, as is well known, with her usual trenchancy, and indeed her remarkable personality and obvious single-mindedness did almost more to dispel doubt and restore confidence than did even the unanswerable arguments with which she met her opponents. She reminded the critics that not a few of

Mrs.
Booth's
special
lot.

**1878,
Age 49.** them lived in glass houses, and that the stones which they were flinging at the Army were calculated to inflict far greater damage if thrown back upon themselves.

Only one standard. She was willing that the Army should be judged by any human standard, Scriptural or otherwise, but she insisted that it should be on condition that the same standard should be applied to themselves. She would not consent to an angelic or Adamic ideal being set up for the one and not for the other. If the Army were to be judged by such lofty conceptions of morality then by all means let the churches and the world be measured by the same, and let them be their own judges as to who came nearest to the model. To such considerations there was but one reply possible on the part of any who were honestly willing to be convinced.

Why such opposition? It is not a little difficult to understand the philosophy of the criticism and other forms of opposition through which the Salvation Army has found it necessary to fight its way to its present position of acknowledged usefulness and success. Here was an organisation that existed for the benefit of its fellow-men. With the purest and most philanthropic motives were coupled the most disinterested and self-denying lives. It could not have been the mere peculiarity of the measures that provoked enmity. For others had been similarly assailed in bygone days who had relied upon no such methods for attracting attention. This may have been the excuse, but it was no more than an excuse, and a flimsy one at best. Had these methods not existed, or had they been widely different, some other ground for objection would doubtless have been invented.

Perhaps one reason for this, as we have heard Mrs.

Booth remark, is “the spirit of selfishness, which seems so inveterate in the human race.”

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Few are sufficiently noble to ask themselves, in facing the appearance of a new phenomenon, “What good will it do?” The first question is, “How will it affect ME?” The whole world is surveyed from this narrow standpoint. Its great problems are solved in the light of this farthing dip! The horizon of modern society is bounded by the length and breadth of individual private petty interests. Selfishness pervades the atmosphere. The Salvation Army bursts in upon the scene. The publican says, “What will become of my customers?” The debauchee says, “The victims of my lust will slip through my fingers!” The politician says, “I shall lose my votes.” The lover of ease says, “They will disturb my neighbourhood.” The man of business says, “What can I make out of them?” The minister over the way says, “Will my people run away to them?” The journalist says, “Which will increase my circulation best: to praise or blame—to approve or to condemn?” And as in the estimation of each, rightly or wrongly, the answer comes back, so the sails are trimmed and the helm turned!

*Perhaps
selfish-
ness.*

But, whatever be the cause, it is a sorry spectacle, and calculated to make the hearts of the true followers of God bleed, to see the world fling its sword into the scale against those who would be its benefactors. Who can tell how often the “Woe to the vanquished!” of these Goths and Vandals of modern society has sealed the doom of some nascent effort to bless and cheer mankind, and how many a possible Rome it has consigned to the flames before its day! These Herods seek for the “Babe,” it is true, as diligently as did the wise men of the East themselves, but it is too often

*A sorry
spectacle.*

**1878,
Age 49.** to slay rather than to worship Him. Strange that, when the conflagration of sin and misery is at its height, those who profess to hold in their hands the hose should turn it, not upon the fire, but on the heads of those whose sole desire it is to give their life's blood in contributing to quench the flames. But what we may not understand we can at least patiently endure, and, in the stirring words of Mrs. Booth, in a letter to a friend:

*"And
after it
we must
go."*

"We go on through floods and storms and flames, God is with us, and out of this movement He is going to resuscitate the Acts of the Apostles. We see the pillar of cloud, and after it we must go. It may be that the rich and the genteel will draw off from us. They did so when the Master neared the vulgar cross and the vulgar crowd. But we cannot help it. We are determined to cleave to the cross, yea, the cross between two thieves, if that will save the people!"

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

HALLELUJAH LASSES. 1877-78.

"THE pôlis [police] could do nowt wi' me! The magistrays could do nowt wi' me! But yon little lass could do owt wi' me that she likes!" The speaker was a tall, burly iron-worker in the North of England. The tears in his eyes emphasized his words. He had been a drunkard and a desperate character, but now, like the man out of whom the legion of devils had been cast, he was "clothed and in his right mind," a wonder to all the town and country-side, and almost broken-hearted, because the meeting that was then being held was the farewell of the young girl who had been the means of leading him to Christ. Verily, it was "not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit" that so wonderful a change had been wrought. Hundreds in that same town could testify to a similar revolution in their lives.

And yet there was nothing very remarkable either in the appearance or the words of the one to whom under God they owed their salvation. There were none of the flashy gewgaws and not a vestige of the hollow claptrap that serve to constitute the attraction of the stage or circus. The dress was severely neat, Quakerish, Puritanical—not a feather, flower, or

*"The pôlis
could do
nowt."*

*"Yon
little
lass."*

*1877,
Age 48.* furbelow to be seen. The demeanor was in keeping with the attire—modest, unassuming, simplicity personified. The language was that of everyday life—plain, almost commonplace—and could not have been more destitute of the artificialities of rhetoric. And yet there was eloquence, but it was the eloquence of nature; which as much transcends the most polished flights of art as the note of the nightingale does the ding-dong of the belfry or the roar of Niagara the salvo of saluting cannon.

*Modest
and neat.
Hearts
respond.* There was no need to “gild” the already “refined gold,” “to paint the lily, or add a perfume to the violet.” And as in the limpid waters of a pool the starlit sky stoops, so to speak, and imprints itself upon earth, thus the hearts of that vast audience were made to reflect the burning words that fell from the speaker’s lips, till it seemed as if, to a man, their feelings might be summed up in the convert’s expressive utterance, “Yon lass can do owt wi’ me that she likes.”

*The
grave-
clothes of
preju-
dice.* After being repressed and buried for centuries beneath a couple of misquoted Pauline texts, woman, like Lazarus of old, had heard the voice of her Saviour bidding her “come forth,” and to Mrs. Booth was reserved the special privilege of fulfilling the Master’s bidding in loosing her fellow-sisters from the grave-clothes of prejudice and letting them go forth upon their errand of mercy—the salvation of the world. The Lord had given the word, and great had been the company of women warriors—Hallelujah Lasses, as they were popularly styled—who went forth, and who helped in 1878 to turn the ebbing tide into the onward flow of victory.

*Like a
romance.* Shock after shock had the Christian Mission experienced in its early days from the Judases who had

betrayed its cause at Brighton, Portsmouth, and Leicester, seeking to snatch for themselves, in the very hour of victory, the credit and results that belonged to God and humanity. But the standard which they had ignobly surrendered was seized by a bright brave troop of modern Deborahs and Jaels, the record of whose acts would read more like a religious romance than the sober happenings of history.

1877,
Age 48.

Sometimes the Salvation Army is blamed for ignoring the achievements of others. As a matter of fact, neither time nor space has yet been found to relate our own. There is no need to fill our columns with ancient history, or to roam the world and ransack the churches in order to discover stirring examples of devotion and self-sacrifice. We cannot pause to canonise the dead of centuries gone by while a living host of saints and martyrs take their place and carry on the work. It is scarcely too much to say that there are more luminaries in a square yard of Salvation Army sky than in the entire span of many a century-old organisation. Thrilling incidents and biographies wait the pen of the future historian. But for the present, unless they are chronicled in heaven, they are scarcely chronicled at all.

A living host.

There was Kate Shepherd, the heroine of the Rhondda Valley in Wales, the leader of one of the most powerful revivals the world has ever seen. Buildings were too small to contain the crowds who flocked to listen to the girl-preacher. For hours together, in the open air, under the shadow of the Welsh mountains, the people by thousands would hang upon her lips. And when with lifted face and closed eyes, standing in her cart-pulpit, she burst into a torrent of prayer, it seemed as if a pin-fall would have jarred upon the breathless silence of the audience. Kate's

Kate
Shepherd.

*In her
cart-
pulpit.*

1877,
Age 48.

power in prayer was unique. It was not so much what she said, as the way she said it. "O Lord, Lord, You know they are *mis-cr-a-ble!*" she would begin, and the heart of every sinner in the congregation seemed to echo back, almost audibly, "You know we are miserable!"

*God's saving grace.**"Won't you come?"**Hundreds of converts.**Ten years of labour.**Not fac-similes.*

The prayer finished, the clear, sweet voice would ring through the air in some popular refrain adapted to spiritual words, which were heartily taken up by the crowd. And then followed a simple testimony to God's saving grace, and appeal upon appeal for every sinner to decide then and there the question of his soul's salvation. "Won't you come? You'll be sorry for it some day! Yes, you WILL!" And the large, dark, earnest eyes, brimful of tears, enforced the argument with a pathetic power, alas, too lacking in the pulpit ministrations of to-day. No wonder that hundreds upon hundreds of the roughest class flocked like little children to the penitent-form, and entered the kingdom of heaven through the labours of the girl of seventeen who had dropped suddenly down into their midst like an angel from the skies.

For ten years she continued her faithful and successful labours, neither daunted by opposition nor puffed up by flatteries such as might have excited the vanity of many a more experienced labourer. Six offers of marriage during the first seven weeks, including two from ministers, did not cause her to falter or draw back from the path of duty; and when at length, prematurely worn out by the exhausting toil of her early years, she married, and retired from public life, she manifested in private the Christian graces which had made her ministry so successful.

It would be easy to multiply instances of a similar character. Indeed, where so many have excelled, it

seems invidious to select individual names for special mention. It is only as types of the rest that we have ventured to single out a few of the most prominent. For these ministering women were not mere facsimiles of each other. Some were quiet and reserved, others loud and demonstrative. Some struggled on amid tears and fears, others enjoyed boisterously high spirits. But in courage, faith, love, and zeal it would be difficult to say which excelled.

1877.
Age 48.

The very opposite of the Kate Shepherd class was the notorious "Happy Eliza;" an excellent specimen of the ready-for-anything spirit which has from the first characterized the Salvation Army. When stationed with Mrs. Reynolds at Nottingham, the usual advertisements having failed to draw the crowd, she marched through the town with streamers floating from her hair and jacket and a placard across her back, "I am Happy Eliza!"

"Happy
Eliza."

The respectables were more than ever scandalised, but the denizens of the public-houses and slums forsook their ale-pots and street-brawls to have a look at the wide-mouthed, loud-voiced, fearless preacheress who had rushed like a whirlwind through their haunts, and who evidently understood so well their language and their habits.

*Like a
whirl-
wind.*

When a herd of wild elephants have been captured in the East it is customary to send some tamed ones into their midst to fraternize with them and induce them to submit to their new and strange surroundings. Acting upon this principle the Christian Mission preferred to select for their agents those who had been born and bred in the dark depths of civilisation's jungledom. Happy Eliza was one of these. Fear was not to be found in her vocabulary. She knew and cared as little about the rules and regulations of

*One of
them-
selves.*

**1877,
Age 48.** conventionality as did the human outlaws of society who were the objects of her attention. The game she was pursuing fought shy of the ways and words of civilised society. The religious trap set to catch them was no doubt very excellent, but unfortunately they had grown wary and would not walk inside,

This woman-Nimrod. But this woman-Nimrod, this "mighty hunter before the Lord," instead of waiting for the prey to come to her, had followed it to its remotest hiding-place. And not in vain. The hall was soon filled. Scores of the most desperate characters were saved, and Happy Eliza was soon marching backward down the streets, waving her fiddlestick and leading on a procession of converted ruffians, and encouraging them to

"Shout aloud Salvation, boys! We'll have another song!
 Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along:
 Sing it as our fathers sang it many a million strong,
 As they went marching to glory!"

A household word. It was not long before Happy Eliza's name became a household word throughout England. To the roughs she was the very type and embodiment of the Salvation Army spirit. Not a bonneted soldier could pass through the streets without having the name shouted after them. Music-hall ballads, by being dedicated to her, ensured their popularity. Dolls and toys received her name, while sweetmeats imprinted with the magic title commanded a ready sale among the little street urchins, with whom "*a 'aporth o' appy 'Lizas*" possessed an irresistible attraction. And when a little later she was transferred to Marylebone, where an old theatre was to be opened, the same spirit of daring don't-careism secured the same glorious results. There were neither soldiers nor bands to advertise her. But she was equal to the

*Daring
deeds, and
glorious
results.*

occasion. A four-wheeler was hired. With brass instruments inside and a drum on the box, Happy Eliza took up her position on the luggage-railed roof, and drove through the streets, alternately playing her fiddle and distributing thousands of handbills which announced the coming meetings. The story of the work that followed would fill an interesting volume of its own. How could such desperate go-aheadism fail to secure the results at which it aimed? Happy Eliza is still living. After years of faithful service she married a fellow-officer whose health broke down. Ordered abroad, to a warmer climate, both are now labouring in connection with a missionary society for the salvation of the heathen. Eliza visited the old country not long since, and called upon her comrades. Times were not quite so lively, she admitted, as when she had "stormed the forts of darkness" in "heathen England." But who can tell the value of the training that these mothers in Israel will give to a generation yet to rise up and follow in their footsteps?

Another character of the indomitable sort was Chinee Smith. Clogged and trampled on by a rough Lancashire mob, her bonnet torn from her head and her shoes from her feet, she marched in her stockings through the streets, her hair streaming down her back, took her place on the platform, and went on with the service as if nothing had happened. Of course the hall was packed to suffocation, and before the meeting closed souls were seeking salvation.

The beat of the much-abused Army drum, almost the first time its now familiar echoes were ever heard in the streets, drew from the tap-room of a provincial town a bevy of wild young girls, bent upon a mischievous frolic at the expense of the processionists. It was a miserable drizzling evening, but the Captain

1878,
Age 49.

*Chinee
Smith.*

*Drawn by
the drum-beat.*

**1878,
Age 49.** halted for the usual open-air meeting, and was soon surrounded by a fine crowd—the *élite* of the adjacent slummuries; people who took little notice of the weather, and who felt more at home with the slush under foot and the rain patterning down from above than, I was going to say, in the finest cathedral in the land. But the comparison would be a mockery.

Could not go to church. There were few in that crowd who ever crossed the threshold of church or chapel. How could they go? They carried their scanty wardrobes on their backs, and whenever the long-deferred washing-day came round it was spent in bed, or rather in an apology for such, while the clothes were drying. What verger would have admitted, what congregation would have tolerated, the presence of such a tatterdermalion throng?

Tender hearts in slumdom. But here they were on their own ground and in their own element. There was no one to criticise them. Indeed, it was their turn to be the critics, and criticise they freely did, with a caustic humour that was certainly less tedious than the insipid common-places of an after-sermon supper-table. The Captain's voice was hoarse. No wonder. Seven open-air and ten indoor meetings a week would be calculated to try the strongest lungs and throat. But the hoarseness of the Captain's voice preached a better sermon than any of the speaker's words to at least one heart in that rough audience. For, strange as it may seem to some, in the lowest depths of slumdom hearts are to be found as tender and as beautiful as ever beat within the breast of womanhood.

One of the rough crowd. It has been said that the crime, vice, and misery that stamp the poor are less conscience-searing than the pride, luxury, and formality of the upper classes. Perhaps it is because the former carry their own condemnation, while the latter hide their sin beneath the

veneer of appearances. Whether this be so or not, the Captain would have surely felt rewarded had she known that among that rude, rough, jeering crowd, apparently so hardened in their sins, so indifferent to the claims of God, so careless of their own highest interests, the arrow shot at a venture had struck between the joints of the harness one who was to be so signally used in the saving of souls. It was the leader of the gang of girls who had rushed out of the public-house.

1878,
Age 49.

What could be more unlikely than that "Nick," of all others, should be converted, join the Salvation Army, and become one of its most successful officers? She had not an ounce of religion about her. Neither church nor Sunday school had exercised any leavening influences. Her rich contralto voice had made her a welcome visitor at the public-houses and music-halls of her native town. Her mischief-loving propensities and her born capacity for command had made her ringleader of a band of girls, in captaining whom she gained some of the experience that was to prove so useful in after days.

*Nick's
training.*

But one incident of her childhood discloses a pleasing feature in her character, foreshadowing in a measure the future that was in store. Her father in a drunken rage was rushing at her mother, knife in hand, when the child sprang at him, wrenched the knife from his grasp, and fled as fast as her feet could carry her. She had made good her escape, when she tripped and fell upon the blade, losing the sight of one eye by the sad accident. Many an audience has since been deeply moved at the recital of this act of heroism on the part of the mother-loving girl. But at the time it made little impression and produced no difference in her life.

*One
incident.*

1878,
Age 49.

*Con-
science-
smitten.*

*Her last
spree.*

On the present occasion, however, "Nick" was for once subdued. "What brings the Captain out on such a night as this, and with her voice in such a state?" she soliloquised to herself, restraining her unruly followers, and passing word that the "lark" was to be deferred till they had reached the barracks. Ranging themselves in a row across the hall, the turbulent group took up their position and awaited their leader's signal to commence the fun. But the signal never came. The conscience-smitten girl had taken part in her last "spree." The tears were in her eyes. Deep conviction was followed by genuine repentance and true conversion. She could do nothing by halves. She must needs join as a soldier, march, sing, testify, and toil for souls. So consistent was her life that when, after two years' faithful service, she was accepted as a candidate for the work, her companions in the factory where she had been employed presented her with a Bible, as a mark of their good-will and affection.

*Pot-hooks
and
hangers.*

It was a long time before "Nick" could be persuaded by her leaders that she possessed the gifts necessary to make her a successful officer. But at length she placed herself in God's hands and theirs, and was one of the first cadets to enter the Women's Training Home. Here she was for the first time introduced to the mysteries of pot-hooks and hangers and other literary elements. She set to work with a will, determined to master everything that was likely to increase her future usefulness. But it was hard work at first, as may be guessed from the story of one of her early experiences: "The Captain came, and looking at my copybook said, 'The A's is very good, but the B's is awful bad!' Well, I saluted her—I knew how to do that as well as anybody—and look-

ing up to her I says, ‘Please, mum, which is ’em?’ But it was not long before Nick discovered the difference between her A’s and B’s, together with much other useful information. To describe her nine years’ successful career as an officer within these limits is impossible. She has been the means of leading hundreds, if not thousands, of souls to Christ, and has been placed in charge of one of the London Training Garrisons—a doctor of salvation theology who was graduated in the practical school of success, and is now preparing others for the same great work.

It would be easy to go on multiplying similar instances of the sort of women who, inspired by Mrs. Booth’s example, have risen up in thousands and tens of thousands all over the world, and have followed in her footsteps, exchanging lives of useless drudgery or idleness for superhuman efforts on behalf of the perishing.

But “what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of” these latter-day prophetesses, who have “through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness been made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.”

1878,
Age 49.

“Which
is ’em?”

An
S. T. D.

*Tens of
thous-
ands.*

“Time
would
fail me to
tell.”

1879,
Age 50.

*Pray for
Lancas-
shire.*

said as we went home, 'I am fairly astonished at the behaviour of the roughs, seeing that most of them had been Sunday scholars.' So much for teaching the *letter without the spirit!* This is the hardest county we have touched yet. As I looked upon their hard and careworn faces I thought I discovered the reason. Set to work at the cotton mills as soon as they can well walk, and often kept at it fourteen hours a day by wicked, inhuman parents and employers! Poor things! God will judge them according to their *disadvantages*. Oh, if they only realized what a new life we would bring to them, and what joys and hopes to illumine their sunless horizon! But, alas, as of old, 'they know not what they do.' Pray, dear, for Lancashire. Your prayers now shall avail much."

*Newcastle
and
Gates-
head.*

*Unparal-
leled
reception.*

Among other places, a glorious work had broken out in the twin cities of Newcastle and Gateshead. It will be remembered under what peculiarly painful circumstances Mr. and Mrs. Booth had left this neighbourhood after the Conference of 1861. Little did they dream that their return at the end of eighteen years would be such an exceptionally triumphal one. The six girl officers who had been sent to captain these towns had swept all before them in one glorious Salvation avalanche. The largest public halls could not contain the crowds who flocked to listen to them. The poor heard the Gospel preached to them with a simplicity and an unction that carried conviction to every heart. The mouth of gainsayers was for once effectually stopped. To make the best of the opportunity Mr. Booth proclaimed a great Council of War which was to last for three days. Mrs. Booth accompanied him to their old field of labour. To say that their reception was without a parallel in the religious history of the great northern metropolis but faintly describes the enthusiasm of the occasion. True, it was very largely confined to the poor—the poorest of the poor. But it was none the less phenomenal.

Writing to her daughter Emma to join her in witnessing the mighty work, she says:

1879,
Age 50.

*Letter to
Emma.*

"Yes, I want you to come. Try and get the children into a good state of soul before you leave them. The Mayor was at the meeting the other night. When shaking hands with me he said, 'This is a most wonderful movement!' Next Sunday we shall have, at the lowest calculation, 9,000 people at our places in these two towns alone! *Hundreds* of the greatest roughs have been converted. And all through the instrumentality of six young women, humble, simple souls, full of love and zeal. Truly, God hath chosen the weak things!"

"Oh, my dear child, it makes me long to see you *all* at it in some way or other! Tell Eva and Lucy to get on and to get ready, but above all to keep their souls right. It is not to the clever, or talented, or educated that these things are given, but to the *whole-hearted and spiritual*. It was so in Christ's day and it is so now. You must get to work to train us some women. But you know, Emma, you must be fully one with us. I feel as though I had been wrong in criticising some of our folks and measures to you. I see that we cannot have a great movement among such a class of people without a lot of defects and weaknesses. But then God knows it all. And we are as weak in His sight in some things as they are in others. He has to make the best of *us*, and we must do the same in regard to others. You will see it better when you get more among the people. Your soul is too big not to enter into the opportunities of such a work with all your might. And I want you to get the children as much into sympathy with it as you can. I see what a power they may all be."

*He has to
make the
best of us.*

The reference to criticisms of men and measures on the part of Mrs. Booth and her daughter casts an interesting light upon the gradual evolution of the Salvation Army principles and practices. Some of the new developments came upon Mrs. Booth's previous tastes in the nature of a disagreeable surprise. They clashed with her feelings and prejudices. But where this was the case Mrs. Booth, in facing the ungainsayable results, gladly subordinated the dictates

*Gradual
evolution.*

1879,
Age 50.

*Why a
flag?*

*"We are
an army."*

*Symbol of
devotion.*

*Of faith-
fulness.*

"Yes, we are marching on! Some of our friends say, 'Well, but could you not march without a flag?' Yes, we could, and we have marched a long time and a long way without one; but we can march better *with* one, and that is the reason we have one.

"All armies have banners, and we are an army; we grew into one, and then we found it out, and called ourselves one. Every soldier of this army is pledged to carry the standard of the Cross into every part of the world, as far as he has opportunity. Our motto is, 'The world for Jesus.' We have all sworn fealty to the Lord Jesus Christ, and faithfulness to the Army, because it represents our highest conception of the work which He wants us to do.

"This flag is a symbol, first, of our *devotion* to our great Captain in heaven and to the great purpose for which His blood was shed—that He might redeem men and women from sin and death and hell! When a soldier enlists in the service of the Queen he gives up, not a little of his time, or of his money, or a part of his strength, talents or influence, but **HIMSELF!** So I trust every one who shall pledge himself to this flag will resolve to give himself or herself up absolutely—body, soul, and spirit; all he has, all he is, and all he can do—to be used up in the glorious service of his Master and King!

"Secondly. This flag is emblematical of our *faithfulness* to our great trust. Jesus only wants faithful soldiers in order to win the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. If Christian soldiers had been faithful in the past the world would have been won for Christ long ago! Why not? What a stir it has made because we have had 1,000 conversions in the Rhondda Valley in a few weeks; but on the day of Pentecost they had 3,000 in a few hours. When the Holy Ghost has fair play, and is allowed to use men and women as He likes, what are hours or weeks to Him? If God works, what does it signify about the instruments? Why did not the church launch out from that Pentecostal day in obedience to the command of her great General, to go and preach His Gospel to every creature, following the tactics of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, 'All things to all men,' that she might win them for Him? Oh, why? Because of the unfaithfulness of her soldiers!

She left her first simplicity, got entangled again with the yoke of bondage, and lost the fulness of the Spirit of Pentecost!

1879,
Age 50.

"May God help us to be *faithful*; to be 'faithful even unto death!' Sometimes soldiers are faithful unto trial—till hard marching, privations, short rations, cold, hunger, and death stare them in the face; then they strike their colours and desert. What does England say about such soldiers? And what will God say to those who desert His cause when tribulation comes? Soldiers of this Army, you must be faithful unto death, and then your King will give you a crown of life!"

*Even unto
death.*

"Ah, to be faithful unto death means a great deal. It means to be faithful when friends 'forsake us and flee,' when 'no man stands by us.' 'In perils among false brethren.' 'In perils by land and sea,' when 'suffering hunger,' as well as when we abound. 'Through evil as well as good report,' when men misrepresent and slander us, and smite us 'with the palms of their hands' and spit upon us!" Faithful at Pilate's bar, before magistrates and rulers, and before mobs of bullies and blackguards. Faithful to conscience, to principles, to man, and to God. Oh, that every one of us may faithfully follow our Lord right on to dark Gethsemane's garden, sweating under a sense of a world's guilt and misery, and offering strong crying and tears for its deliverance! Yes, and right on to the Cross! We cannot get further than that; but, bless Him, we can get as far. I know that you, my brethren and sisters, officers in this Army, have trials and hardships and sorrows and conflicts which nobody knows anything about save your great Captain in heaven, but He knows it all, and He says, 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life!' Oh, hallelujah!

*Faithful
to man
and
to God.*

"This flag is also an emblem of *victory*! When a soldier goes into a battle he may hope for victory, he may believe in victory, he may fight ever so valiantly for victory, but he is never sure of it. But in this war of ours victory is sure. WE SHALL WIN. The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our shield. He will put the crown on our heads with His own hand. His blessed lips will pronounce the 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Only be faithful to the cannon's mouth, or the martyr's block—only stand to your colours, and hold aloft the Cross—and victory is yours, and everlasting renown.

*Victory
sure.*

1879,
Age 50. "But by what power is this victory going to be achieved? By FIRE! The Holy Ghost. Fire is the most potent force in nature. Electricity, light, heat—all are fire. Everything must give way before fire. 'Some trust in chariots and some in horses,' but our trust is in the living fire—the Holy Ghost—to burn up our enemies inside, and melt down or frighten away our enemies outside.

By fire! "This fire of the Spirit can transform us as it did Peter, and make us not only bold enough to fight for our Lord but enthusiastic enough to be crucified for Him. This fire can penetrate into the thickest, blackest, and hardest of the ranks of the enemy. It can melt their helmets of steel, and break their breastplates of adamant. When our officers, crowned with this fire, charge on them, they are more discomfited than Pharaoh's hosts when the waters broke over them. They cry and howl for anguish of heart. Out of the belly of hell they cry aloud, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' They are smitten like persecuting Saul on his way to Damascus, and lo! they are changed into Pauls before we recognise them. This fire makes even the devil run; 'Paul I know, and Jesus I know,' said he to some would-be exorcists. 'But who are ye? You have not got the fire.'

It can penetrate. "O my comrades, all we want is enough of this fire and whole towns shall shake at our approach, and all hell be affrighted at our advance. True, we have a mighty task before us, but we have a mighty force. There is plenty of it, there is no stint; 'we are not straitened in Him,' we may have as much as we want. Oh, take it in! Let all go that occupies the room which it might have in your souls, and take your fill, and charge on the hosts of hell, and see whether they will not turn or flee! The time has come for *fire*. All other agents have been tried: intellect, learning, fine buildings, wealth, respectability, numbers. The great men and the mighty men and the learned men have all tried to cast out these devils before you, and have failed. TRY THE FIRE! There are legions of the enemies of our great King. Fire on them. There are the legions of strong drink, damning millions; of uncleanness, millions more; of debauchery, blasphemy, theft, millions more! Charge on them, pour the red-hot shot of the artillery of heaven on them, and they will fall by thousands!"

The flags were then handed to the respective

All else has failed.

officers, who accepted them in the name of the corps, promising fidelity to God and the Army in the great soul-saving work in which they were engaged.

1879,
Age 50.

On the next day, Sunday, an immense concourse of people, numbering some twenty thousand, assembled for the morning open-air demonstration, while at night twelve thousand persons were packed into the various buildings in which the great Salvation meetings were carried on.

Twenty
thousand
people.

The Council was continued morning, afternoon, and evening on Monday, closing with an all-night of prayer. To those who are the advocates of short sermons and brief services, limited to the conventional clock-marked minutes, such prolonged efforts, which have become increasingly frequent in the Salvation Army, must indeed appear surprising, especially when the character of the audience is considered. The speakers were not educated ministers, turned out of theological seminaries. The discourses were not library-manufactured, but mostly delivered on the spur of the moment. The listeners were not the educated classes, accustomed to bridle their natural feelings, and to go through the meetings as a sort of spiritual penance. And yet there they sat, hour after hour, spellbound, fascinated, glued to their seats, spiritually hypnotised for the time being.

*Close of
the
Council.*

Nor was it a mere transient effervescence; the wave of a political enthusiasm such as might greet the oration of a politician, without much practical result. Here were men and women whose ideas, actions, homes, and lives had been suddenly revolutionized. A change had taken place which could only be ascribed to Divine influences. Drunkards, wife-beaters, prize-fighters, horse-racers, pigeon-flyers, cock-fighters, harlots, and, in short, the very

*Not a
transient
feeling.*

**1879,
Age 50.**

dregs of society had been taken hold of, and in an incredibly short space of time transformed into good, law-abiding men and women, who were not merely converted themselves but in many instances were equally in earnest about the salvation of others!

At one of the concluding meetings of the Council Mrs. Booth said:

*Will the
Mission
last?*

"Some of our friends ask whether the Mission is going to last. I tell them it has lasted thirteen and a half years. It has grown on of its own aggressive and expansive force, through hurricanes of contempt, sarcasm, open and violent opposition, secret treachery, malignity, and slander. But it has grown on, like its Master, from the manger, and it is still growing in glory and in favour with God and all holy intelligences."

The following paragraphs appeared in the *Northern Echo*, and have a special interest of their own as being the earliest tribute to the work of the Salvation Army from the pen of the editor of the *Review of Reviews*:

*A marked
contrast.*

"The two most remarkable manifestations of the latest phases of religious sensationalism which have occurred of late in the north have taken place so near together that the public have a good opportunity of contrasting both their methods and their results. The enthronement of the Bishop of Durham in the Cathedral preceded only by a few days the prolonged spiritual orgy which has just been held under the auspices of the Hallelujah Lasses in Newcastle and Gateshead; and although they differed in almost every detail they possessed a substantial identity of principle. The services were addressed to different classes, but they both relied upon a like principle to produce like results. The contrast between the two services is so marked that many will feel their sense of propriety outraged at the mere suggestion that they can be compared.

"In one, every aid that art could bring to the service of religion was employed in order to inspire those present with reverence and awe.

"All the seductive influences of ecclesiastical art were em-



ARTHUR S. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

ployed without stint. There were the 'storied windows richly dight,' 'the pealing organ,' and 'the full-voiced choir,' whose 'service high and anthems clear' dissolved the poet into ecstasies, and brought all heaven before his eyes. All the clergy of the diocese, habited in snowy surplice and many-coloured hoods, defiled in long procession down the nave and took up positions in the choir and beneath the tower, adding thereby immensely to the beauty of the building.

"In the other case, the worshippers assembled within the walls of a theatre, in the public streets, or within the unfinished walls of a public hall. The services were conducted by men and women who were destitute of any pretensions to culture. In place of the organ on which Dr. Armes discoursed sweet music in the Cathedral, the Tyneside congregations had to content themselves with the solitary strains of the Hallelujah fiddle. Rough and shock-headed processionists following banners emblazoned with the representation of the sun at noonday, and bearing the rude mystic inscription, 'Blood and Fire,' while Hallelujah Lasses walking backwards, precentor fashion, supplied the place of the surprised procession of beneficed clergy. The Bishop and the Dean had as counterparts the 'Converted Sweep' and the 'Hallelujah Giant.' Only in one detail, that of taking a collection, were the two services identical.

"The anthems were faultlessly performed, and, as a sacred concert, the service in the Cathedral was unequalled; but, so far as genuine hearty praise is concerned, there may be more of that in the lusty chanting of the vigorous though ungrammatical war song of the Salvation Army, which contains the grotesque couplet:

"The devil and me, we can't agree;
I hate him, and he hates me,"

than in all the melodious renderings of Mendelssohn and Beethoven which delighted the audience in the Cathedral. As to results, the advantage is still on the same side. The service in the Cathedral no doubt roused devotional feelings in devout minds, and the earnest words of the Bishop must have produced a deep impression upon the minority who heard them; but the service left no more visible manifestations of its influence than the performance of an oratorio

1879,
Age 50.

*In the
cathedral.*

*The Tyneside con-
gregations.*

*In one de-
tail
identical.*

*An Army
couplet.*

1879,
Age 50.

*Genuine
work.*

or the ordinary discourse of a parish priest. Far otherwise is it with the disorderly gatherings of the Hallelujah Lasses. Ridicule as we may the doggerel hymns, the incoherent prayers, the wild harangues, the violent gesticulations, and the rude sensationalism of a country fair imported into public worship, the fact remains that the Salvation Army has saved for the time being numbers of the very lowest of the community from vice and crime. The testimony of the police and of the magistrates in Gateshead is conclusive as to the genuineness of their work. They have reduced the charge list in Gateshead by one-half, and effected a startling reformation in the personal habits of multitudes of the worst characters in the lowest slums on Tyneside. So successful have they been in reclaiming the drunkard and in enforcing an almost ascetic habit of life upon their converts that it is said the publicans offered the 'Lasses' £300 to transfer their operations to some other field. Of course, the reformation may not last. But, even if every 'convert' relapsed into his old state the moment the Hallelujah Lasses quitted Tyneside, they nevertheless have done a great work. Their methods are to many minds simply revolting; but in seeking and saving those who are lost they have been signally successful where other agencies have signally failed."

CHAPTER LXXX

CORRESPONDENCE. 1879.

FROM her public work we turn aside to glance at the file of Mrs. Booth's domestic correspondence, carried on, as usual, amid the pressure of never-ceasing public duties.

Referring to a rumour that a prominent minister was intending to make an attack upon the Army, Mrs. Booth writes:

"These things cut us to the heart, but they do not and shall not move us from our purpose. I wrote him a letter of twenty pages. You shall see a copy of it some day, or at least a partial one. I told him that we could not help it, and that whoever denounced this work 'God would judge him,' for, if ever a work was of God, this is. I also said that if they compelled us to do so we should be able to defend our position, and by God's help we would do so. He is using our instrumentality to save the people, and He will justify His own ways. But we shall have to fight a great battle with traditionalism and conventionality. Pray for us."

God's work.

In encouraging one of her sons to faith and perseverance in public effort at a time of trial and conflict, Mrs. Booth says:

I have only a minute or two, but lest you should think I don't sympathise with you I send a line. You ask, did I ever feel so? Yes. I think just as bad as any mortal *could* feel—*empty*, inside and out; as though I had nothing human or Divine to aid me, as if all hell were let loose upon me! But I have generally felt *the worst before the best results*, which proves

"Truly called of God."

1879, it was Satanic opposition. And it has been the same with Age 50. many of God's most honoured instruments. —— used to write me that it was awful—that he felt as hard and dark as hell. I had a difficult task to keep him going. I thought at one time he would, in spite of everything, give up. But you see now what a calamity it would have been if he had! I believe nearly all who are truly called of God to special usefulness pass through this buffeting.

"Supposing you were the devil."

"It stands to sense, if there is a devil, that he should desperately withstand those who he sees are going to be used of God. Supposing you were the devil, and had set your heart on circumventing God, how would you do it but by opposing those who were bent on building up His kingdom? He tries the wilderness experience on every true son of the Father, depend on it. He hopes to drive us from the field by blood and fire and vapour of smoke. But our Captain fought and won the battle for us, and we have only to hold on long enough and victory is sure.

"Yes, the trial of faith is precious, more precious than angel can conceive, when borne with patience and perseverance which will not yield. It is hard, and sometimes bloody, but it brings present and eternal glory. 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.'

Courage! "God cannot make heroes except by conflict, any more than man can. Who ever heard of a hero who never fought? The raw recruits run away. It is the well-trained veteran, injured to danger and bloodshed, who stands the rudest shocks of the enemy and holds on to death. 'Courage!' your Captain cries. 'Only be thou strong, and of a good courage, and I will be with thee and teach thee what thou shalt say.' 'He hath chosen the weak things.' He has not *made shift with them*—taken them because there were no others. No! He hath *chosen* them. Will He ever forsake them, and thus make Himself a laughing-stock for hell? Never! Will He ever let the devil say 'Ah, ah! He chose this weak one and then let him fail'? No, no, NO!"

Support withdrawn.

Among other difficulties which pressed sorely on Mrs. Booth's mind at this time was that of the support of her numerous and growing family. It was one thing to be brave in public, but it was another

thing when the offended friends endeavoured to reduce her and her husband to submission by withdrawing the support on which they knew them to be depending. How keenly Mrs. Booth felt this may be judged from the following letter. Speaking of difficulties of a personal character, she says:

1879,
Age 50.

"I hope it is not pride, if it is I am afraid it is incurable! *Anxieties.* If it were possible to alter our mode of living I would be willing to go into a whitewashed cottage, and live on potatoes and cabbage, in order to be at ease and independent, but that seems impracticable, at least, all but the potatoes and cabbage, and we have come almost to that! My precious husband is careworn and overwrought with his great work; the tug to get money for that is bad enough, but to have to think of self is worse than all."

"I started to write a letter yesterday, explaining our present position to a friend who might help and never feel it, but I could not get though it, and heartsick and weary I threw down the pen and yielded to grief. You will say, Where is your faith? I fear it is very low. Yet I do hold on to the promises given me in days gone by. I believe in some way the Lord will deliver us, but it seems long in coming. Perhaps He requires me to use these means which are so distasteful to me. Oh, that I knew just what He would have me do in the matter! I think I am willing to do it. I suppose Paul was, and yet he said it was '*better*' for him to die (he must have meant *easier*) than to be thus humbled before men. Well, I must wait on, and possess my soul in patience."

Referring to the same subject in another letter, she says:

"It seems very strange that the greatest abundance seems to go where they know least how to use it. I often think there was more truth in Satan's assertion to our Lord than we think: 'To whom I will I give it.' Ah, well, they are welcome to it; we don't want any of his presents. Poverty with a good conscience and the smile of God is heaven, compared to riches with a guilty conscience—with the frown of God."

*"Satan's
assertion."*

But this phase of Mrs. Booth's trials was soon

1879,
Age 50.
Relief.

afterwards relieved by the generosity of a friend, who remitted to Mrs. Booth, in trust for herself and for her family, the sum of five thousand pounds, to be invested in certain securities. The interest of this money, as may be easily imagined, has not been a large sum, but coupled with the small profits which began about this time to accrue from the sale of Mrs. Booth's and the General's books it was sufficient to render the family independent of the support of those outside friends whose help they had so gratefully acknowledged.

Groundless calumnies.

And yet on the wings of this simple circumstance have been floated all sorts of calumnies, too groundless to need further refutation. We question whether there is a public man in England who, while possessing no independent means of support, has so persistently and nobly pushed from him the opportunity to enrich him and his family by means that all honourable and Christian men would unite in approving as perfectly justifiable. Surely there are not many instances to be found of such systematic and genuine disinterestedness.

Profits from books.

In the early days of his struggle with poverty Mr. Booth struck upon the idea of composing his own hymn-book and living upon the profits of its sale. Nearly every independent evangelist did the same. Nobody could possibly object. So thought Mr. and Mrs. Booth. At first the little venture was a disappointment. They bore the loss. And when it suddenly became, with the rapid expansion of the work, a great success, and would in itself have ensured a splendid income for themselves and their children, they at once handed over the profits to the Salvation Army. Similarly in the case of the books and pamphlets published by the General and Mrs. Booth,

while the sale was small and the margin allowed for profit merely nominal, they accepted a proportion of the proceeds. But when the phenomenal sale of "Darkest England" took the world by surprise, instead of appropriating the profits General Booth handed them over as his contribution to the scheme.

1879,
Age 50.

In 1880 the *War Cry* was launched, and another opportunity occurred by which Mr. and Mrs. Booth might have stepped into a position of affluence, thereby freeing themselves from every temporal anxiety, and acquiring at the same time the power to contribute handsomely to the Army funds. But they again "cut off their right hand" rather than avail themselves of the advantage for personal purposes, assigning to the Army at one stroke what they might lawfully have kept for themselves. Some of their oldest friends, who had consistently manifested a keen interest in their welfare, urged them to follow an opposite course. And there is no doubt they might have done so without affording anybody just cause for complaint.

"*War
Cry*" pro-
fits.

But they desired not riches, and resolutely pushed away from their own and their children's grasp the prize that might justly have been theirs.

Eager to preserve the movement from the deadly evil of mercenary motives, they realized the inestimable privilege of themselves setting an example of self-abnegation. Renouncing their own share in the profits, they could call upon each officer and soldier to do the same, and to push the battle's interests as actively and enthusiastically for the sake of God and humanity as though they were personally benefiting by the transaction.

Setting
an
example.

It has been noble acts of this character which have created along the highway of history monuments of *Noble acts
of self-
denial.*

**1879,
Age 50.** the spirit of Christ and protests against the spirit of Mammon. Here are the finger-posts and stepping-stones which have served to distinguish the narrow way of self-denial from the broad path of self-indulgence, and to convince an unbelieving world of the realities of religion.

On largeness of heart. But to return once more to Mrs. Booth's desk: we glance over her shoulder as she writes. Here is a tender letter to her daughter Emma, in which she dwells upon the advantages of largeness of heart:

"Yes, I know all about it, more than you think I do, but this is only the infancy of our being, and it is better to possess these capacities of loving, even if they are never filled in this world, because there is a grand realisation for them in the next. 'That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.' 'I will also that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory!' This is the consummation for the Bride, the Lamb's wife. And what can be a greater fulness of bliss than for a bride to behold her bridegroom's glory? She only finds her own in his, therefore here is fulness of joy forever. We are made for larger ends than *earth* can compass. Oh, let us be true to our exalted destiny, and hold every earthly love and joy as secondary to our heavenly! The Lord bless you, and give you as much of earth as He sees will prepare you for Himself!"

"Do I love you as much as ever? What a superfluous question! I cannot measure my love for you by degrees. It is of the sort that knows nothing of decrease or increase. It is *always* full. I repose in you the most sacred trust, and this is the highest proof of love and confidence. I only hope the Lord may find you one to take my place who will love you with half as strong and unselfish a love. I believe He will."

Writing to her friend Mrs. Billups about Emma, Mrs. Booth says:

Love and suffering. "Emma was nineteen yesterday. We had a nice time together. If 'spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues,' I often wonder what God intends to do with her. He must

have some grand destiny for her, either here or yonder. But oh, the capacity to *love* is also the capacity to *suffer!*" 1879,
Age 50.

While no one was more emphatic than Mrs. Booth in teaching that "faith without works is dead," on the other hand none could be clearer in teaching that justification was to be attained, not by works, but by faith. In writing to a friend upon this subject she remarks:

" While we are to 'labour to please God,' we are to remember than this is not the ground of our acceptance, which is alone the precious blood. Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy He saves us. It is a snare with us to look too much at ourselves, while with the Plymouth Brethren school it is the other extreme. Remember, you are ever accepted in the Beloved, not for your own sake. At the same time, 'let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit,' because we are His. Faith in Him as your keeper will do more in five minutes than years of conflict without it. Rest in Him.

*Only the
blood.*

" You say you are discouraged on account of your failings, you see so many, etc. Now it is well to see them, for how can we take hold of Jesus to mend what we don't see? It is a bad sign when people think themselves 'rich, and increased in goods, and needing nothing,' when they are 'poor, and blind, and naked.' It is best to know ourselves just as we are. But then we Salvationists are in danger of erring on the other side. We look too much at ourselves, apart from Him Who is, or would be, our 'righteousness, sanctification and redemption.'

" Now learn to hold on by faith for just what you need, and the deeper the need the faster hold on! Oh, if I had only done so more persistently through life, instead of letting the sense of my own weakness dishearten my faith, what a different experience mine would have been! Ah, there is no teaching like experience. You try and learn wisdom by mine. Be a bold believer, and the more you feel your own need the closer cling to Him as your all and in all, able to magnify His grace where sin hath abounded, and His strength where there is no might.

*"Be a bold
believer."*

**1879,
Age 50.**

*No other
way.*

"Remember, it is *the blood* that cleanses the soul. Works meet for repentance is one thing, the faith that heals is another; both are indispensable. The little child or the vilest sinner who dares trust for a full salvation gets it, while the most careful, principled, and determined disciple who *doubts* misses it. God cannot help it. He is bound to give or withhold according to our faith. It is not arbitrary on His part. In the very nature of the case, it is the only line on which He can meet us. I believe if He *could* have saved us in an easier way he would, but there was no other way.

*God's
antidote.*

*'If thou
canst
believe.'*

"Unbelief is fatal to all the interests most dear to God and most valuable to the universe. It would destroy the felicity of heaven in an hour and turn it into hell. It made the devil what he is. It constitutes the essence of all iniquity. It must be destroyed in any soul before we can enter heaven. Faith is God's antidote. 'Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the salvation of God?' 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' This is a precious word. It has kept my soul alive many a time when Satan has almost overthrown me. 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to thee. Never mind whether anybody else can or cannot. If others are too strong to let Me carry them, if thou art weak enough to throw up all self-effort and trust Me with thy whole weight, I will carry thee and thou shalt glorify Me.' I know this is the way. Hence the babes go in with the simple and the great sinners; while the reasoners, and the strong, and the proud, and the fearful are shut out of this inner temple.

*"The om-
nipotent
lever."*

"Yes, the greatest of all enemies is unbelief. *Faith* is the omnipotent lever which exalts the valleys and levels the mountains—such mountains as those you refer to. Faith opens the gates for the King of glory to come in, and when He is in, it takes hold of His strength to pull the pillars of hell down. Oh, let nothing frighten you, or lure you from *trust!* *This* is the difference between a conqueror and a coward."

Warning a young man regarding the danger of frivolity, she says:

*Watch
against
levity.*

"Be watchful against levity. C—— is a good, devoted fellow, but naturally an incorrigible joker. It may not hurt him much,

because it is his nature. But it will hurt you if you give way to it. It hurts nearly everybody. Watch! Don't descend to buffoonery. While you become all things to win some, don't forfeit your natural self-respect and the dignity of your position as a minister of Christ."

1879,
Age 50.

In writing to her daughter on the subject of the courtship and marriage of the officers, Mrs. Booth says:

*Advice on
mar-
riage.*

"It is not well in dealing with the lasses to talk to them as though we wished them never to marry. We should rather inspire them to give the prime of their lives to the work, waiting till God sends His choice for them, not jumping at the first or second offer as if that must needs be the one. So many of them are tempted to make such a light thing of giving themselves up."

*Wait for
God's
choice.*

In writing to one of her sons on the same subject she says:

*To one of
her sons.*

"The devil sets such innocent-looking traps—*spiritual traps*—to catch young people! Ah, he is a serpent still! Beware of his devices, and always cry to God for wisdom and strength of will to put down all foolish tampering. You are born for greater things. God may want you to be a leader in Russia or some vast Continent, and you will want a companion and a counsellor—a 'help-meet.' The original word means '*a help corresponding to his dignity*.' This is the meaning given by the best expositors. Oh, what wisdom there is even in the words which God has chosen to express His ideas! 'Corresponding to his dignity!' Yes, and no man ever takes one below this mark who does not suffer for it, and, worse still, generations yet unborn have to suffer also! Mind what God says, and keep yourself till that one comes!"

*A "help-
meet."*

"A wrong step on this point and you are undone! Oh, the misery of an unsuitable match! It is beyond description. I could tell you tales of woe that are now being enacted. But I must wait till we meet.

*"Mind
what God
says."*

"I have seen too much of life and know too much of human nature to have much confidence in promises given under such circumstances. For my own part, I made up my mind when

*No
ground
for con-
fidence.*

*1879,
Age 50.* I was but sixteen that I would not have a man, though a Christian, who should offer to become even an abstainer for my sake. I felt that such a promise would not afford me ground for confidence afterwards. And do we not see enough all round us to show that unless people adopt things on principle, because they see it to be right, they soon change? Look at the folks who promise to give up tobacco and dress for the sake of getting into berths, how soon it evaporates! No, my lad, wait a bit! 'Couldst thou not watch with Me one hour?' Jesus lived a single life for your sake all the way through. Can you not live so till He finds you one after His own heart? I feel sure He will. Pray about it in faith. I am doing so, and God will answer. But oh, don't run before Him! Wait on the Lord.

"How glad I am." "A little longer and you will be saying, 'Oh, how glad I am I waited! I have now found a treasure indeed!' When God's time and person are come He will bring you together. How delighted and satisfied Isaac must have felt when the servant told him all the way that God had led him (Genesis xxiv). 'All things come to those who wait.'"

Notes in preaching. In another letter Mrs. Booth says, with reference to the use of notes in preaching:

"Get out of them! They don't fit our work. When you get on you don't want them, and when you don't they are no good. At first, if your memory won't serve you, just jot on a small bit of paper the size of a ticket your main divisions in large writing, but no more. Like this:

Like this. "Day of wrath is come.
 " 1. God's wrath.
 " 2. Just wrath.
 " 3. Uttermost wrath.
 " 4. Eternal wrath."

On the solemnity of death. Referring in another letter to the solemnity of death, Mrs. Booth writes:

"I came on here to see if I could comfort my poor old uncle, who is dying. Some days since the doctor said he could not survive the night, but he is here yet, though almost gone. I

saw him four days ago, and he said he was quite ready, and although he is now speechless he knows me, and made a desperate effort to say 'Amen' after I had prayed. It calls up my precious mother's departure so much; what a joyful meeting it will be when she sees him in heaven! She was always so anxious about his soul. It is a fearful work, is this dying. What must the death of the cross have been! Blessed Saviour, be Thou with us in the cold, dark river!"

1879,
Age 50.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

WEALTHY FRIENDS. 1879.

Society ruled by wealth. THE worship of wealth has always been a popular cult. But modern society seems to have out-mammoned Mammon and to have delivered itself up to the direction of a plutocratic clique who hold absolute sway both in the political and religious world. On the one hand statesmen complain that the destinies of empires have largely passed out of their control into that of an irresponsible and covetous handful of millionaires, who grasp the purse-strings of the nation and administer its resources with a view rather to their own personal aggrandisement than the common weal. On the other hand, the religious element, which should afford a counterpoise to this tendency, is itself largely tainted with the all-pervading influence. There are probably few religious organisations which are not avowedly or tacitly ruled by their rich and respectable members. It has been said that every man has his price, and it might be added with equal force that every organisation has its price also.

Satan's best weapon. True, noble exceptions are to be found, but from the time that Satan said to Jesus Christ, "All this will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me," the temptation has been the commonest and most successful weapon with which he has assailed poor frail humanity. And few have had the courage to treat the proffer with the Divine "Get thee behind

me" response. The bribes have varied from an apple to an empire, and not unfrequently has the spiritual birthright been sacrificed for a contemptible "mess of pottage"! Had we but eyes to see it, how often should we behold religious organisations and churches manacled and shackled, like Croesus, with their own gold! Their eyes are so hoodwinked with gold that they have lost their piercing prophetic vision. Their ears are so stopped that they can neither hear the heavenly voices as of old nor the cry of a perishing world. Their mouths are gagged with gold. They dare not speak the burning truths that are alone capable of affecting the hearts of their hearers. The Shekinah of holiness has been exchanged for the lustre of tinsel. The Ichabod of departed glory is written across their gates. And why? Because they have allowed themselves to be dominated by a moneyed clique, who have made their gifts conditional, as is so commonly the case, on a sacrifice of principles, a diminution of devotion, or an abandonment of plans which the Holy Ghost has dictated and has favored with His smile.

And so this modern Delilah has too often shorn the locks of her Samson and handed him over to the tender mercies of the Philistines—who have put out his eyes and set him to grind their political mills!

Dare we place the helm of a steamer in the hand of a millionaire, and expose the passengers to the whims, caprices, and fears of a man whose only qualification for the post consists of his balance in the banker's till? What wonder is it, then, that spiritual shipwreck should result from the adoption of a similar course in the navigation of our religious craft? The love of money, we are told, is the root of all evil. The petrifying, heart-hardening effects are inevita-

1879,
Age 50.

*Even
churches
man-
acled.*

"Ichab-
od!"

*This mod-
ern
Delilah.*

*A mill-
ionaire
pilot.*

*1879,
Age 50.* ble. And yet how often have the reins of the church been placed, by a too complaisant ministry, in the hands of those who have no higher qualification than their wealth!

*The com-
mon
danger.*

The common danger of all has been, and must continue to be, the danger of the Salvation Army. More than once in the course of this narrative we shall have reason to remark how Dives has endeavoured to dismount its leaders, often, no doubt, with the best of intentions. And perhaps one of the secrets of its continued success has been the determination of Mr. and Mrs. Booth to lose the favour of every moneyed friend they possessed rather than sacrifice a single God-directed principle. The financial burden has always been a heavy one, and of later years almost appalling in its magnitude. More than once has liberal help been offered on conditions that would have been prejudicial to progress, and as often has it been refused. "I would rather die in the workhouse," exclaimed Mrs. Booth at a gathering of wealthy friends, "than sacrifice one iota of my liberty in Christ to adopt such measures as I deem best suited for reaching the masses!" And to this principle they adhered with unfaltering fixity of purpose in many a season of conflict and temptation.

*Liberty at
any price.*

*One of the
crises.* It is one of these crises in their history that we now approach. The work carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Booth had assumed such proportions as to attract the attention of the secular and religious press. Their claims to the sympathy and co-operation of all who were interested in the cause of Christ began to be recognised.

*Rising
popular-
ity causes
alarm.*

But difficulties arose. There were some who imagined they saw danger to themselves in the rising tide of popularity which was carrying the new move-

ment so rapidly forward upon its crested waves. Whilst they could calmly view it from the ground of their own superiority they could afford to patronise, and even admire, what was too distant to endanger their own position, and too insignificant to arouse a qualm of fear. But when the onward sweep of the waters crossed the "thus far and no farther" which they had drawn upon the sands, they began to take alarm.

1879,
Age 50.

There were others who had sincerely desired to wake up the churchless masses to a sense of their danger and their need. But when success had been achieved, and these lawless multitudes came pouring into the sanctuary, upsetting the formalities (as has always been, and must ever be, the case), and introducing vulgarities of speech and taste, they were shocked at the spectacle, and would almost have bidden them return whence they came. Peter must remain outside the priestly gates till his garments smelt less of fish and garlic, and he had got rid of his Galilean brogue! The Saviour of the world must surround Himself with polished graduates, robed in broadcloth and linen, and sacrifice the vulgar company of the plebeian crowd.

Sincere critics.

But there was another class of questioners, with whom the General and Mrs. Booth could not fail to sympathise. Sincerely desirous to see the salvation of souls, and recognising the special adaptation of the movement to the masses, there were nevertheless certain features of the work for which, from their standpoint, they could see no necessity.

A good deal of the controversy necessarily centres itself round Mr. Morley, owing to his long connection and avowed sympathy with the movement. "Tell your wife," he said one day to the General,

*"Into a
deal of
trouble."*

*1879,
Age 50.* ble. And yet how often have the reins of the church been placed, by a too complaisant ministry, in the hands of those who have no higher qualification than their wealth!

*The com-
mon
danger.* The common danger of all has been, and must continue to be, the danger of the Salvation Army. More than once in the course of this narrative we shall have reason to remark how Dives has endeavoured to dismount its leaders, often, no doubt, with the best of intentions. And perhaps one of the secrets of its continued success has been the determination of Mr. and Mrs. Booth to lose the favour of every moneyed friend they possessed rather than sacrifice a single God-directed principle. The financial burden has always been a heavy one, and of later years almost appalling in its magnitude. More than once has liberal help been offered on conditions that would have been prejudicial to progress, and as often has it been refused. "I would rather die in the workhouse," exclaimed Mrs. Booth at a gathering of wealthy friends, "than sacrifice one iota of my liberty in Christ to adopt such measures as I deem best suited for reaching the masses!" And to this principle they adhered with unfaltering fixity of purpose in many a season of conflict and temptation.

*One of the
crises.* It is one of these crises in their history that we now approach. The work carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Booth had assumed such proportions as to attract the attention of the secular and religious press. Their claims to the sympathy and co-operation of all who were interested in the cause of Christ began to be recognised.

*Rising
popular-
ity causes
alarm.* But difficulties arose. There were some who imagined they saw danger to themselves in the rising tide of popularity which was carrying the new move-

ment so rapidly forward upon its crested waves. Whilst they could calmly view it from the ground of their own superiority they could afford to patronise, and even admire, what was too distant to endanger their own position, and too insignificant to arouse a qualm of fear. But when the onward sweep of the waters crossed the "thus far and no farther" which they had drawn upon the sands, they began to take alarm.

1879,
Age 50.

There were others who had sincerely desired to wake up the churchless masses to a sense of their danger and their need. But when success had been achieved, and these lawless multitudes came pouring into the sanctuary, upsetting the formalities (as has always been, and must ever be, the case), and introducing vulgarities of speech and taste, they were shocked at the spectacle, and would almost have bidden them return whence they came. Peter must remain outside the priestly gates till his garments smelt less of fish and garlic, and he had got rid of his Galilean brogue! The Saviour of the world must surround Himself with polished graduates, robed in broadcloth and linen, and sacrifice the vulgar company of the plebeian crowd.

*Sincere
critics.*

But there was another class of questioners, with whom the General and Mrs. Booth could not fail to sympathise. Sincerely desirous to see the salvation of souls, and recognising the special adaptation of the movement to the masses, there were nevertheless certain features of the work for which, from their stand-point, they could see no necessity.

A good deal of the controversy necessarily centres itself round Mr. Morley, owing to his long connection and avowed sympathy with the movement. "Tell your wife," he said one day to the General,

*"Into a
deal of
trouble."*

1879,
Age 50.

"that I love and esteem her, but that she has got me into a deal of trouble!" And who has ever ventured in the most indirect way to assist the Salvation Army or manifest sympathy towards it who has not been compelled, in some measure, however unwillingly, to share its cross?

Mr.
Morley's
plan.

But Mr. Morley had the courage of his convictions. If he could not answer the objectors himself he was convinced that Mr. and Mrs. Booth had full and satisfactory explanations to offer, and he was resolved that they should have an opportunity for vindicating themselves. He wanted to bring the Army leaders and their critics face to face. For this purpose he proposed to arrange at his city offices a parlour meeting, where leading Christians interested in the Army should be invited to hear from Mr. and Mrs. Booth an account of the work, together with an explanation of its particular modes and measures. Mr. Booth having called at his office Mr. Morley mentioned his proposal, which was readily accepted.

Sir
Arthur
Black-
wood.

On his way home Mr. Booth met Sir Arthur Blackwood, then known as Mr. Stevenson Blackwood. Hitherto Sir Arthur had been most friendly to the Mission, having been one of its earliest referees. True, he had not seen much of its practical working, but being interested in any effort to reach the poor and bring them to a knowledge of salvation he had used his influence and means to help the cause. The recent departures had, however, somewhat alarmed him. And no wonder. Himself formerly a captain attached to the Guards, having served with distinction in the Crimea, it was natural that he should view with disfavour the assumption of unauthorised rank and title on the part of men and women some of whom had been raised up from the dregs of society.

And yet, if rank and position were to be measured out in proportion to the sufferings endured by their recipients, surely the Salvation Army officers would not have been far behind the most deserving of those who have fought in earthly battles. Here were men and women who had jeopardised their lives in the high places of the field, in conflict with the common foes of humanity. Not a few of them had received scars which they must bear for life. Some of them had sacrificed home, friends, and country, with considerable earthly prospects, for a mere pittance, and were engaged in waging a war which could never cease and from which rest could only be gained when the troopship *Death* should take them to their heavenly parade-ground to receive the rewards of the King whom they had so faithfully served below.

To these and other objections which Sir Arthur brought forward the General listened patiently, and then, with his usual adroitness, suggested that before Sir Arthur withdrew in any measure his valued sympathy and support he should see for himself something of the work. He was going to Coventry on the Saturday to hold some meetings during the Coventry Fair, and if Sir Arthur would accompany him he could judge on the spot regarding the character of the movement and its methods. To this Sir Arthur cordially agreed.

“Sergeant ——!”

and Sebastopol.

“Captain Blackwood!”

The last time they had met was in the trenches at Sebastopol, now it was beneath the flag of the Salvation Army. Formerly the Sergeant had been one of the greatest blackguards in the Queen’s army. Now he was a saint of the Most High, and colour-sergeant

1879,
Age 50.

*Life
risked
and
scars
borne.*

*Unceas-
ing war.*

*To see for
himself.*

*The
Coventry
Fair*

and Sebastopol.

*The col-
our-
sergeant.*

1879,
Age 50. of the Coventry Corps, standing with flag in hand and a loud "hallelujah" on his lips to welcome the General as he stepped out of the station, and ready to help him besiege the modern Sebastopol of vice and crime in his native town. It was a strange rencontre, but there was not time for more than a passing word. The General's chariot was in attendance. it consisted of a green-grocer's waggonette, the green-grocer himself being the charioteer! He, likewise, had been a notorious character, and had enjoyed a reputation for being the greatest scoundrel within fifty miles, and it was commonly reported that he had committed every crime except murder. The General took his seat beside him. They were followed by some forty or fifty officers, and then came the soldiers, all over the road, like a flock of sheep. In every respect it was a striking contrast to the well-ordered processions of later days, and the General, as he looked back upon the motley multitude, could not but fear lest the sight might provoke in Mr. Blackwood's heart a sentiment of the ridiculous, and perhaps still further prejudice him against the work. He noticed him, however, following the procession along the sidewalk and listening at the open-air stand with apparent interest. On reaching the officers' quarters, the first words of Mr. Blackwood were, "Dear me, Mr. Booth! That was a very remarkable procession!"

*The ex-
plan-
ation.* The General was a good deal surprised, and curious to know what had caused so favourable an impression, when, among other things, Mr. Blackwood related the incident of the colour-sergeant.

*Had not
noticed
the noise.* At the in-door meetings which followed Sir Arthur was not only an interested listener but gave his personal testimony, and helped to deal with the penitents

*The Gen-
eral's
chariot.*

"Dear
me, Mr.
Booth!"

*The ex-
plan-
ation.*

*Had not
noticed
the noise.*

who came forward for salvation. The soldiers were all on fire, and made a great noise in the prayer-meeting. The General asked afterwards whether this had not disturbed him in his work. Sir Arthur assured him that he was so taken up in speaking to the anxious seekers that he had not really noticed the noise.

The visit to Coventry was on the 14th and 15th June, and on the 17th Mr. Morley's proposed meeting took place. Mr. Morley took the chair, and was followed immediately by Sir Arthur Blackwood,* who gave a vivid account of what he had so recently seen. His words evidently produced a profound impression. What followed is described in a letter written by Mrs. Booth to her friend Mrs. Billups:

"We have had two meetings at Samuel Morley's. At the first there were some twenty present, mostly wealthy. With one exception, all were comparatively mild in their objections. He not only attacked our measures, but reflected on us and our doctrines. We heard all they had to say, and then I spoke on the general principles, and the meeting was adjourned till Thursday (19th) at two.

"On this occasion, my dearest husband opened, and answered the objections previously raised, one by one, triumphantly. He made it clear that, while he sympathised with the wish of our friends not to bring sacred things into less regard on the part of either saints or sinners, and was willing to discontinue any practice that had no connection with the efficiency of the movement, yet poor as we are—and God only knows what a struggle we have financially—he would not give up one jot or tittle of anything essential—no, not for all the wealth of the West End! Some others spoke for and against, but kindly, and very little against. Then I followed, and the Lord helped me. Mr. Morley assured me, with the tears in his eyes, that I had 'carried them every one,' and that they

* Sir Arthur Blackwood disagreed with some of the subsequent developments of the Army, and hence withdrew from it his active support, while continuing to sympathise with its aims and to rejoice in the good that was being accomplished through its agency.

1879,
Age 50.

*Meeting
at Mr.
Morley's,*

*described
by Mrs.
Booth.*

*Mostly
mild ob-
jections.*

*The Gen-
eral's
replies.*

*Mrs.
Booth's
declar-
tion.*

**1879,
Age 50.** agreed with every word I had said. I finished by telling them that we had fought thirteen years for this principle of adaptation to the needs of the people—and this with everybody against us—and that, whether they helped us or no, we should not abandon it! We *dared* not! And we should not, if we ended in the workhouse.

*Ended
beautifully.*

"Every one seemed deeply moved. Mr. Morley assured us that they only wanted us to prevent our agents from running to any great extremes, and the meeting ended beautifully. Mr. Denny spoke like a brave and truehearted man. And I doubt not they will help us. But Mr. Booth had to rush off to Lancashire, and has not seen Mr. Morley since. He has, however, received the £200 that he previously promised for the work, and has already used it and a great deal more. Pray for us!"

*Ill from
excite-
ment.*

"The excitement made me worse than I have been for two years. My heart was really alarming, and for two days I could hardly bear any clothes to touch me. This has disheartened me again as to my condition. But God reigns, and He will keep me alive as long as He needs me. Truly, we are all largely at the mercy of circumstances! What a world it is! My soul cries out, 'How long, O Lord? How long?'"

*Letter to
Herbert.*

The General sends at the same time the following brief account of the meetings to his son Herbert:

*"With fly-
ing
colours."*

"We had two successful meetings at Mr. Morley's, one on Tuesday and the other yesterday. Lord Radstock, the Honourable Cowper Temple, M. P., the Honourable Captain Moreton, Frank Bevan, the banker, and a number of others were there. Mr. Morley was in the chair. We had quite a fight. Your mother did magnificently, and we came off with flying colours. They will help us, although I don't know to what extent. The papers are writing about us all over the country, and mostly very favourably."

*Jeal-
ousy's
quay-
mire.*

But not by two meetings, nor by many, was the voice of slander or the whisper of envy to be silenced. Jealousy makes a target of the highest and the best. Its shafts are ever aimed upwards, at whatever happens to be superior to itself. Unable to rise above

the waters of the quagmire in which it lies, it seeks to bring all others down to its own low level of accomplishment, or mars what it cannot make and pulls down what it cannot rebuild. It first caricatures a good cause and then burns its effigy. It must be so, while such passions continue to exist. The tears and heart-break and blood of others are their necessary meat. They could not deny themselves, except by ceasing to exist. There is a needs-be for it all. And it only remains for those whose wounded spirits have rankled beneath such cruel thrusts to take courage in the consciousness of the integrity of their hearts, and to learn that the ultimate triumph of right is assured to those who will but persevere. "It seems strange," Mrs. Booth remarks in one of her early letters, "that the more one tries to do right the more one is fated to be misunderstood. But it is a comfort to remember that righteousness brings its own reward."

1879,
Age 50.

*Some
comfort.*

CHAPTER LXXXII.

MR. T. A. DENNY AND MR. W. T. STEAD.

1879.

In every good work. AMONG the most interested and sympathetic of those present at the gatherings in Mr. Morley's parlour was one who perhaps ranks but second to Mr. Morley himself as the consistent and munificent supporter of all good work, whether it might be farthing dinners for wastrel children or missions for the conversion of the heathen.

Will he help the Army? It was in a somewhat singular manner that some twelve months previously Mr. T. A. Denny had become acquainted with the Salvation Army. The General was walking down Cheapside, holding a heated argument with a friend as to the advisability of the new measures recently adopted. He announced his intention of calling on Mr. Denny, of whose generosity he had heard, with a view to acquainting him with the work and inviting his assistance. "It would be utterly useless," was the discouraging reply. "Mr. Denny will never approve of such extravagances."

The General satisfied. Mr. Booth was determined, however, that he would make the attempt. He called upon Mr. Denny, and before he had been speaking ten minutes, the tears were in Mr. Denny's eyes and he had summoned his brother, Mr. Edward Denny, from the adjoining room, to come and listen with him to the account of so marvellous a work. They explained, however, that it

was a rule with them not to help any cause which they had not personally examined. With this Mr. Booth was more than satisfied, adding that if they would attend the meetings they should hear the converts give their own account of the wondrous change God had wrought in their hearts and lives.

The bargain was struck, and Mr. Denny early

1879,
Age 50.

*No holes
in the
Army
coat.*



T. A. DENNY, OF LONDON,

visited some of the provincial centres where the work was then in progress. Speaking on one of these occasions, he said that he had been looking carefully to find some holes in the Salvation Army coat, but, not having succeeded, he supposed it must be because there were none to find.

At Mr. Morley's lunch he had spoken warmly and generously concerning what he had seen of the work.

II.—17

*Mr.
Denny a
liberal
sup-
porter.*

1879,
Age 50.

The defence of the measures then put forward by Mr. and Mrs. Booth thoroughly convinced and satisfied him, and he became thenceforth one of the most liberal supporters of the movement.

*The butt
of every
shaft.*

Indeed, his heart has seldom been appealed to on behalf of any new effort or advance without calling forth a practical response. And yet few have been more careful to ascertain previously the merits of any such proposal, or more rigorous in requiring a good percentage of results for their pecuniary outlay. Perhaps upon none of the consistent supporters of the Salvation Army have Mrs. Booth's reasoning powers been more readily expended than upon Mr. Denny. One reason for this may have been that, as soon as his name was intimately connected with the Army, he became the butt of every fiery shaft, whether from the religious or the outside world, which was forged and directed against the movement. It seemed impossible for an objection to be invented which did not speedily discover his address and find its way to his eye or ear. They were mostly so well-worn and oft-repeated that the fire or the waste-paper basket afforded the majority of them a last resting-place. But if anything seeming to require an explanation happened to arrive, Mr. Denny dealt with it in the straightforward manner in which every Christian should dispose of slander—by forwarding it to those who were in the best position to reply, and thus affording them the opportunity of vindicating themselves.

*Straight-
forward
dealing.*

*His wel-
come
speeches.*

Not that Mr. Denny was, or is, by any means a Salvationist. On the contrary, he differed strongly from Mr. and Mrs. Booth in some of their views, and never hesitated frankly to tell them so, returning to the charge on some points with a pertinacity that rendered him, perhaps, one of the most exacting of

their contributors. He has seldom given a donation without accompanying it with some sage counsel, and has often complained, with the caustic humour which makes his speeches so welcome at the Army gatherings, that the General "appropriates the money without following the advice!" As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Denny was well aware that his opinions carried weight with the leaders of the Army. And even when his opinions were not immediately acted upon he hoped in the end to convert them to his views. Perhaps at other times (not often, certainly not always) he has allowed them to convert him. And doubtless he has perceived that if the Salvation Army had been altered to suit the ideas of those who have been its various patrons it would have been an unrecognisable patchwork of its original self, and would finally have been disowned and disinherited by those who have wished it best.

Nevertheless, there have been times when the onward rush of the movement, with its consequent novel departures and seeming extravagances, has puzzled Mr. Denny, and tempted him to question the wisdom of its leaders. Nor, indeed, can we wonder at this. Even with the best of intentions, to review the battle from the quiet heights of contemplation must have been so different from the experience of those who, though perhaps desperate to a fault, were constantly face to face, and in hand-to-hand conflict, with the monsters of evil.

Rightly or wrongly, however, he has thought it to be his special mission, not to oil the wheels, with a view to making them go faster, but to clog them in order to prevent their going too fast. The Army coach was going down-hill at a dangerous speed. The General and Mrs. Booth sat upon the box with

1879,
Age 50.

A wise view.

Sometimes puzzled.

The Army coach.

1879,
Age 50.

almost provoking complacency; they cracked their whips and blew their horns, heedless of the danger and regardless of the expostulations of those who besought them to moderate their speed in their headlong rush to Glory. Mr. Denny was for fixing on the brake. Better come to an absolute standstill than risk an overturn. Mr. Booth, on the contrary, was for risking everything rather than standing still. He was an advocate of perpetual motion—fast, faster, fastest! He thought he knew his business. He believed he understood his Master's will. And he preferred a catastrophe with results to inactivity without them. And in this he was heartily seconded by Mrs. Booth.

One rare trait.

But notwithstanding these minor differences Mr. Denny has been for many years a warm friend and an avowed admirer of Mr. and Mrs. Booth and their family. There has been one rare trait in his character which has served specially to win their appreciation and affection. If in the hour of prosperity and success Mr. Denny has been, or has appeared to be, a little over-critical, and too much given to—what shall we call it?—*hydropathy*, as a safeguard against elation—if he has not fully acquired the art of “rejoicing with those who do rejoice,” and has rather inclined to see defeat in every victory and danger in every deliverance—he, on the other hand, knows, as few others have known, how to “weep with those who weep,” and to offer at the appropriate moment the tribute of sympathy, which has been the more acceptable because so well-timed and, above all, so *heartfelt*. In an age when tears are banished from our social intercourse, and when feelings must be buried beneath the tombstone of conventionality, it is indeed refreshing to meet with one who is ready to

mingle his tears with the tears of those whom he loves in the Lord, and whose gifts and graces he has the ability to appreciate and the humility to admit.

At the time of which we are speaking he was specially active in arranging meetings for Mrs. Booth in the West End, with a view to affording her the double opportunity of spiritually influencing the upper classes and of explaining and defending the measures of the Salvation Army. Writing to Mr. Booth he says: "Your blessed wife will affect the West of London and do more good to the cause than any other machinery that I know of. God is with her, of a truth!"

During the year 1879 Mrs. Booth's activities were numberless. She visited no less than fifty-nine towns, addressing vast and interested audiences, and everywhere impressing her powerful personality upon the crowds who flocked to hear her and upon the rapidly advancing organisation. Most of her addresses were delivered in buildings, the open air being usually too great a tax upon her delicate health. But there was a notable exception to this during her visit to Coventry, when she spoke to a large gathering in Pool Meadow, taking for her subject "Face the facts!" Those who were present on the occasion testify to the marvellous nature of the impression made.

The meetings of the year varied in character. A considerable number consisted of presentations of colours to the various corps, similar to the occasion already described in the visit to Newcastle. A great many of the meetings were defences of the Army operations and explanations of its work. Addresses to the soldiers and officers, and to professing Christians, on the kind of life and warfare God expected of them completed the arduous list. In each depart-

1879,
Age 50.

"God is
with
her."

Fifty-
nine
towns
visited.

Meetings
vary in
charac-
ter.

At home
in each
depart-
ment.

1879, **Age 50.** Mrs. Booth's comprehensive mind seemed equally at home, and she handled her various subjects with an ease, a thoroughness, and a power which were marvellous to witness.

The Darlington Council. One of the last meetings of the year was held at Darlington, where the Hallelujah Lasses, under Captain Rose Clapham, had achieved a great triumph, hundreds of the worst characters having been con-



ROSE CLAPHAM.

verted and the attention both of the religious and secular portion of the community attracted towards the good accomplished. The occasion of the Darlington Council was especially interesting as resulting in the formation of a lifelong friendship between Mrs. Booth and the editor of the *Northern Echo*, afterwards so well known as the editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. W. T. Stead is one of the few journalists who have systematically defended the Salvation Army.

*Mr.
Stead.*

He has not scrupled to proclaim upon the housetops his sympathy with its work and confidence in its leaders.

1879,
Age 50.

At a first glance there would appear to be but little in common between that calm, dignified, determined lady, with the far-off look in her eyes, which gave the impression that she had just come from heaven, or its immediate purlieus—who measured out her sentences with arithmetical precision, and who could say in a single word more than many could stock into a sermon—and the eager, restless, quixotic, sensational journalist, whose brain was a sort of kaleidoscope of the world, an encyclopedia of its history, ancient and modern, scientific and social, political and religious. The one seemed a fac-simile of the sky, and the other of the earth; the one the ambassador of God, the other the spokesman of humanity; the one all faith, the other all question.

*Appar-
ently
little in
common.*

And yet, while there was so much in which they differed, there were some things in which they heartily agreed. Mr. Stead was, after all, very much to modern journalism what the Salvation Army has been to the churches. He was the Gordon of the press. Regardless of the proprieties and conventionalities of orthodox journalism, he walked about the battlements of his literary Khartoum, heedless of the bullets and cannon-balls that were flying round him, or of the Koranic anathemas and calls to surrender of his Mahdi-like assailants. They might rave as loudly as they desired. He was impervious alike to their praise or blame. He believed in the Gospel of Saint Paper-and-ink as much as they did. If it was not actually the cure-all of mankind, it was at least and without doubt the vessel that contained it. It was to be the channel, the medium, the apostle

*The
Gordon
of the
press.*

*Saint
Paper-
and-ink.*

**1879,
Age 50.** by means of which he looked forward to seeing all the sins and sorrows of the world removed. The pulpit of the present age was the press, and he was one of its divinely-appointed ministers.

*Heat all
the irons.* Himself a Christian, descended from an earnest nonconformist family, his father and brother ministers, Mr. Stead thoroughly believed in the renovating power of religion. He saw, too, the immense value of the press as an agent for disseminating the good news. It had been prostituted to carnal purposes. Mr. Stead thought he could lead it into higher and more useful paths, and to this directed his every effort. It was doubtless a noble ambition. Save the world by the world—by the devil himself, if you can—but save it, was a sort of epitome of his creed. Put all the irons in the fire, and make them all hot, and strike away at them all at the same time. The more the merrier. Have religion, by all means—the more the better. But supplement it with politics, socialism, journalism, and any other ism that you can get hold of. Wash down your religion with a little whiskey, if needs be—but get it down. Make your bolus palatable with a sugar-plum, a magic lantern, a good feast, anything, but see that it is swallowed. He believed all that Mrs. Booth did, only he believed a good deal more—too much, she thought.

*Get your
religion
down.*

*An ar-
dent en-
thusiast.* And yet she could not but be drawn towards the ardent enthusiast. Her views were very different from his. She believed in God and salvation—pure, simple, unadulterated with any of the nostrums of the world—as the only remedy for the evils that afflicted man. She distrusted any reformation that did not commence at the heart, despaired of any remedy, save the blood of Christ, to effectually reach the heart, and disowned any agency save that of men

and women inspired by the Holy Ghost. Reformations based on any other foundation she believed to be deceptive, futile, and evanescent. It was God's plan. Man might busy himself with the exterior; God began with the interior. When that was right all the rest would follow. Without it, whatever was done would have to be undone. It was like begin-

1879,
Age 50.

*God's
plan.*



W. T. STEAD.

ning to build a house from the roof downwards instead of from the foundation upwards.

Mr. Stead was a sort of Brahmo-Somajist. There was good as well as evil in everything and everybody. Some were better and others best. All that was needed was to sift the good from the bad, leave out the latter, and unite the former in one harmonious whole. So thought Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, the great Hindoo divine, when he attempted to throw

*The
Brahmo-
Somaj.*

1879, Hindooism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Christianity into one refining-pot, and by a species of religious alchemy reject the dross and produce from them a new, coherent, and consistent religion which should suit the needs of all the world. So have thought other philosophers. And not a few have tried their hand. But, able as have been the experimentalists, where is the effort that can as yet be said to have succeeded? Alas, how many, in the most favourable position to gain their end, have had to say in bitterness, with Cardinal Wolsey, at the end of a long life of toil, "Had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me now!"

*No
success.* Many a passage of arms on these and kindred subjects did Mr. Stead have with Mrs. Booth. "I am but a Philistine," he would sometimes laughingly conclude, "but I shall do my best to help your Salvation Army Israel!" He felt it his mission to act the part of the upper millstone, whilst it was that of the Salvation Army to be the nether. Between them he hoped that it would yet be possible to grind to powder the evils that afflicted the world. He would work from above, they from below; and somewhere in the middle, some day, here or hereafter, on earth or in heaven, both would meet, and receive the "Well done!" of their common Master.

*An out-
sider still.* Mr. Stead's name has been so often mentioned in conjunction with that of the Salvation Army that we have sketched at some extra length the rise and nature of the relationship. He has never embarked in our boat, though he has often inspected it, and perhaps believes it to be the best afloat—ought we to say?—with the sole exception of his own. Sometimes he has wondered whether he was not called to be an

officer aboard her. But this he has regarded as a temptation of the devil, while we have looked upon it as an urging of the Spirit. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that he has ever stepped beyond the region of an outsider; earnest, able, useful, sympathetic, seizing with eagerness any opportunity that has arisen for defending its rights and furthering its cause, but, alas, an outsider still!

1879,
Age 50.

He would have liked Mr. and Mrs. Booth to have somewhat altered their course—not much, for he was never a caviller, nor a fault-finder. But the path that seemed to him unnecessarily narrow he would have broadened, views that were needlessly extreme he would have modified, judgments that were unwontedly severe he would have softened. He has not converted them, nor they him. Like Mr. Denny—nay, rather, like human nature in general—he thinks that he knows best what would be our highest wisdom. But with a generous heart and noble impulse he has not waited for us to adopt his views, but has stretched out the hand of genuine friendship, and has earned the prayers and good wishes of those to whom, in the name of the Master, he has ever been ready to offer any cup of cold water that stood within his reach and that they might seem to require.

*Genuine
friend-
ship.*

*Science
to serve
religion.*

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

AMERICA. AUSTRALIA. 1880.

THE present possibilities of religion are not by any means to be judged by the past, nor the future by the present. Ground which has hitherto been covered in centuries can now be covered in decades, and will ere long be coverable in as many years or months. The revolution that has been worked in the realm of science cannot but affect the realm of religion. Indeed, the former is the handmaid to the latter, and will soon or later be compelled to assume its true position of servitude. Like Onesimus, it may have run away from its Philemon for a time, but the capturing power of a St. Paul shall yet restore it to its owner, Man, not as his dictator, but his servant, and in place of its boasted independence or agnosticism it shall be the bearer of the epistle that announces its conversion to his highest interests. As it has already ministered to him in things temporal so hereafter it shall minister in things spiritual.

*The
Divine
main-
spring.*

Let science multiply its telegraphs, its steamers, its railways, and effect the increasing shrinkage of the world. Every new device shall make more swiftly possible the salvation of the nations, and shall bring them more immediately within reach of the heavenly influences that radiate from Calvary. The modern apostle of the Cross can afford to rejoice in each fresh discovery, and can turn to consider how best it can be

utilised for the one great purpose to which he has consecrated his life. Avarice, ambition, selfishness, have too long constituted the mainspring of scientific motion in the past. When for these shall have been substituted the Divine mainspring of benevolence, who shall place limits to its possibilities?

1880,
Age 51.

Commerce, money-making, politics, have hitherto monopolised this domain, and have sought to well-nigh expel religion entirely from their coasts. But all unintentionally, in the very teeth of their desires, while preparing a highway for themselves, they have broken down the barriers and paved the paths for the circulation of the spiritual merchandise of which the world stands in such bitter need. The very wires with which they have linked together the remotest towns, and even villages, have bound the world with an electric network across which every pulsation of its heart may be felt, and which will one day prove the medium for transmitting religious currents the mighty results of which shall astound the universe. When once the communications are complete, some touch, like the pressure of a button, may yet convulse the globe in the throes of a revival that shall simultaneously affect mankind.

Preparing a highway.

Already the world may be said to have received throughout its entire system some galvanic shocks of a social and political character which have threatened its entire equilibrium. Why should not a religious shock of similar dimensions be equally possible? If man has a soul, as well as a mind and body, it is sound philosophy to assume that such a *dénouement* is not only possible but probable, and this at no distant date. All the requisite materials and agencies exist. With God at one end of the telephone and man at the other, messages may soon be flashed whose

A simultaneous revival.

Why not?

**1880,
Age 51.** echoes shall resound simultaneously through every land.

*Japan
and
Berlin.* That it has not yet been so is no proof that it shall not be. All seems to be preparing the way for some such climax. A stone cast into a pond produces eddies which widen and spread till they reach its margin. A volcanic eruption at one end of the world produces a tidal wave which can be felt at the other. Japan rocks, and the Berlin observatory possesses apparatus which times the shock.

The pole-star. The soul of man has ever possessed its parallel in the phenomena of nature. It must be so. The Hand that made the one has made the other, and as truly as the needle points to the north so truly do the soul and nature point to the pole-star of the universe, their Creator.

*Soul and
soul.* But if the soul and nature run in parallel grooves, infinitely closer is the relationship between soul and soul. The oneness of humanity has but to be proclaimed by the same Voice that decreed its separation on the plains of Babel, to be, and be forever, an accomplished fact. There is nothing intrinsic in the soul of any one man, be his nationality what it may, to prevent the soul of every man being bound together in one harmonious federation, so perfect that humanity shall possess the unity of a single body, through which the veins and arteries distribute the blood that centres round a single heart. Thus any organisation that is able continuously to possess and impart God may become the life-centre of a religious system that shall permeate and unify the world.

*The
Army
international.* In 1880 the Salvation Army recognised for the first time its international character. It was no longer possible for Mr. and Mrs. Booth to close their ears against the calls which they had begun to receive

from "the regions beyond." The proverbial "man of Macedonia" loomed before them, not in vague, dreamy visions of the night, but in written appeals, the authenticity and genuineness of which they could not doubt. He was not even a stranger, whose veracity might have been questioned, or who could be told to wait till he knew something more of the Army's operations and could better judge of its suitability for other lands.

1880,
Age 51.

The modern Macedonian was not only a substantial embodiment of flesh and blood, and therefore more visible and to an incredulous age more satisfactory, than his Pauline ancestor, but, what was more to the point, he was usually one of themselves. He not only knew the needs of the country of his adoption, but he was familiar with the Army plans, and able to judge of the suitability of the one to meet the needs of the other. Furthermore, he was endued with the aggressive Army spirit. He had partaken in the recent Pentecost. It was as useless to command him to hold his peace as to command the prophets and psalmists of old. While he was musing the fire burned. The things which he had seen and heard and handled in the old country he must needs talk about in the new. As a natural consequence the same results followed, and the inevitable discovery ensued that God's power and man's heart were everywhere alike.

*Modern
Macedonians.*

We have already referred to the first effort of Brother Jermy to establish a branch of the Christian Mission in the United States as far back as 1872. It was seven years later when the work was renewed by a family of emigrants from England. Amos Shirley and his wife had been for some time soldiers in the Coventry corps, and had taken part in the revival

*The
United
States
branch.*

1880, which had so powerfully influenced the town. Their daughter Eliza had served for some months as an officer, and they had all gained some practical experience of the Salvation Army work. About the middle of 1879 they sailed for America, settling in Philadelphia, where Mr. Shirley obtained work as foreman of a silk factory.

In Philadelphia. The birthplace of the Salvation Army in England had been a tent in a burial-ground. That of the Salvation Army in America was neither as oriental nor quite as funereal. And yet it partook of the same Bethlehemite character. The reporter of the *Philadelphia News*, who was the first to chronicle their doings, discovered them in an abandoned chair-factory, "eighty feet long by forty broad, whose rough-boarded and whitewashed walls, and overhanging beams and rafters, savoured more of a stable than a place of worship." Well, there was evidently "no room" for the poor man's Saviour in the "inns" of Philadelphian respectability. And, after all, it mattered little, for if the place failed to sanctify the people the people served to sanctify the place. The beacon star of the Army—the salvation of souls—was not long in appearing. Those shepherds of the slums, the outcasts of society, gathered as of old round the manger—not always to "worship," it is true. And yet many who came to mock remained to pray. The saloon-keeper, that Herod of the drink traffic, whose scourge society has too long tolerated, was soon upon the scenes, inquiring after his ex-subjects, who had so suddenly transferred their allegiance to another power. But the Shirleys were veterans, and had learned to rejoice in the midst of such disturbances. Instead of sitting down, like Rachel, to weep over what they could not help, they felt more like sum-

*The
Shirleys.*

moning all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, from London to Philadelphia, to join them in making war against the American Sisera and his host.

The General could no longer resist the appeal. So important did the opportunity appear that he resolved to despatch Mr. Railton, with a party of seven of the now famous Hallelujah Lasses, to take up the work

1880,
Age 51.

*Mr.
Railton
des-
patched.*



GEORGE S. RAILTON.

which the Shirleys had commenced. The proposal was received with enthusiasm by all concerned, and was promptly carried into effect. The first account of the meetings held by the Shirleys was published in the *War Cry* on the 31st January, 1880, and on the 12th of the following month the detachment farewelled at the Whitechapel Hall, sailing on the 14th in the steamer *Australia*.

Mrs. Booth, who took from the first the deepest in-

1880,
Age 51.

Flags presented. terest in this expedition, presented the officers with two flags, one for the 1st New York and the other for the 1st Philadelphian corps, urging them, in the course of a powerful address, to be faithful to their vows.

*Mrs.
Booth's
address.*

"You look young," she said, turning to the sisters who composed the party, one of whom had been for some years her servant, and who is still an officer in the ranks. "To some people you may appear insignificant—but so do we all. So did those women who stood grouped round the cross of Christ to the proud Pharisees who walked, mocking, past. But their names have been handed down to us, while those of the Pharisees have been forgotten.

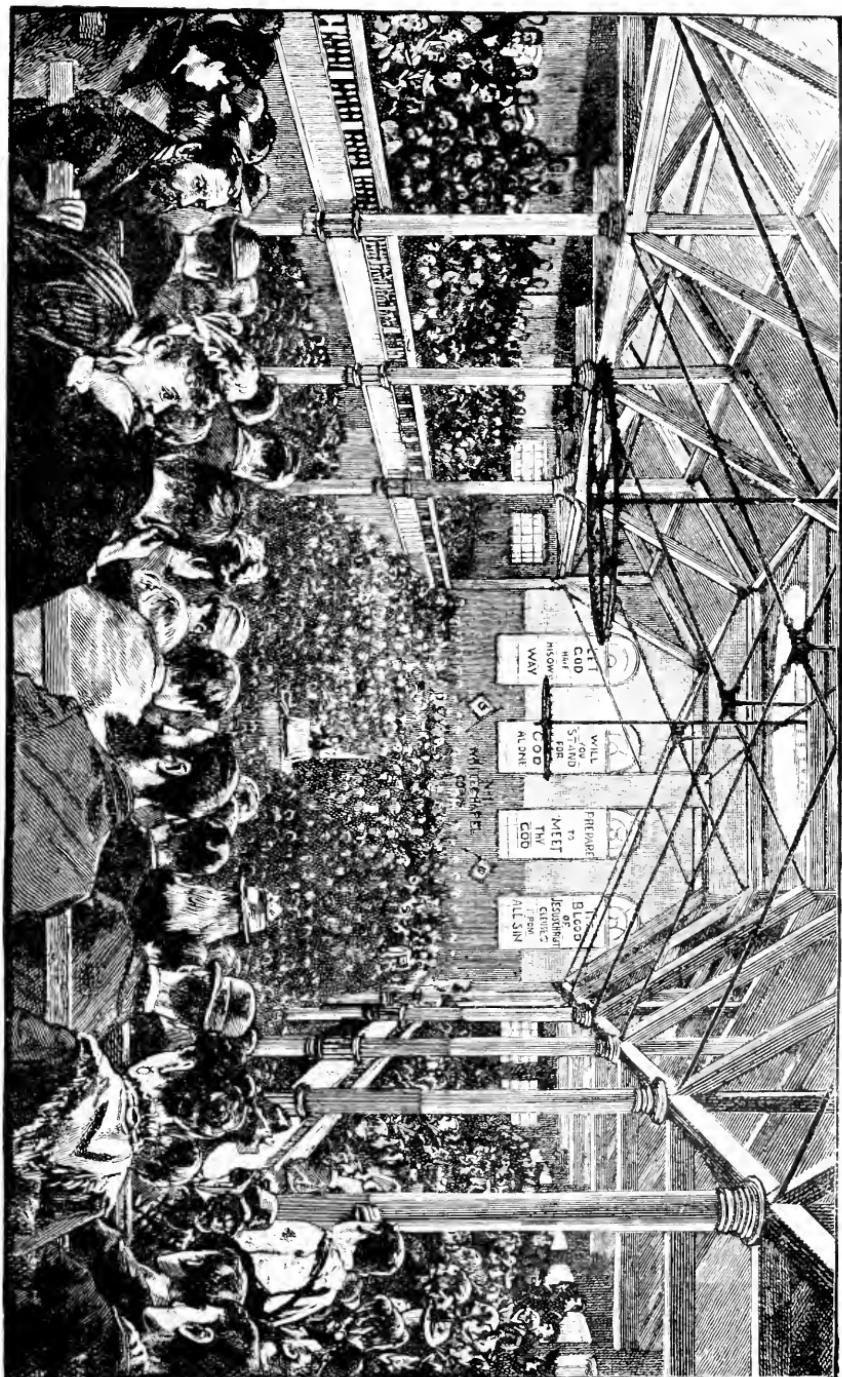
"I present you with these flags in the name of our great King, who bought all sinners with His blood, and who bids us go forth and sprinkle them with it. First in His name, and then in that of the General of this Army, I hand them to you, praying that God may give you, young as you are, strength to fight heroically under His banner, and to lead tens of thousands to the Cross."

*Impres-
sive
meeting.*

*New style
of
uniform.*

*The de-
parture.*

The meeting was an impressive one. Amongst those present were Lady Cairns, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Mr. Denny, and other friends of the Army. Mr. Railton, with the members of his little party, addressed the meeting, attired in a new military style of uniform, with broad red bands upon their hats on which "The Salvation Army" was worked in conspicuous letters. A profound impression was created by the meeting, which was still further increased when, two days later, the party were conducted in procession from Whitechapel to Fenchurch Street Station, Mrs. Booth following in a hansom. Describing their departure in a letter to a friend, she says:



PRESIDENTATION OF COLOURS TO AMERICAN CONTINGENT, WHITE HAVEL.

1880,
Age 51.

*Mrs.
Booth's
descrip-
tion.*

*Two
Army
men.*

*Three
flags.*

*Mr.
Railton
recalled.*

*The milk-
man and
the builder.*

"We have been in a perfect whirl of excitement and rush ever since the meeting. I have been at Whitechapel all the time. The getting off of dear Railton and the sisters was a scene. Hundreds of people walked in procession to Fenchurch Street. They sang all the way, and omnibuses, waggons, and vehicles of all kinds stopped and lined the roads to see them pass. They then marched on from the Tidal Basin Station to the ship. We had half an hour in the Basin, in which a large ring was formed and a meeting held. All the crew and passengers on the ship seemed quite struck, the saloon passengers standing on deck in the rain to listen, and before they set sail two Army men turned up on board who were going out as emigrants.

"It was a grand sight. The women's hats looked capital, being larger, and having a broad crimson band with gold letters. Three of our flags were flying on board, and the enthusiasm of the people seemed to strike with awe even the men who were hauling in the bales. I believe God will give them many a seal to their ministry before they get there."

"Dear, devoted Railton looked well in his uniform, and appeared as happy as an angel. Bless him! I love him as a son. Oh, to win millions for our Saviour King! We shall!"

A year later Mr. Railton was recalled to the International Headquarters in London, where his services were increasingly needed. But the work of which the foundations were then laid has since been carried on with signal success. Little did Mrs. Booth think, when witnessing Mr. Railton's departure, that her second son (Commander Ballington Booth) was destined to follow in his footsteps and, in company with his able and devoted wife, to accomplish so extensive and successful a work.

Later in the year the General's hands were similarly forced in regard to Australia. A convert of the Army, John Gore, a milkman, had emigrated to Adelaide, where he met a builder from Bradford, named Saunders, who had been saved through the same agency. Without waiting for officers to arrive they

formed themselves into a corps, appointed a treasurer and secretary, placed themselves under the temporary leadership of Gore, and commenced open-air and indoor meetings. When writing to the General to send out officers they were able to report that already the work had fairly taken root, souls were being saved, and an invitation had been received to extend their operations to Sydney. "We need you as quick as fire and steam can bring you," wrote Gore. "There is no mistake about it. You must come immediately."

The appeal was irresistible. Captain and Mrs. Sutherland were forthwith set apart to pioneer the work, or, rather, to join and lead the original pioneers. Early in January, 1881, they set sail on board the steamship *Aconcagua*, going forth on their journey of twelve thousand miles with the same cool confidence with which they would have started to take charge of a corps in England. Without money, without influence, and with but a handful of humble friends, these solitary Salvationists went forth on their errand of mercy, carrying with them the beloved banner, which was destined to pass from hand to hand till it had been planted in every nook and corner of Australian soil.

Perhaps no country has welcomed the Salvation Army with greater heartiness, and offered for its operations a more congenial sphere, than has Australia, that happy hunting-ground of the sturdy British yeoman and artisan who constitute the backbone of England's national power. Unburdened with an aristocracy of birth and wealth, the sturdy John Bullism of the middle classes has had an opportunity of developing its best characteristics. The same material, which, when forced into the unhealthy atmosphere and hopeless squalor of slumdom, has given birth to

1880.
Age 51.

"We need
you."

Captain
and Mrs.
Suther-
land.

Hearty
welcome.

1880,
Age 51.

*Antipo-
dal
British-
ers.*

the most exaggerated specimens of vice, has blossomed in those brighter and roomier climes with a rapidity and luxuriance which make recognition almost impossible, and which may well inspire with hope the heart of every social reformer. Ability and common sense, especially when combined with virtue, have enjoyed a supremacy in Australia which has too often been denied to them in other lands, at least until their possessors are either tottering on the borders of the grave or have already left the scene of toil and care. Then society suddenly discovers their hitherto neglected worth, and renders them its tardy but useless acknowledgments. Not so Australia. Merit and piety have a chance of gaining swift recognition and timely recompense. Frank, simple, sincere, free-handed and open-hearted, no better specimen of the average Britisher can be found than in the Antipodes. It is no small tribute to the value of Salvation Army methods that he should so readily have accepted and endorsed them, giving them so enthusiastic a welcome to his heart and home.

*Mrs.
Booth's
regret.*

It was always a matter of deep regret to Mrs. Booth that failing health and the manifold needs of the English work prevented her from visiting these foreign lands, especially America and Australia; a regret which has been shared, doubtless, by thousands who have read her books and who would fain have listened to the author's voice. We can readily imagine with what enthusiasm she would there have been received, and can only wonder and bow in mute submission to the mysterious Providence that willed it otherwise.

In America her peculiarly incisive and persuasive mode of oratory could not have failed to secure great triumphs, and would have enabled the Salvation Army

to overcome more rapidly the unusual difficulties which for some time hindered its progress.

1880,
Age 51.

The natural aversion and suspicion with which an alien is regarded in America—indeed, in every land; perhaps less in America than in many other countries—was taken an unworthy advantage of by an officer who was entrusted for a time with the command of the work and proved himself unworthy of the confidence. The public mind was poisoned against what was alleged to be a British concern. A rival army was organised, which was to be purely American in its constitution. Property which had been entrusted to his charge was shamelessly appropriated for the purposes of the new organisation, and a shock was given to public confidence which hindered for years the advance of the movement.

Unusual difficulties.

But it was not likely that an attempt made in such a manner and under such dishonourable circumstances should prove in the end more successful than some of the lesser efforts to which we have already had occasion to allude. The committee who were to take the place of General Booth in controlling the operations of the American Salvation Army soon found reason to be dissatisfied with the doings of their self-appointed commander-in-chief, and he in his turn discovered that their authority was no less disagreeable than that from which he had recently broken loose. Inevitable disputes arose which resulted in another separation. Thus the divided camp soon dwindled into insignificance, while the original movement gradually recovered its lost ground until it attained its present proportions and prosperity.

Lost ground recovered.

That this should have been so is in itself not a little singular, and bears out the remarks with which this chapter commences. If the despotic military

Every unit is a star.

1880,
Age 51.

system of the Salvation Army government can take root in the democratic soil of the American Republic it can surely acclimatise itself to any imaginable circumstances. In the land where every unit is a star, and every star, in theory at least, possesses equal radiance, where big stars and little stars are unknown, and imperial suns and moons are not permitted to rival the brilliant equality of the sky, it might naturally be supposed that no place would have been found for this new constellation, with all its gradations of smallness and greatness, inferiority and superiority, obedience and command, with suns, moons, planets, fixed stars, shooting stars, milky ways, long-tailed comets, and all the other complex paraphernalia of a Salvation Army firmament!

*A new
constel-
lation.*

*Theory
and prac-
tice.*

But who has not recognised the wide divergence that often exists between theory and practice? The Salvation Army found in America the unity of law and order, while America recognised in the Salvation Army the equality of love! Each unit is as free to shine, to be good and to do good, and that to the utmost limits of its capacity, as any citizen in the United States.

*Liberty to
do good.*

And thus the Republic has recognised in the Salvation Army the freedom of virtue, and the Salvation Army has recognised in the Republic the despotism of law. With nothing to be ashamed of in its life and works, the Salvation Army stands beneath the blazing light of the statue of Liberty and invites the utmost scrutiny of all. It asks but for liberty to do good. And its request has not been denied. Recognising in the new movement worthy motives and pure lives, the great Republic has welcomed to its shores those who must so strikingly have reminded it of the Pilgrim Fathers, who laid the foundations of its own greatness.

The units of which the Republic consisted, whether as states or individuals, were *united* units, in the unity of which each lover of his country did not fail to rejoice and boast. True, all the emphasis of which the American language is capable has been placed upon the independent unit. But the same banner which, had there been room, would have had a separate star for every citizen, carries wherever it floats the symbols of the eternal bonds that link each unit into a national whole with as definite an existence as each of its component parts.

1880,
Age 51.

*United
units.*

The man who lands in America supposing he will find himself a member of a lawless, orderless mob, in which he will be absolutely free to do evil as well as good, will soon find himself very much mistaken. And so will the one who seeks to disregard or snap the national bonds that bind all. It may be compared to a vast panorama in which each individual is represented by a tiny, almost invisible, dot. Armed with an enormous magnifying glass he is absorbed in the admiring recognition of his unitship. But there is one thing which he values even more; namely, his position in the panorama. You have but to attempt to dissolve the view, or to remove him from his place, and you will soon find out that, though he is an individual, he is also an American, linked to his sixty-five million fellow—what shall we call them?—*subjects*? Are there, then, such creatures possible in a Republic? Yes, *subjects*; if not of a Queen and Parliament, yet *subjects one of another*, and therefore *subjects none the less*.

*Like a
vast pan-
orama.*

And what more than this could the Salvation Army itself desire? Indeed, it presents to America as good a republic, in some senses, as America can itself display.

*As good a
republic.*

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

WEST END CAMPAIGN. 1880.

In the West End. THE Salvation Army in the West End? How unnecessary! How unsuitable! Here were no slums to revolutionise—no ruffians to reform—no vortex of filth and misery to purify. No staggering drunkard made the night air hideous with his ribald songs and blasphemous oaths. No flaming gin-palace disgraced the neighbourhood. All was quiet and respectable. If there were misery, it was alleviated by luxury; if there were profligacy, it was carefully concealed; if there were sin, it was called by a softer name. And yet—and yet—and yet—when did money, with all the comforts it can purchase, ever succeed in healing the sorrows of a single soul? It may mitigate them for a moment, but it can no more banish them for good than it can purchase for its possessor immunity from sickness and the grave. Ah, yes! There are broken hearts in the mansions of the rich as truly as in the hovels of the poor. And there is a balm in Gilead that can heal them. But the balm is not to be extracted from any possessions that they own, though equal to those of a Rothschild or a Duke of Westminster.

Black-guards in broad-cloth. And in what respect does covered vice or sin under an alias, after all, differ from the unvarnished article? In the sight of God a blackguard in broadcloth is in no sense superior to a blackguard in rags and tatters—a sinner in a feather-bed no better than a

sinner on the Thames Embankment. The latter has at least some claims to pity. If he have sinned, he has also reaped, in some measure, the punishment of his misdeeds. The former has "received his consolation." There is no covering for evil but that of pardon. Forgetfulness and concealment are but poor substitutes—narcotics, from the effects of which the miserable victim must, soon or later, awaken to discover that his last state is indeed worse than his first. The sinner requires not a change of name but change of character.

1880,
Age 51.

Simple facts these—obvious, self-evident, the very A B C of Christianity; and yet perhaps, after all, less familiar to the inhabitants of the West End than to those of the East. The ignorance of foundation Gospel truths among the higher classes is simply appalling. Their children have not even the advantage of the Sunday-school. *Heathenism!* There is many a high-caste Hindoo who could catechise the high-caste heathen of our land, and many a Mohammedan zenana where more is known about the saving power of Christ than in the drawing-room zenanas of our rich.

*Ignorant
of Gospel
truth.*

And no wonder; for, from their childhood upwards who dares to speak to them in faithful love either about their sins or their responsibilities? They go to church, it is true, but it is generally to hear the saints describe themselves as "miserable sinners," and the sinners sing about "Jerusalem," their "happy home," with all the assurance of saints. They used to think that it was necessary to "do works meet for repentance." But they have learnt of recent years that they need only believe that they are Christians and that they are so—whether they are or not! And the doctrine harmonises so well with their inclinations and

*Who
dares
speak?*

1880, with the teachings of their patron saints, the newspapers, that they are willing to accept it, without further question, as the best news that they have ever heard, the very sort of Gospel they have desired. To believe a history, to accept as true a certain creed, to live as you like and yet to go to heaven when you die, is a sort of religion that even the devil himself has no reason whatever to reject! To pray is advisable, but it must all be in private. To do good is praiseworthy, but it can be done by proxy. They can pray by proxy, preach by proxy, and go to the heathen, abroad or at home, by proxy! Nobody need be inconvenienced! No risks need be encountered, no sacrifices made! The crumbs that fall from the table are sufficient to satisfy an easy-going Christ!

An easy-going Christ.

*Mrs.
Booth's
trumpet.*

Needless to say that such a Gospel was very different to the one which Mrs. Booth proclaimed during her West End campaign of 1880. Whether speaking to the rich or to the poor, her trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. The allusions to her West End meetings in her correspondence are fortunately numerous, and from them we quote:

A crowded hall.

"The Lord has very graciously stood by me and given me much precious fruit. Last Sunday we had the Hall crowded, and a large proportion of gentlemen. The Lord was there in power and twenty-one came forward, some for salvation and some for purity. Several were most blessed cases of full surrender. We did not get away till nearly six and we began at three. Everybody is amazed at this for the West End! The audience is very select, we never having published a bill; only advertised it in the *Christian* and daily papers. Pray much, dear friend, that God may do a deep and permanent work in this Babylon. It seems as though He gave me words of fire for them, and they sit spell-bound."

*Extemporaneous
and new.*

"Nearly all I say is extemporaneous, and new. I feel it is the Spirit, for it is just the sort of truth for want of which the

world is dying. I am told on all sides that it is creating a great stir! Amen! Lord, increase it!

1880,
Age 51.

"The audience was splendid, and, though I was positively ill, the Lord held me up for an hour and a half at full swing! We got £43 collection and about £50 since. We paid £20 for the hall."

To one of her sons she writes:

"I am going to a meeting of lords and ladies, etc., at the Honourable Mr. Somebody's in the West End, where Princess —— and Prince Louis Napoleon are to be present! I am to tell of the effects of our work on drunkards, etc. Pray for me. You may perhaps be wanted to stand amongst princes to do battle for the Lord. Surely you will get ready, and not sell your birthright. The Lord help you! Take hold of David's God, hold your head up, keep your shoulders back and go forward."

To stand among princes.

Writing to her friend, Mrs. Billups, she says:

"Yesterday my dearest, self, Bramwell, and Katie were at the Cannon Street Hotel. The meeting was not convened by us, but our people mustered pretty strong and we largely carried the meeting. The General, Bramwell, and Katie spoke with mighty effect, and at the night meeting we had about fifty out for holiness, after having heard it out in the straightest way and with the fullest consecration. It was a grand meeting. There were a good many of the upper classes, many of my Sunday congregation. Oh, if the Lord should honour us to hoist the flag of a real practical holiness throughout the land, how wonderful it will seem! But, as usual, it will bring storm and conflict. The way of the Cross is hard to the rich, and, as of old, few of them will accept it. However, *some* do. Lord, help them!"

A grand meeting.

"Hard to the rich."

"We had a wonderful experience in the West End on Sunday afternoon. The Lord was with me, of a truth, and we went on till six o'clock, when between forty and fifty came forward. I presume you see the *Christian*. I cannot tell you a tithe of what the Lord is doing. Both I and Katie are beset with invitations to drawing-room meetings on every hand, and friends write very kindly asking us to stay with them. I have had to refuse until I have feared they would be offended, but

Visiting not compatible with the work.

**1880,
Age 51.** not only is it incompatible with our work, but with spiritual fidelity and power, to visit them. We will do all in our power for them, but cannot stay in their houses. Pray for us, dear. We need great grace. I think the Lord never enabled me to be more plain and faithful. I have had Dr. —, the leader of the Freethinkers, three times to hear me. Oh, that God may bring him down! As a lady in high circles said the other day 'We never heard this sort of Gospel before.' No, poor things! They are in many instances sadly deceived. You should hear the confession of some of these church members! Truly it is time for God to work."

*Some
silly de-
ceived.*

*"Heaps of
work."*

"These West End services have landed me in heaps of work, correspondence, etc. You will see from the *Christian* that the Lord has stood by and given me the ear of some very important people. Last Sunday, although it was very wet, we were very full, and but for the rain should have been crowded out.

*Aristo-
cratic
hearers.*

"Mr. Denny and others are trying to get the Haymarket Theatre or St. James' Hall for April. Some most interesting cases have been to see me, and others have written. Oh, how the people are perishing for lack of true knowledge. The fight has fairly commenced with Calvinism and Plymouth Brethrenism, but by God's grace we will overcome. I believe God will yet honour us to revive real religion at the West, as well as the East. Pray for me. People come to me from all parts to know if the Army can be sent to their towns and neighbourhoods. Lord —— wrote me last week about the matter, and a lady whose husband has a large estate in Ireland promises to help with buildings and funds if we will send a detachment there. Lord —— and his son were with us on Sunday, and some brother of an Archbishop whose name I forgot. Mr. Denny persuaded a gentleman of influence to come in for a few minutes, as he said he could not stop. But at the close, when asked why he had not left, he said because he could not! So the Lord took hold of him. Pray for me, dear, that I may have grace to be faithful to the rich as well as to the poor. By the help of God none of these things shall move me, neither will I regard the person of men, but will plainly and fearlessly declare His truth, come what may."

*Could not
leave.*

Tenderly as Mrs. Booth yearned over repentant

sinners none could be at times more scathing in her denunciations of Pharisaical hypocrisy. To the same friend she writes in another letter:

1880,
Age 51.

*Scathing
denuncia-
tion.*

"Oh, the hypocrites! How Jesus Christ will expose them in that day! True Pharisees and sons of Pharisees! They for a pretense make long prayers, while they devour widows' houses, and leave the captives of the devil to grind on in darkness. God help the Salvation Army to stir up their nests! We are doing it all over the land. No wonder they hate us.

"A gentleman was talking to me the other day about the great amount of love there is for the Saviour still in the churches! I said, 'Yes, for their *idealistic* Saviour. But suppose Jesus were to come to your chapel as He went about Palestine, with a carpenter's coat on, or as He sat upon the well, all over perspiration and dust with travel, where would your chapel steward put Him to sit?' You should have seen his face! I would have liked Mr. Lee's photographic machine there to have taken it! This is another kind of Christ altogether! O blessed Jesus, never was Master denied and maligned as Thou hast been! Help us to redeem Thy character amongst men!"

*Where
would he
put Him?*

"I hear that the Rev. Dale, of Birmingham, has been eulogising us to the skies, and that other leading men have been doing the same. Thank God, *some* of them have sense to see what we are doing and honesty to confess it! The Superintendent of Police at Openshaw told our captain there that the whole force was altered through attending our halls; that there was not half as much swearing and wickedness, and he believed that three of their men had been converted! The publicans are fairly beaten by this action of the police, and some are almost ruined. Amen!"

*Dr. Dale
eulogises.*

"I go to Kidderminster to-morrow for Sunday and Monday, then home on Tuesday. Shall not have much time to make puddings, etc., but what matters it? The children have asked not to have a hamper this Christmas, but to have the money to spend on some poor children at Clapton. Amen. Eva spoke at Stoke Newington Sunday fortnight, they tell me, beautifully. Another witness for Him. Keep praying for us. We must go on, as Pa writes me, 'over the slain bodies

*Another
witness
for Him.*

1880, of both friends and foes,' to victory or death. We have, with a few exceptions, good news all along the line."

Swamped with work. "Here I am, literally swamped with work. Oh, the letters! I am almost written to death, but I must send you a line to assure you of my unceasing sympathy and prayer. I have a drawing-room at ——. If you know any one of position whom you would like to be there, send me name and address and I will have a card sent them. I would not mind who, but these people don't like tradespeople, or others not of their own standing, to be invited! Oh, when we get *Home*, with the whole household of faith, what will some of them do?

Heaven's jubilee. "The General returned last night, having travelled eight hundred miles, and having addressed (besides open-air meetings) forty thousand people in eight days! And oh, the stories of grace and salvation! Indescribable! Heaven must be kept in an uproar of jubilee, if it is true that there is joy there over every one! And yet Mr. —— and others who might help us are quibbling about the colour of a coat! Pa says the meeting at Bristol exceeded Exeter Hall. Colston Hall was crowded to excess an hour before time, and hundreds outside. Manchester, Liverpool, etc., to match."

The following paragraph will be encouraging to some, inasmuch as it illustrates that, though triumphing through the grace and power of God, Mrs. Booth was called to pass through mysterious seasons of temptation and depression:

"Just a line, though I have to leave at three o'clock for the drawing-room meeting at the West and don't know a bit what I am to say. Pa has gone off to the North and I have had a perfect drive all the morning.

"Fits of despondency." "I have been much depressed since you left—worse than usual; but it is of no use reasoning with myself when these fits of despondency are on me. I must hold on and fight my passage through, and when I get to heaven the light and joy will be all the greater contrast.

Changed lives. "If I dared give up working I should do so a hundred times over; but I *dare not*. I received letters only yesterday telling me of five precious cases of long-standing professors getting

the peace and power. One, a wine merchant, is giving up his business. Praise the Lord!"

1880,
Age 51.

"The Lord was with us in great power yesterday. I overdid myself sadly. We had between twenty-one and twenty-five out for pardon. Among them, an elderly man said he had been one of the greatest hypocrites on the face of the earth! Some of them were blessed cases of full abandonment. One lady decked out in the latest fashion burst into tears, and told me she would give the world up, and do anything, or dress any way, for Jesus! Praise the Lord! She got sweetly saved, of course. I have had a dear lady here this morning who has been years in bondage under the 'only believe' Gospel, and who has been writhing under the truth ever since I began the meetings. She gave up last night and got gloriously saved. There were scores went away deeply convicted. Pray for them. Oh, if we could get more of the spirit of prayer in Christians! Few understand it at all. I always find an exact proportion in the results to the spirit of intercession I have beforehand. This is why I like to be alone in lodgings.

*Some
blessed
cases.*

"My beloved says I have never yet accepted the disjointed state of things here, and that I kill myself trying to raise them to an ideal standard. Perhaps so. I must try and roll the mesh on God and leave Him to untangle it. I do often, and then I find myself at the strings again before night. Yet all things shall work together for good for those who truly love Him; shall they not?

*The
tangled
mesh.*

"We were crowded yesterday. You always seem to miss the best. I go on another Sunday, and then we are to have a sort of conversational meeting somewhere.

"I wonder whether you got to know the General was in Bristol yesterday? I hope so. He writes me that they had two thousand people at the seven o'clock prayer-meeting in the morning. That speaks volumes. Oh, for such a move all over the country!"

*Two
thousand
at a
morning
prayer-
meeting.*

"How I would have liked you here this afternoon. We have had the best wine last; place well filled, influence blessed, and nearly fifty forward. The Lord was with us, of a truth. The people thronged round to shake hands, and many

*Message
from a
clergy-
man.*

1880, were much disappointed at not having a farewell meeting. I
Age 51. feel it is a grand opportunity lost—lost for want of time and strength at headquarters to arrange it! I am sorry now that I let it drop through. There were some precious testimonies given me to blessing received. One lady brought a message from a High Church clergyman to say that he much regretted that he could not be present to tell me himself that my services had been the means of bringing him out of his errors into God's marvellous light. Praise the Lord!"

Visiting the provinces. But Mrs. Booth's energies were by no means confined to the West End during the year. Occasional visits were paid to the provinces, where the usual crowds and a hearty welcome always awaited her. Writing from King's Lynn, she says:

Polly Parkins. "I came here with Mr. Denny to the stone-laying of a new hall. It poured in torrents, but it would have done your heart good to have seen the crowd of rough men standing in the rain; and the meeting at night was grand. Everybody says the whole town is changed. Polly Parkins, another of my old cooks, is captain! She has developed into a giantess in the work, although so weak in body!"

On another occasion, writing from the provinces, Mrs. Cooth says:

Modern Pharisees. "The more I see of fashionable religion the more I despise it; indeed, how can fashionable religion ever be any other than despicable? I was thinking the other day what a reproduction of the same classes of character this age presents as were in Jerusalem when Jesus lived and died. The Pharisees of that day wanted a Christ. Oh, yes! But He must be a reigning Christ! And now there are thousands talking about His second coming who will neither see nor receive Him in the person of His humble and persecuted followers. Christ manifested in flesh, vulgar flesh, they cannot receive. No; they are looking for Him in the clouds! What a sensation there would be if He were to come again in a carpenter's coat! How many would recognise Him then, I wonder? I am afraid it would be the old story, 'Crucify Him!' 'Away

The risen Christ.

with Him!' 'Whoever denieth that Jesus *is* come (not *did* come) in the flesh is antichrist.' Oh, for grace always to see Him where He is to be seen, for, verily, flesh and blood doth not reveal this unto us! Well, bless the Lord, I keep seeing Him risen again in the forms of drunkards and ruffians of all descriptions.

"I would have given a trifle for you to have been with me at Poole, and here on Tuesday night. A glorious band, sweet in spirit and valiant in fight! Driven close to God and each other by furious persecution from without. The Lord will give us a triumphant victory in this place—a priest-ridden, proud, cathedral city, with unfaithful shepherds enough to lead a whole generation into hell. Oh, for an earthquake to open their eyes! But I fear as it was then so it is now, their house is left unto them desolate. Not liking to retain God in His own chosen way He has given them up to believe a lie, and this more or less all over the land! The Lord have mercy on the multitudes as sheep without a shepherd!"

"I had a drawing-room meeting here yesterday morning and I preach to-night in the Assembly Rooms. The Lord came down in power. We had, I trust, a useful time at Bournemouth. I preached in the Town Hall on the Sunday night on Faith. Lady C. had besought me not to ask people out; she was sure that in proud Bournemouth no one would come, and feared it might create prejudice. I told her I dare not preach without, and was quite willing to leave consequences with God. The hall was packed, the power came down, and twelve came forward! Everybody was amazed, and I hear people are asking in all directions whether I am going again. One clergyman who was there told a friend that he got richly blessed. So you see, dear, God still sustains poor me, and gives me the victory over rich and poor."

Writing to her daughter Emma Mrs. Booth says:

"We had a grand crush last night, and I trust something was done for eternity; but, oh dear! there are plenty of discouragements everywhere. The devil must be stronger and wiser on his lines than we give him credit for. I got some comfort this morning from Rev. 10th chap. 7th ver. If God calls His plan with the earth and the church 'the Mystery,'

1880,
Age 51.

*A proud
and
priest-
ridden
city.*

*Might
create
prejudice.*

*Twelve
came
forward.*

*"The
Mystery."*

**1880,
Age 51.** how vain is it for us to try to understand it; but what a comfort to realise that the time is coming when it will be '*finished*'! What a joy to see it, if we are on the right side. We must roll the responsibility on Him, and go on in faith that the result will be worth the cost.

"At the head of the procession." "Your 'Training Home girls' look well and happy. I allowed myself to be drawn in an open perambulator at the head of the procession last night, a gazing-stock to the town! I felt a little of the meaning of Paul's glorying in the cross! Oh, what poor little shamefaced soldiers we are, after all!"

"What an undertaking!" "I note the discouraging circumstances you name. True, there is much to deplore everywhere, but we cannot help it. We have to do the best we can with the material we have, as the poor Lord has to do with us all. What an undertaking He must have on His hands! I was never so able to understand the sufferings of Christ in enduring the contradiction of sinners as I am now. The whole work of saving men is a *work of suffering* from the beginning to the end. But then, *saviours must not draw back*. The Lord help us."

Resting at Crieff. Perhaps the most important meetings held by Mrs. Booth during the year outside London were those conducted in Scotland. Breaking her journey at Newcastle, where she had a large and powerful meeting, she proceeded to the hydropathic establishment at Crieff for a short and much-needed rest. From here she writes:

A Sunday address. "After a week of constant travelling and meetings Mr. Booth and myself have come here for a little rest, and a very nice place we find it. The day after we arrived some friends found us out and insisted upon my giving an address on the Sunday afternoon in the recreation-room, at which the Lord helped me. Since this my dearest has given three addresses, and I think the Lord has used us to draw together those who are seeking for a higher experience. But, alas, there are the same hindrances as everywhere else; they will go thus far and no farther. One has one idol and another another, and I should think out of fifty persons there would not be over a dozen who are real—I mean thorough; and oh, I see more than ever the awful fallacy it is to let such people go on deceived.

So few thorough.

As though anyone *could* be the Lord's at all who is not thorough! Nothing could be more explicit than the teachings of Jesus Himself on this point.

1880,
Age 51.

"I preached in the Tyne Theatre in Newcastle on Sunday night to a crowded place, and it seemed as though God struck the hearts of the people the moment I opened my mouth. I never realised more power in my life. Is it not strange that these physical ills are allowed to cripple me? Are they my thorn in the flesh, or are they from the devil? If I were not so prone to despondency I should conclude the former, but I don't seem to need them to keep me down; my difficulty is to get up. Pray for me. My opportunities just now are awfully responsible."

The physical ills.

Writing from Edinburgh she says:

"I had a wonderful meeting here on Sunday night. One of the most beautiful halls in the kingdom crowded. I lecture in it to-morrow night. Pray for me. The obtuseness, indifference, and heartlessness of professed Christians is the greatest trial of my life. The poor, with all their faults, have larger hearts than the rich. I go to Glasgow for Monday and Tuesday; am to be in the newest and finest hall in Scotland; seats three thousand. Pray for me."

*From
Edin-
burgh.*

"I have had some wonderful meetings, as many outside as in, on some occasions, and much blessing. Praise the Lord. Pa writes me that the Council at Nottingham has far surpassed last year, which I could hardly have thought possible. Thousands of people in the streets in those small towns round about, and no building half large enough to hold the people! God seems to be going ahead of us everywhere. We cannot follow fast enough! Pray for faithful men and women. I see no limit to what can be done if we can only get more of these. In many places the movement is rising to the middle classes and whole districts are budding into new life in the churches. We must do more in Wales yet, if the Lord will only find us buildings and agents. 'Make haste and help us, O God!' Emma writes me that she has twenty-eight cadets in the Home, and we have taken a house for training the men."

*"Won-
derful
meet-
ings."*

*"Twenty-
eight
cadets."*

Just on the eve of the Glasgow meetings Mrs. Booth

1880,
Age 51.

*Again
pro-
strated.*

*The
General
sent for.*

*"In the
strength
of the
Lord."*

*The devil
beat for
once.*

was again prostrated by illness. The intense physical suffering often entailed upon her by her public services may be judged by the following account:

"Mr. Booth had left me on Saturday and I was in strange lodgings. I had to ring them up at three in the morning and get hot foments, etc., but nothing relieved the pain. All day Monday and all night it continued, so that I never closed my eyes; the knee swelled like a bag of water all round the cap, and bear the bed-clothes I could not. On Tuesday morning I felt it would be impossible to take the meeting, and great efforts and expectations had been called forth. One of the chief magistrates was to take the chair, and several leading men had promised to be on the platform. Four thousand tickets were issued. You may guess how I felt. I telegraphed to Dundee to tell my dearest he must come and take the meeting, and my leg, though a little easier, continued too bad for me to think of going.

"Mr. Booth arrived at 6.30 and the meeting commenced at 7.30. He begged me to try and go, if I only showed myself. He prayed, and I got ready as best I could, and, half carried to the cab, I ventured. The hall was full, and half carried, in great pain, I went on the platform. I rose to speak in the strength of the Lord, and from the moment I opened my mouth until I ceased I never felt my knee, except once or twice when I moved it. The Lord stood by me and I spoke for an hour and a quarter, with three reporters sitting in a row just under me. The pain came on again before I got home and I was up all night, for I could not lie in bed. Hot meal poultices and mustard lotions were continually applied. But the pain affected the whole leg from the hip to the heel. It was like a screw in both joints. At three o'clock in the morning I had another attack of the heart, so bad that I fainted in the chair, and my dearest dared not lift me because of my leg. He said he never felt so utterly at a loss in his life; but he cried to the Lord, and He came to our help. The people where I lodged were most kind, the lady herself staying up, as well as the servant. She told me the next morning that she was awfully frightened; she thought I was dying. I should not tell you all this only to show you how wonderfully the Lord brings us through. My dearest says He works

miracles for us every day. Certainly, if it was the devil who attacked my leg, he was beat for once!"

1880,
Age 51.

Referring to one of the most striking incidents of the Army's history during this year, the invitation to the General to address the Wesleyan Conference, Mrs. Booth writes:

The General at the Wesleyan Conference.

"Yesterday was a wonderful chapter in our history. My dearest addressed the Wesleyan Conference! I cannot tell you all about it till we meet, but it looks like a miracle! He was most respectfully and kindly received and listened to, and several of the lay nabobs congratulated him afterwards most enthusiastically. Of course it must be God does these things for us. I should have thought it much more probable for him to have addressed the House of Lords than those seven hundred ministers. Well, history repeats itself, truly. And the Lord still shows Himself strong on behalf of those who serve Him with a perfect, or *thorough*, heart."

"It looks like a miracle."

The tide had truly turned in the history of the Salvation Army, and the contrary winds and currents which had hitherto retarded its progress had suddenly changed. But there were still trials and perplexities which sobered the rejoicings and taxed the vigilance of its commanders. The increasing speed demanded redoubled precautions. The dangers of prosperity, though different in character, are almost equal in degree to those of adversity. Many vessels which have braved the storm have perished in a calm.

The tide had turned.

Increased vigilance.

It is when the wind drops that the even more to be dreaded fog most commonly prevails. The mariner fears especially the dangers which cannot be seen. The engines cease to work, the whistle sounds, the lead is cast, and all wait anxiously for the lifting of the mist.

Fear of unseen dangers.

Perhaps this is why some organisations which encounter little or no opposition are nevertheless at a

Is this the reason?

1880,
Age 51.

perpetual standstill, or make at least but little progress compared with the wealth, influence, learning, and opportunities they represent. They have anchored in latitudes where the stormless air is filled with fogs. They hug the coasts of professing Christendom, fearing to launch out upon the seas of godless ruffianism, and thus the shipwreck which they dread is, after all, their lot.

*The goal
of the
Army.*

The seas which have hitherto been traversed by the Salvation Army have usually been too rough for the prevalence of mists. The calms have been few and far between. The praises of men, when heard, have soon been drowned by the oaths and curses of opposers. But, storm or calm, it has pressed forward, oblivious of all things save the great goal of its ambition, the very object of its existence: the proclamation to a perishing world of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE TRAINING HOMES. 1880.

THEMSELVES trained during the past twenty-six years in the severe school of adversity, the General and Mrs. Booth were not slow to discover in the very rapidity of their recent advances a dangerous element of weakness which needed to be remedied.

In the early stages of the work, when the evangelists were few in number, and the stations clustered closely together, it had been possible for the leaders of the movement to exercise such a personal supervision of the workers that their raw and untrained character had given but little cause for anxiety. But now that the Salvation Army had extended its operations to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and even to Australia and America, the circumstances of the case had entirely altered. To "lay hands suddenly" upon the newly made converts, and to send them forth to take charge of difficult and distant posts, was a dangerous proceeding, which could be justified only by the extreme importance of the emergency. Considering the arduous nature of the work, and the temptations to which these hastily raised levies were exposed, it is remarkable that there were not more numerous breakdowns. But the few that had occurred were sufficient to warn the leaders of the Salvation Army that the time had arrived for giving some sort of training to its future officers.

Not that the General desired to adopt the ordinary

*Trained
in and
for work.*

*Personal
supervis-
ion here-
to-ore.*

*Some-
thing
more
needed.*

**1880,
Age 51.**

*General
Booth's
views.*

college system. On the contrary, he was more than ever convinced that the usual methods adopted in preparing young men for the ministry were entirely unsuited to the peculiar requirements of the Salvation Army. At the same time he by no means undervalued knowledge, whether of a practical or a doctrinal character; his great desire being to teach what was absolutely essential for the exigencies of the war without burdening the mind with that which, however desirable in itself, had no direct bearing upon the work.

*First
Training
Home.*

By way of an experiment a Training Home for women was opened in May, 1880, and placed under the charge of their second daughter, Miss Emma Booth. It was quickly filled with some thirty candidates for the work, and as soon as any of these were sent out others were ready to take their place. The advantages of this institution soon began to make themselves sensibly felt, and before the end of the year a similar Home was opened for the male cadets and placed under Mr. Ballington Booth, it being felt that the brother and sister would be able to work into each other's hands, and that the one department would help and supplement the other, while both would be kept under the immediate eye of the leaders. The arrangement answered admirably, and a few years later Mrs. Booth was able thus to describe the nature of the preparation through which the officers passed:

*The male
cadets.*

*What sort
of
training?*

*No learn-
ing for its
own sake.*

"Perhaps no question is more frequently proposed to us than this: 'What sort of training do you give your cadets?' This I will try to answer as concisely as possible.

"In the first place, the great aim of all our training is to fit our officers for the work they have to do. We abjure all mere learning for its own sake. Moreover, we believe that a great

deal of it is calculated rather to unfit than to aid its recipients for actual warfare. Just as, in temporal things, the apprenticeship is intended to teach the apprentice the particular trade to which he is destined, so we think training for the work of God should be adapted to qualify its recipients for that work; and that it would be just as sensible to spend the time and exhaust the energies of the apprentice intended to build houses in studying the problems of astronomy, as to teach men and women destined for spiritual warfare dead languages, and a great deal of other useless lumber commonly imposed upon students for the ministry. We say, teach the builder how to build houses, the shoemaker how to make shoes, and a soul-winner HOW TO WIN SOULS.

"Friends say: 'Ah, yes; but how do you do it?' Well, first, we begin with the *heart*. It is true that we receive no candidates but such as we have good reason, after careful enquiry, to believe are truly converted, and are actuated by pure motives in seeking to be officers. Nevertheless, we find many of them not sanctified; that is, not having fully renounced the flesh or the world, and not thoroughly given up to God. There are lurking evils to be discovered and renounced, mistaken notions to be corrected, the remains of self-seeking to be crucified, and the soul led up to the thorough abandonment of selfish interests which we regard as indispensable to the fulness of the Holy Spirit and to success in winning souls. Consequently, the most time and the greatest strength of the superintending staff are devoted to this department of labour.

"Not only is the daily lecture devoted to the most heart-searching truths, founded, of course, on the Scriptures, but every cadet is seen privately, talked and prayed with, and counselled according to his or her individual necessities, by the principals, as frequently as the numbers will allow; each being allowed opportunity to state difficulties, confess faults, or seek light and guidance under temptation. We take it to be a fundamental principle that if the soul is not right the service cannot be right, and therefore we make THE SOUL THE FIRST AND CHIEF CARE.

"2. We try to train the *head*, so as to put our officers a little in advance, in intelligence and information, of the people to whom they are to minister. To this end we teach the three R's, and the rudiments of history, geography, and com-

1880,
Age 51.

*Begin
with the
heart.*

*The soul
and the
service.*

*The three
R's.*

1880, **Age 51.** position, with such general information as we find most necessary for their future position.

Active warfare. " 3. The next point is to instruct the candidates in the principles, discipline, and methods of the Army, through which they are to act upon the people. Not only is this done in theory in the lecture-room, but they are led out into actual contact with the ignorance, sins, and woes of the people. This is done by means of open-air marches, meetings, house-to-house visitation, *War Cry* selling, slum, attic and garret work, the hunting up of drunkards, the Little Soldiers' work, and, in short, by any and every kind of active warfare.

To bear the cross. " We try in this way to teach them how to bear the cross—not an ornament called by that name, but the veritable cross of Jesus Christ, who was followed by a howling mob on His way to Calvary. They learn by experience, as well as in sentiment, how, when smitten on one cheek, to turn the other, and how to respond to blasphemy, spitting, and often cruel buffetings by blessing those who curse them, and praying for those who spitefully use them.

How to approach the people. " We teach them, secondly, how to approach the masses of the people—who, alas, hate what they have seen of religion and all connected with it; how to attract their attention and get an entrance for the truth into their outward ear, that it may have a chance of reaching their hearts.

Opening their eyes. " We teach them, thirdly, how to appeal to the consciences of the people, not by preaching smooth things and exhibiting a God all love, minus justice and judgment, but by attacking their sins and arousing that sense of condemnation and apprehension which lies dormant in every sinner's heart. In short, in the Saviour's language, by 'opening their eyes, and turning them from darkness to light.'

Inspiring hope. " We teach them, fourthly, how to inspire hope in the most hopeless; appealing to the soul, irrespective of the particular form of outward sin into which each individual has fallen; showing them how frequently God's most precious jewels have been hewn out of the hardest of nature's granite, and how the vilest persecutors have often been transformed into the most illustrious saints and soldiers.

The Almighty Deliverer. " We try, fifthly, to show them how to exhibit the Saviour as a full and sufficient sacrifice for sin; as an Almighty Deliverer from the power of evil habits outside, and from the

strength of evil passions and propensities inside; in short, that He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, and is their sufficient strength and guide for every future temptation and emergency.

"We teach them, finally, how to utilise the trophies they may be permitted to win, showing them how best to spend their strength for the salvation of those around.

"The foregoing is the unceasing aim of our training in all its ramifications. We are conscious of having yet much to learn, but how far we have succeeded in giving this kind of training the tens of thousands of the roughest classes of the world's population, saved through the instrumentality of our officers, is the best evidence. Whether our officers can claim apostleship in the estimation of the church or not, they can certainly say, with Paul, to these multitudes, once drunkards, blasphemers, thieves, and sinners of every class: 'If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you; for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord.'

"The results of our work have justified the conviction with which we began: that to make apostolic people would ensure apostolic results. We have never had a question in our own minds but that the Gospel would prove the same mighty power of God, when truly lived out by those who preach it, and energised by the Holy Spirit, as in its earlier dispensation; and the results have confirmed us tenfold in this conviction."

One of the first questions that the new cadets were asked upon arriving at the Home was whether they had a Bible of their own. Well-thumbed and carefully marked were the treasures that were produced, proving how unfounded were the accusations that Salvation Army soldiers did not study the Scriptures. Many a one, who could not decipher so much as the alphabet previous to his or her conversion, had learned to read on purpose to be able to study the Book of books.

The course of training was a brief one, extending from four to six months, and even during this short

1880,
Age 51.

Finally.

*Yet much
to learn.*

*Seal of
apostle-
ship.*

*Justified
by results.*

*Well-
thumbed
Bibles.*

*Brief but
practical
course of
training.*

<sup>1880,
Age 51.</sup> interval the cadets, instead of being pent up within four walls and crammed intellectually till their zeal and spirituality had been largely crushed, were pushed into active service. The lessons and lectures of the morning were followed by slum visitation and *War Cry* selling in the afternoon, and this again by salvation or holiness meetings every night. The new solo, that had just been mastered, was sung in the open-air or indoor meeting the same evening, either to be thrown aside, as unsuited to the public taste, or sung and sung again till its echoes had reached "from shore to shore." If a song did not "go," that is, if it did not move the hearts of the people, tending either towards converting or sanctifying them or infusing them with the war spirit, it was at once rejected, however pretty the tune or words might be. Mere sentimentalism of any kind was treated with contempt. Something must happen, or something was wrong.

*The song
must
"go."*

*Idle
words.* "Oh, friends!" says Mrs. Booth in addressing one of her audiences, "give up the sentimental hypocrisy of singing,

"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,"

in the drawing-room, to the accompaniment of the piano, without ever dreaming of going outside to do it; such idle words will prove only a mockery and a sham in the great day of account. Such songs will come booming back on the ears of the soul with more awful forebodings than the echoes of the archangel's trumpet itself! Sentimentalism will have no resurrection; it will rot with the grave-clothes."

*From the
General's
sum-
mary.*

Referring to these two Training Homes in his summary of the year's work, the General says:

"Some friends have been afraid that we are in danger of departing from the simplicity of the movement, and going off on to college lines. They must come and see us, and their fears will at once vanish."

"In these Homes we test the genuineness of the candidate. They will serve as a 'strait gate,' through which those wanting in the qualification indispensable to success amongst us will be discovered, and returned to their homes. This will be infinitely preferable to leaving it to develop in a weary round of uselessness at a station, or in making misery and mutiny among a trusting people."

"From these two Homes thirty-nine have already gone out to active service, of whom twelve have been sent to Ireland. There are at present sixty-four in training, and a large number are waiting for admission."

One of the most important advances made during the year was, however, the issue of the now world-famous *War Cry*, the first number of which was published at Christmas, 1879. Concerning this effort the General was able to report at the end of the year:

"The establishment of a weekly newspaper had long been felt to be a necessity. To inspire, and educate, and bind together our people all over the world in the spirit of this holy warfare, it was felt that we must have a *weekly* organ. Difficulties great and innumerable were in the way, but, the attempt once resolved upon, they were surmounted, and the undertaking has proved perhaps the greatest success ever achieved in the way of a religious newspaper. We began with a sale of some 20,000, and in twelve months, without spending £10 in advertisements, have reached a circulation of 110,000! When it is remembered that the paper is intensely religious, advocating the highest possible forms of devotion and holiness, rejecting all the varied kinds of fiction so prevalent and pernicious, that its readers consist of those who have been heretofore accustomed to read nothing at all, or only the lowest and most debasing literature; that it has, to our positive knowledge, been the means of the conversion of many souls and the awakening of slumbering churches, this success will be considered as gratifying as it is marvellous. The remarkable incidents contained in it, couched, as they often are, in language which to some may appear eccentric and extravagant, are the very means by which we attract the attention of those who would be otherwise indisposed to read the solemn, instructive, and warning truths of the Gospel."

1880,
Age 51.

*Genuine-
ness
tested.*

*The "War
Cry."*

*The
greatest
success.*

*Extrava-
gant and
eccentric
to attract.*

1880,
Age 51.

Evident
results.

Speaking of the results of the year's labours, the General was able thus to refer to the remarkable change which had taken place in some of the worst neighbourhoods occupied by the Salvation Army:

"The morals of entire districts have been improved. This is acknowledged by magistrates, ministers, police, and officers of order throughout the land. At a town I recently visited a gentleman told me that, before the Army came there, eight or nine fights commonly occurred in the main street on a Saturday evening, but that now all was peace and quietness. The following, taken from the *Examiner* a fortnight ago, is part of the charge of the Recorder of Manchester, and testifies, in an indirect way, to the work of the Army at our four stations there:

Charge
to the
grand
jury of
Manches-
ter.

"The Recorder, in charging the grand jury, said he was very happy to be able to congratulate them upon the fact that the calendar was very light in character. That was the first time he had been able to do so for some years. He thought there had been a sign of improvement during several months past. What the cause of the diminution was he did not know, but he thought they might hope it rose from the fact that the morals of the people had been recently improved. He saw no special reason, except that, for the improved condition of the city since last sessions.' (Manchester *Examiner*, December 9th, 1880.)

Three
maiden
assizes at
Glouces-
ter.

"At Gloucester, the magistrates on the bench and the Superintendent of the Police, in speaking of the reduction of crime, publicly attributed the gratifying state of things to the operations of the Army. It is also a curious fact that, out of the four assizes held in the city since the Army entered it, no less than three have been maiden ones; such a remarkable thing not having occurred before in their memory."

Forty-
seven new
towns
opened.

In the course of the year forty-seven new towns were opened, and at most of these powerful revivals occurred. The most remarkable of these was at Bristol, where a circus was engaged capable of holding some 2,500 people. Night after night it was packed, and hundreds turned away. Indeed so great

was the excitement that at the early prayer-meeting, at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, as many as 2,000 people were present, and this Sunday after Sunday, in spite of bitterly cold weather. The number of officers had increased to 320, and the local contributions raised by the corps during the year had risen to no less than £16,000.

But perhaps the most interesting occurrence of the year was the celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Booth's silver wedding at the Whitechapel Hall. Many friends united with the officers and soldiers of the various London corps to celebrate the happy occasion in the hearty, demonstrative fashion so dear to Salvationists. The General gave an interesting sketch of the history of the Mission during the past fifteen years. Mrs. Booth followed with a touching address. But the most heart-appealing feature of the meeting was when the family rose to their feet and sang together:

"We all belong to Jesus!
Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!"

As the clear young voices rang through the Hall a practical lesson in full consecration was taught which was more eloquent than any of the burning addresses given. A little army in itself, it revealed the secret of the success with which the movement had met. The General and Mrs. Booth had commenced within the narrow circle of their own home the work which had broadened out until it had included within its embrace the entire world. The Salvation Army was but an application of the same principles to a wider sphere. The military idea was interwoven with that of the family. The one was the warp and the other was the woof. The two combined to give unity and cohesion to each other. The skeleton of the organisa-

1880,
Age 51.

Work at
Bristol.

Silver
wedding
celebra-
tion.

Hearty
demon-
strations.

Secret of
the
success.

Warp and
woof.

1880,
Age 51. tion, its bonework, so to speak, was composed of military rules and regulations which of themselves would have been stiff, repulsive, valueless. But the warm filling up of family flesh and blood covered and beautified that which was, in its turn, indispensable to lend symmetry and strength to what would otherwise have been, after all, but a shapeless, heterogeneous, and comparatively useless mass. It is the attempted divorce of these two principles, which God has so inextricably allied, that has bred so much confusion and failure in the religious world. "Order is Heaven's first law," and will be so to the end. But there must be something to order, or order of itself will be of little avail. On the other hand, there are those who are so impressed with the importance of the particles of flesh and blood that they would dispense with the bone, annihilating law and order in favour of so-called freedom, and producing as a result a sort of spiritual jelly-fish, which floats about on the top of the waters at the mercy of every wind and wave, with apparently little capacity for anything save that of stinging all it touches.

*Spiritual
jelly-fish.*

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

MRS. BOOTH AND THE BISHOP. 1880.

THE rapid and unprecedented progress of the Salvation Army, described in the last few chapters, gave rise in certain quarters to what, for want of a better name, we may term *Salvaphobism*. Politicians, socialists, and professing Christians had long been lamenting the terrible condition into which the masses had lapsed. Every possible sort of expedient had been suggested for combating the evil, but in vain. All seemed at their wit's end. And yet, when an organisation had at length arisen which was capable of dealing successfully with the problem, those who had themselves failed to solve it were as unwilling to learn as they had been unable to institute a more excellent way.

The faint-hearted and sluggish have ever been prone to discover "a lion in the way" of every good work. New arrivals in India have often been known to lie quaking in their beds because they have mistaken the howl of the harmless jackal for the roar of the tiger, or the impress of the pariah dog for the mark of the paw of the leopard. And so it has been with these alarmists, who have professed to discover in the Salvation Army elements of danger which exist nowhere save in their imaginations. In their anxiety to anticipate the evils which the future might bring forth, they have overlooked the evils that exist.

And yet at their very feet stretches a seething mass

**1880,
Age 51.**

*No time
to carp
and
haggle.*

of iniquity. Millions of our fellow-men are sinking beneath its surface. The means for their salvation are confessedly inadequate. It is no time to carp or haggle with those who would leap into this sea of woe, and who at the peril of their lives draw from its waves trophy after trophy of redeeming grace. Here are men and women who, not satisfied with flinging a life-buoy to the perishing, leap over the bulwarks of their comfortable homes and plunge into the depths of slums to do battle with the worse than sharks that teem in those dark waters and prey upon humanity.

But oh, surprising fact—that those who profess to be actuated by like motives, and dedicated to a like mission, should rise up to question and criticise rather than to bless, or, Gamaliel-like, coldly choose to let alone what it is their God-given privilege to help!

*In
Carlisle.*

It was in the autumn of 1880 when an occasion of this kind occurred. The Army had recently commenced operations in Carlisle with marvellous success. Many of the worst characters were converted, and the town was greatly moved, when, strange to say, the Bishop preached a sermon in the Cathedral strongly condemning the Salvation Army. Mrs. Booth happened to be in the neighbourhood at the time, and was urged to reply. Thinking she might advantageously use the occasion in answering the objections of similar critics, she consented. Thus, in an old but crowded theatre, she dealt with the statements made by the Bishop in the Cathedral. From her address we quote the following:

*Mrs.
Booth re-
plies to
the
Bishop.*

"The great problem of how to reach the masses of this country with the Gospel has been the absorbing question, for many years gone by, in the mind of every intelligent and thoughtful philanthropist, as well as of every sincere Christian. There has not been a congress or synod held by any

denomination, from the Established Church downwards, but, in some form or other, this problem has come up for solution. I remember, some nine years ago, in London, a great placard, announcing one of the most influential congresses ever gathered in the metropolis, comprising the clergy and laity of the Established Church, to consider how to bring the Gospel to bear on the masses of England. I said when I read it, 'What an awful admission! In the end of the nineteenth century it is necessary, in so-called Christian England, for a synod of the Established Church to meet to consider how to bring the Gospel to bear on the masses.' And yet, alas! we know there was only too great a necessity for it.

1880,
Age 51.

*An awful
adminis-
tion.*

"This problem has since kept coming up in the congresses of all denominations. Some have given one solution and some another; but I am bold to say—and at my back stand some of the most thoughtful Christians of this generation—that, until the Salvation Army arose, every effort to grapple with the question on anything like an adequate scale proved a comparative failure. Statistics were taken from which it was ascertained that ninety per cent of the working classes—I am not speaking of cadging classes, tramps, etc., but of the *bona-fide* working classes, who, you say, are the backbone of England—never crossed the threshold of church, chapel, or Christian hall. Think of that, and then ask yourselves if it is not time something should be done. Ah, everybody agrees something should be done! The great difficulty is, what should that something be?

*What
should be
done?*

"I have been in sixty-two towns in eleven months. In these towns I have seen hundreds of thousands gathered together in our halls. Ah, there is nothing like *seeing* to realise. All the accounts I had ever heard or read had failed to convey to my mind anything like a true conception of the state of positive heathenism and ruffianism in which these masses live. Hundreds of these very men I should be afraid to meet at night—short-cropped, bullet-headed, gaol-bird looking men, of the bull-dog type—the terrible traces of debauchery and crime deep marked upon their faces, and dressed in such habiliments as showed where their money went on a Saturday night. Hundreds of these men are earning fairly respectable wages, and their wretched condition arises from their vicious habits.

*Nothing
like
seeing.*

"The rapid growth of infidelity and atheism among them

1880,
Age 51.

*"Enough
to make
us weep."*

*The Gos-
pel or the
sword.*

is enough to make us weep, had we but a just conception of it, and to make the respectable classes pause before they put a staying hand on any organisation, however rough it may appear, which ventures among them and creates in them a fear of God, appealing to their consciences, and arousing them to something like the duties of men—I say nothing of Christians.

“ As I said to a gentleman in high position in London, ‘My dear sir, the day is coming when these masses will require to be dealt with. Will it not be better to face them with the Gospel than the sword? Let us beware lest we have a repetition of the Revolution scenes they had in France.’ There is only one thing can save us; and that is a revival of pure and undefiled religion—a fear of God and a respect for man. There is an ever-increasing element of danger right in the midst of you. There they are. What can you do with them? You may let them alone, as you have let them alone. You may leave them to the ‘penny dreadful’ and the *Police Gazette* for their Bible, and the public-house for their sanctuary. But surely there is a better way!

*To bridge
the gulf.*

“ When my dear husband resigned his position as a minister, and gave himself to evangelistic work, he saw that the churches had gone above the heads of the common people; that there was a great chasm between the church and the masses. He saw it, and alone, single-handed, in the East of London, and without any idea beyond a local work, he threw himself into the chasm, saying, ‘I will do what one man can to bridge the gulf.’

*Our
churches
never
reach
them.*

“ When we used to be travelling about as evangelists, we used to stay in the houses of large employers of labour. They took us to look at their factories, and my husband has many a time said to me, long before any conception of this work dawned on him, ‘There must be *some* way of getting at these men’s hearts. Their hearts are made of the same material as mine, and yet our churches never reach them. These fellows never come to our meetings.’ He pondered for years how this could be done. Long afterwards, when he took his stand in the East of London, light began to dawn. He saw it was utterly hopeless to get them inside churches or chapels. The surest means to keep them away was a bill with sermons announced on it. They hated ministers, hated

churches, hated chapels, hated religion of all sorts. And then it was it flashed upon him, as an inspiration from Heaven, that if they were to be reached it must be by people of their own class; who would go after them in their own resorts, who would speak to them in a language they understood, and reach them by measures suited to their tastes. In short, that the agency must be *adapted* to the exigencies of the case.

1880,
Age 51.

*People of
their own
class.*

"Mark, I speak of adaptation with respect to *modes and measures* of bringing the Gospel to bear on the people. I do not believe in, and God forbid I should ever teach, any adaptation of the *Gospel*. We will retain that, and preserve it intact to the very letter. The devil has got the adaptation of that in these days. He has a gospel without any repentance, without any obedience, without any cross-carrying, without any restitution-making, without holy living, and with a sort of heaven at the end. But those who have such a gospel will find themselves miserably deceived. Cut off the right hand sin! Pluck out the right eye sin! Give up the idols of sin! Repent; turn your back on the world, accept Christ's salvation, believe in Him as your Saviour, and carefully walk with God every hour of your lives, lest you slip and fall into hell—and he that endureth to the end shall have his reward. Bless God! we have not the namby-pamby gospel of these days. I don't wonder at infidels laughing at it; it would have made me an infidel if I had had no better. I don't wonder at leading articles in the newspapers telling us that intelligent men are disgusted at it, and asking if people in their senses could believe that men who live like the world, eat and drink like the world, do business on the same principles as the world, are steeped in selfishness like their neighbours, and are not a bit different in the essential characteristics of their lives—could anybody in their senses believe that because such people had received into their heads a certain creed they are going to be let into the grand heaven of the Christians, while all the rest are shut up in hell? I wish I could get an hour's talk with such professors. I would try to bring them to a very different conclusion.

*Don't be
deceived.*

*"Intelli-
gent men
are dis-
gusted."*

"We don't believe it. We believe in a renewal of the heart, the spring of action, the power of life. If you don't experience this you will not get into heaven. Anything that is unclean, that is out of harmony with the eternal laws of

*"We don't
believe it."*

1880,
Age 51. rectitude, cannot enter there. God has had enough to do with its curse in one world. He will not let it come into the other. We teach no adaptation of the Gospel. We will keep

On any sort of dish. the blessed Gospel whole, as it is; but I contend we may serve it up on any sort of *dish* that will induce the people to partake of it.

"He will do." "There is not a syllable in the Bible against adaptation of measures. Indeed the whole spirit of its teaching is quite the contrary. You may send the Gospel as well through a leaden trump as through a golden one—as well through a poor man who cannot read as through a bishop. He may not be able to put together two sentences of Queen's English, but if he can truly say that he has been born again, if he can say, 'I once was blind, but now I see,' he will do for the Salvation Army.

"All we contend for." "That 14th chapter of the 1st Corinthians is the most perfect insight into a single service that is found in the New Testament. I challenge anybody to find me another as good as that, and I say it is more like a Salvation Army service than the service of any church in Christendom. There it is, an original, simple, Spirit-of-God-directed service. That is all we contend for.

Judge carefully. "Judge carefully between the 'traditions of the elders' and the Word of God. It was the crowning sin of the Jews that they exalted the *traditions* into equality with the Word. Let us mind that we are not guilty of it. We have said long enough, 'You must have religion in this cut-and-dried fashion, or not at all;' and the people have replied, 'We will not have it.' We have said, 'You must come to our churches, and hear our sermons, or go without the Bread of Life,' and they have gone without it.

"Such a bill as this?" "A gentleman of high position in London was telling me the other day how he loved us and our work, but added, 'Really, you know, Mrs. Booth, this is too much! Do you believe the Holy Ghost requires such a bill as this in order to have the Gospel preached and to save sinners?' (It was a bill to the effect that a certain captain would lead his corps, on a certain morning, to attack the devil's camp at a certain pump in a certain square.) 'Yes,' I said, 'I do think so, and I will give you my reason. Such-and-such a secular paper, in that very town, announced the fact that this identical bill was the



FREDERICK DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER.

occasion of gathering together 1,500 of what were termed the rag, tag and bobtail of the population. No ordinary bill would have done it, and therefore the Holy Ghost wants just such a bill to do it.' I said, 'What is there wrong in it?' He replied, 'It is extraordinary.' 'But,' I said, 'I insist on your telling me what is there contrary to the spirit of the Bible in it?' He hummed, and ha'ed, and pulled his beard. I asked, 'Is there anything more than Bunyan put into the *Pilgrim's Progress*, hundreds of years ago? Is there anything more than allegory in it?' He went away—I hope, to repeat my arguments in defence of it to somebody else.

"The bill is quite Scriptural. It is put in the tongue of the people. They have as much right to their tongue as we have to ours. They have as much right to vulgar ways of expressing themselves as you or I have to more delicate ways; and if a man would rather go and hear Hallelujah Bob or Salvation Bess than the Rev. So-and-so or the Bishop, what have we to do with it? What does Hallelujah Bob mean? It means *Praise-the-Lord* Bob—a man, called Bob, who praises the Lord. If a man would rather hear a tune on a fiddle than piped out of an organ, you may pity his taste, but it *is* his taste; let him have it.

"I pity people with such narrow, circumscribed notions of things. Do you think the angels care about the *instrument*, so that a man's heart is in tune? Would they not rather have a real, Babel-like noise, if it only comes from the heart, than the finest cathedral-played anthem in the world without any heart in it? God looks at the *heart*. What does *He* care about our difference of expression? How do you know that your latest version of English grammar will be the language spoken in heaven? What are words for, but to express ideas? It is the *idea that is wanted*.

"One bitter night, when our people were marching, with the wind and sleet in their teeth, a man said, 'These Salvationists must believe in hell, or they would not come out on a night like this.' Yes; they do believe in hell and heaven, in right and wrong, and in the Voice that has come down through the centuries, which has sounded in all tongues, and which, when Bradlaugh and infidelity are dead and damned, will sound on through the eternal ages from the throne of God. Righteousness and truth are the pillars of His throne and His

1880,
Age 51.

"It is extraordinary."

"The tongue of the people."

Do the angels care?

They believe in hell.

1880, habitation forever. We shall go on trying to make men right, and when they fall down we will pick them up again, and nurse them, and prepare them for everlasting righteousness and heaven."

Disapproved of Army measures.

In a letter to a wealthy gentleman who had refused his help on the ground that he disapproved of the Army measures, Mrs. Booth writes:

"I quite agree with you that your benevolence must be directed according to your own convictions as to the best methods, and yet, I ask you, does it signify much *how* men are saved if they *are* saved? If with some we have to 'make a difference, pulling them out of the fire,' by means as 'out of season' and unconventional as those prescribed by God through Ezekiel and Hosea and Paul—if they are washed, and sanctified, and lead holy, useful lives—will the Master chide us because in the first instance we attracted their attention by a drum or a tambourine? Oh, my dear sir, if you only knew the indifferent, besotted, semi-heathenish condition of the classes on whom we operate, you would, I am sure, deem any *lawful means* expedient if only they succeeded in bringing such people under the sound of the Gospel. It is a standing mystery to me that thoughtful Christian men can contemplate the existing state of the world without perceiving the desperate need for some more effective and aggressive agency on the side of God and righteousness. It is so evident that the revolutionary, murderous spirit of multitudes of the people is only kept down by physical force, and infidelity and socialism are everywhere prevailing. I often wonder that the mere instinct of self-preservation does not lead those whose every human and personal interest is at stake to support the Salvation Army; and I often think what bitter regrets will seize the minds of those who have rejected this new departure on account of its modes when they find that it was as truly the putting forth of the Lord's own life and power as in the days of the apostles, or of Luther, Wesley, or Whitefield—all of whom were regarded by many of the religious people of their times as evil innovators and irreverent fanatics. 'Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment,' *spiritually*, as well as physically?"

"If you only knew."

"Desperate need."

Regarded as evil.

"I feel it keenly."

"I must say I feel it very keenly that, because of measures

perfectly innocent in themselves, and which God has so mar-
vellously owned, wealthy Christians should withhold their support from us in this gigantic struggle."

1880,
Age 50.

In writing to one who had proved himself an exceptional friend to the movement, with regard to the suggested publication of a letter of a somewhat controversial character regarding the manifestation of feeling in religion, Mrs. Booth says:

"I am troubled, because I fear that you may feel grieved at our judgment regarding your letter sent for publication in the *War Cry*, and I don't think I could easily exaggerate what it would cost me to be compelled to grieve you. Still, I cannot think you will be grieved when you reflect on what it would expose us to all round. If all our friends were of your spirit it would be so different; but you can never know quite what it has been to fight the battle we have fought with conventionalism and prejudice, and, having held on so long and so far, to open a door to criticism now would, it appears to us, be very unwise.

*The man-
ifestation
of feeling
in
religion.*

"You see, the whole question of demonstration depends so entirely on the spirit which prompts it, that while the things of the Spirit remain to the natural man foolishness it will be impossible to find any demonstration at all which will be agreeable to him. I have proved this by long and painful experience amongst both professors and worldlings. I worked for fifteen of the best years of my life exclusively amongst the middle and upper-class people of the type to which you refer, and I always found that, until they yielded to the Spirit of God in their own souls, any expression of feeling, however modest, was distasteful to them.

*It depends
on the
spirit.*

"You see, dear friend, all men are by nature *ashamed of God* and His claims on their hearts. Alas, that it should be so! but this is the crowning triumph of the devil; not only to separate men from God, but to make them ashamed to own allegiance to Him in any way offensive to the world! Try to get any little child to express itself outwardly towards God and it will show all the signs of cowardice and shame. The whole history of the Christian Church shows that Satan has always raised the loudest and most determined opposition towards

*Satan's
crowning
triumph.*

1880, any demonstration of real feeling in religious exercises, such as men naturally allow and practise in regard to all other subjects. If he has to let any one love God, then he insists that they shall do it quietly and keep all expression of it to themselves. He knows that a Christianity without demonstration will never do much damage to his kingdom, and so he labours hard to perpetuate it.

*"Music
and
merry-
making."*

"This being the case, we have seen—I believe the Spirit has revealed to us—that we must set ourselves at all costs against this false shame, and allow the people to 'shout with a great shout,' or to cry 'Hosanna' in the open air, even if the 'whole city is moved,' and the Pharisees are ever so angry; or to have a wave-offering of kerchiefs instead of palm leaves when they feel like it, and when their hearts are full of holy enthusiasm; or to have music and merry-making when they are glad in their Father's house, whatever the elder brother may say or feel.

*Concerned
for the
"cold"
ones.*

"Now I feel sure that neither your head nor your heart condemns these things on your own account. Nay, did you not tell me that there had been nothing you could complain of? But your generous heart is concerned for the 'cold' ones, as mine was for twenty years. But, dear friend, when we 'mourned' to them they did not 'weep,' and now we 'pipe' to them they do not 'dance.' Their own cold, formal services have not saved them, neither will they let our warm and enthusiastic ones. The reason is not really that their taste is offended, but that, like the elder brother, they are nursing pride and rebellion in their hearts in one form or another.

*All the
objections
fled.*

"I wish I could give you a tithe of the wonderful illustrations I have seen of this. As a proud Congregationalist once said to me, after she had been thoroughly smashed up and humbled so as to go down at the penitent-form in a large, respectable audience, 'After I once yielded the point of controversy in my own soul all my objections fled!' This is the experience of hundreds, and would be that of millions if they would yield. But while the will holds out the reason must try to justify its course. It does not matter what is the precise ground of objection, for in the absence of one kind the rebellious heart will always find another.

"Dear friend, be careful not to let Satan get an advantage over you where he has over so many. Let us not be more

careful for the ark than God is; better have the ark shaken by oxen, with the Divine blessing and glory in it, than ever so steady and genteel—*empty!* I believe the Church has suffered as much from the interference of Uzzahs as from Judases. Perhaps God foresaw that this would be the case when He smote Uzzah with such apparent severity as to offend even David. Did God see pride and shame in Uzzah's heart, I wonder? Our critics would have smitten David, not Uzzah! Truly, God seeth not as man seeth. I don't mean *you*, when I say our critics. I don't think you could find it in your heart to smite us, even for a real fault; but I mean these 'cold' people to whom you refer.

"No, dear friend, we dare not do too much steadyng, for we feel there is more need to go in advance shouting 'Hosanna' in the ears of this cold, Pharisaical church and mocking world, and you must help us—because you are a David at heart, and all Davids are enthusiasts for God! The Lord bless you with the hosanna spirit, and so fill you with His love that you will feel as a young curate once said (not a Salvationist, it was before the Army existed), that he felt so happy he was obliged to vent himself by turning somersaults in his bed-room! What a pity there was no scope for his joy in a more profitable mode in his church!"

1880,
Age 51.

Better
have the
ark
shaken by
oxen.

Turned
somer-
saults in
his bed-
room.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE LAW OF THE GOSPEL. 1881.

of a different character. ANOTHER class of opposition, of an entirely different character from that which has been previously described, had now commenced to manifest itself, and since it has occasioned much misunderstanding the attitude of the Salvation Army in regard to the matter requires to be explained. In the majority of instances the magistrates and police were only too glad to be delivered from the troublesome characters who flocked to the meetings, many of whom had become truly and permanently reformed. They were gratified to notice the sensible diminution of crime which usually accompanied the appearance of the Salvation Army in any town or district.

The liquor and similar traffic. But there were some who, being interested in the liquor and similar traffic, were less pleased with a reformation which meant a serious diminution of their income. Not a few of these, in various parts of the country, occupied the magisterial bench, or other positions of local dignity. And even where this was not the case their electioneering or family interest was so powerful that they were able to bring to bear upon others an influence which was irresistible.

Arcadian Jupiters. Clerical interdicts and papery anathemas were hard enough to bear, but the position of the Salvation Army became still more difficult when these Arcadian Jupiters began to hurl at its devoted head the thunderbolts of the law. What was to be done? Were they

to meekly bow their heads and say, "Thy will be done!" to these local divinities? To do so in one place would be to do so in many. To do so in many would involve not only a serious sacrifice of their rights as citizens, but would halve their power for doing good. There was only one course open to them—and that was to go forward, submitting cheerfully to whatever penalty their action might incur and trusting to an awakened public opinion to ultimately right their wrong.

The law! What tyrant has ever failed to conceal his identity behind that convenient phrase? What great-souled saint has ever succeeded in slipping through its meshes? The small fry of mediocrity or the spawn of insignificance can float in and out at will. Their turn is not yet come. Perhaps it never will. Their dwarfish souls may never be capable of increasing sufficiently to realise any bigger need or greater sorrow than their own. But who, with an eye to see and a heart to feel the claims of God and man, has ever accomplished his object without seeming, soon or later, to come in contact with the letter of the law? "Aye, there's the rub!" Verily "the letter killeth" the purest, the noblest, the most unselfish characters that ever visited God's earth, and watered its soil with their unvalued blood!

What a world of difference exists between the letter and the spirit! The former can be made to say anything you like—yes, absolutely *anything*. We have only to refer to the well-known cases of Nebuchadnezzar *versus* the three Hebrews, Darius *versus* Daniel, Moses *versus* Stephen, and most wonderful of all, Moses *versus* Jesus Christ! Who, oh, who would have ever dreamt that Moses was to be the executioner of the sinless Prophet of Nazareth? What legal vagary

1881,
Age 52.

*One
course
open.*

*Mesches of
the law.*

*The letter
killeth.*

*The
tyrant's
scape-
goat.*

1881.
Age 52. can henceforth cause an atom of surprise? None—absolutely none! The letter of the law has always been, perhaps will always be, the tyrant's scapegoat, upon which he may lay his hands, and which he may turn into the wilderness as the apology for his caprices, the sacrifice for his mistakes, the atonement for his sins. The Pilates of every age will find in it the basin of water in which they can wash their hands, the "accusation" which they can nail above the victim's head!

*Pilates of
every age.*

*Cut the
baby in
two.* The divorce of the letter from the spirit of the law cannot fail to produce results as disastrous as that of the body from the soul! It is strange that this is not better understood. True, you cannot have the spirit without the letter, but you must have the spirit none the less. The letter of the law is as subject to disease and death as the human frame. Hence the perpetual alterations and modifications through which it has had to pass. The letter of the law may contradict itself, the spirit never. The letter of the law may grant simultaneously two opposing rights, which only the spirit of the law can reconcile. Stand upon the letter of the law and you must cut the baby right in twain to satisfy the rival claimants. But here the spirit of the law steps in, and demands what Lord Coleridge has justly described as "a reasonable policy of give and take."

*The law
of the
highway.* The letter of the law allows to the ten thousand inhabitants of a locality the simultaneous right of passing over the same portion of the same highway at the same moment in different directions. The spirit of the law recognises the physical impossibility of such a course, and insists that one right shall yield to another in such manner as to involve the least sacrifice of each individual right. The letter of the

law allows all the ten thousand, or any portion of them, to march together across the highway in one direction, in the same company, if the object with which they do so is inoffensive or laudable, and provided that the obstruction does not extend over an unreasonable period. And yet the letter of the law insists at the same time on the perhaps impossible provision that not a single person or vehicle shall even for a moment be obstructed. The spirit of the law reconciles the two opposing rights, and insists that the lesser shall yield to the greater. If an individual has had twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes to pass along a road in any way he likes, the law declares, and surely it is reasonable, that he shall not object to being slightly inconvenienced for five minutes by a passing procession. In one sense the processionists have broken the law. In another sense they have kept it.

Similarly with the right of open-air meetings. There are some rights which you cannot enjoy without inflicting on somebody a certain degree of wrong. But the spirit of the law justly insists on sanctioning the right and refusing to recognise the wrong, when the latter is so temporary or insignificant as to be unworthy of its notice. Rights have to be weighed against rights and, similarly, wrongs against wrongs. Justice is expected to hold the scales and strike the balance with blindfolded eyes.

To their everlasting credit be it said, the supreme courts of this Empire have usually recognised these principles and upheld the sacred liberties of the British subject with unswerving fidelity. But justices' justice is proverbial! In spite of decision after decision of the leading judges of the land, some rustic ruler has ever been ready to rake up some antiquated statute, or create a convenient by-law, to repress the

1881,
Age 52.

*Surely it
is reasonable.*

*Open-air
meetings.*

*Justices'
justice.*

1881, out-of-door operations of the Salvation Army. Now **Age 52.** it has been aimed at the music, now at the march, and now at the open-air. But the principle has always been the same. And, strange as it may seem, these sticklers for the law have not hesitated, when they have had the opportunity, to disregard alike the mandates of the Home Secretary, and of the supreme courts, or even the expressed wishes of the Parliament! These knights-errant of the public-house do not themselves fail, when it suits their convenience, to drive a coach and four through obsolete, but unpealed, enactments, and to disregard the spirit of the law in a manner which proves how little they really care for its letter.

Knights-errant of the public-house.

Obstruction, forsooth! Obstruction, forsooth! What greater obstruction to the moral, religious, and social welfare of the nation can there be than the gin-palaces, which they are so ready to license for the corruption of the poor but which they will not tolerate within reasonable distance of their own mansions?

Which is? In the name of common sense and justice, which is the real obstructionist—the man who spends one hour a day by the roadside singing and speaking about righteousness to the outcasts of society, or the man who lines every crowded thoroughfare with buildings which are the notorious centres of nine-tenths of the vice and crime that pollute our land? How ridiculous the comparison! The publican complains that he is obstructed by the operations of these singing evangelists. Obstructed in what? Obstructed in passing along a broad highroad, half or more of which is totally unoccupied! So he says! But who can believe it? Obstructed really in “putting the bottle to his neighbour’s mouth,” because for

So he says.

once religion appears in a more attractive form than even his tap-room seductions! Obstructed by the doing of what every circus proprietor and military pageant has an undisputed right to do!

1881,
Age 52.

And what about his own roadside obstructions? Do not the moralist, the preacher, the politician, the philanthropist, the judge find their benevolent designs and their excellent counsels obstructed by these licensed plague-spots of society? Who obstructs that careworn wife from receiving the hard-earned wages of the workman? Who snatches the food out of the children's mouths, and tears the clothes off their backs and the shoes from their feet, that all may be emptied into his spacious till? Who obstructs the honest tradesman from receiving his fair quota of the weekly earnings? Who strips youth of its beauty, manhood of its prime, childhood of its spotless innocence, and flings the miserable wrecks of humanity into the national workhouse or the jail? Who, if not the publican and those concerned in the accursed trade? Obstructor? Where is there a greater obstructor of progress, purity and peace? Nowhere! Not one!

*What
about his
own?*

*Who but
he
obstructs?*

Yet it has been he who, in nine cases out of ten, has turned upon the humble Salvationist, and charged him with obstruction. Well might we reply, "Physician, heal thyself!" And yet opposition coming from such a source is indeed a flattering testimony to the value of our work.

*Flatter-
ing testi-
mony.*

It is impossible to detail the various prosecutions and imprisonments which have from time to time occurred, interesting as would be the record. But a few of the early cases must be referred to.

*A few
early
cases.*

One of the first to be imprisoned was the General's son, Mr. Ballington Booth. He had been sent to Manchester and placed in charge of a large hall, capable of

*Mr. Bal-
lington
Booth im-
prisoned.*

*1881,
Age 52.* holding some twelve hundred people. As usual, it was crowded, and many of the worst characters were saved. Writing with reference to his prosecution and imprisonment, he says:

*Twenty-
four
hours in
gaol.*

" Since my last report I have spent twenty-four hours in Belle Vne gaol, for upholding my Master's name to the perishing multitudes in the streets of Manchester. I was placed with the common felons, lived on a few ounces of bread and a little *skilly*, scrubbed my cell, and slept on a plank. But in all my life I never felt more blessed and encouraged than whilst there! The prison a 'palace proved,' and while Jesus dwelt with me I could feel, and sing, and realise—

"' Anywhere with Jesus,
I'll follow anywhere.'"

*At Leam-
ington.*

Another case occurred at Leamington, where, after three consecutive prosecutions, resulting in acquittals, the captain was finally convicted on the evidence of a policeman and two publicans. For an obstruction that lasted three minutes he was fined forty shillings and costs, or a month with hard labour in Warwick gaol! Refusing to pay the fine, the captain was sent to prison and remained there until the rough treatment caused his health to break completely down, when his fine was paid by friends.

*Captain
Louisa
Lock at
Pentre.*

At Pentre a publican applied to the magistrate for a summons against the women officers for standing near his house, but was put to shame and advised to return home again. A police sergeant was the next applicant! Immense was the excitement among the entire population of the district when they learned that Captain Louisa Lock and four of the soldiers had been fined for obstruction, and, having refused to pay, were about to be removed to prison. Some five thousand people gathered to witness their departure, and when they were released after serving their term

they were met by an immense crowd, estimated at twenty thousand people. Indignation meetings were held at all the churches in the neighbourhood, and thus the persecution in that district was happily brought to a speedy and decisive termination.

During this period London was by no means free from similar difficulties. Of late years but little active interference has been necessary, the rapid progress of both the spiritual and social work in the metropolis having formed a bond of union between the Salvation Army and the people. Referring, however, to one of these old-time battles, Mrs. Booth says:

"We have been much harassed by the recent rioting at Whitechapel. We have several people seriously injured, one dear woman lying delirious and others much hurt. The police are against us, and the publicans and their friends are in Co. The General has had to go about seeing lawyers and M. P.'s, etc. We have got up a presentation of the case. It has had to be prepared on the top of all the other work. We have now got things into line, however, for going to the Home Secretary, and, if that is not sufficient, to the Prime Minister. We shall win, but it is all an increase of work and wear."

One of the most cruel and prolonged persecutions, however, took place in 1881 at the little town of Basingstoke, the mayor of which was a brewer. Alarmed at the rapid decline of their trade, the publicans hired the roughs with unlimited supplies of liquor to attack the Salvation Army, the mayor professing to be unable to afford them the protection of the law. Time after time the brave little band of men and women, headed by their two girl officers, faced the drink-bemaddened mob, from whom they received the most cruel treatment. But at length the reprimands of the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, produced their effect, and quiet was restored.

1881,
Age 52.

A bond of union.

*Rioting
at White-
chapel.*

*Roughs
at Basing-
stoke.*

*The Home
Secretary,*

*1881,
Age 52.*

*Justice
Field
gives
judg-
ment.*

*Lawful
and laud-
able.*

*Perfectly
legal.*

*Neverthe-
less.*

*The "Skel-
eton
Army."*

At Weston-super-Mare the captain was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but the conviction was speedily reversed by the Court of Queen's Bench. Justice Field, in quashing the magistrates' decision and saddling them with the costs, gave judgment as follows:

"It appeared that the defendants belonged to a body of persons whose object seemed lawful and laudable, and, at all events, was not unlawful—that is, the object of reclaiming a class of people who were not disposed to go to places of worship, by getting them together to attend their religious services. That was certainly their object, and no one imputed to them any other. The court had been told by their counsel, and, no doubt, truly, that so far from their wishing to carry out their object by force or violence their principles forbade it, and it appeared that, in fact, they had used no personal force or violence, and had submitted quietly to arrest.

"That being their object and character, it appeared that on the 26th of March they did as they had done before—that is, they assembled at their hall and marched in procession. That in itself was certainly not unlawful; no one could say that it was so. Many public bodies were in the habit of assembling in much larger numbers, with bands of music and banners, and there could be no doubt that it was perfectly legal. Nevertheless, they had been ordered to find sureties to keep the peace, and the magistrates had found them guilty of the offence of holding an unlawful meeting.

"They would not be guilty of any offence in thus passing through the streets, and why should others interfere with them? What right had they to do so? If they were doing anything illegal, it was for the magistrates and police, the appointed guardians of law and order, to interpose. It did not appear that the Salvation Army used any personal force or violence; but it is stated that the 'Skeleton Army,' as it is called, and others of the mob, placed themselves in the way of the Salvation Army and tried to prevent them by force from proceeding, and that this caused tumult, and disturbance, and conflict.

"This, no doubt, was a very sad state of things to take place

on a Sunday in an English town, and if it could be seen that the defendants were responsible for it, then, no doubt, they might justly not only be ordered to find sureties to keep the peace, but subjected to some punishment. But it does not appear that the disturbance proceeded from or was caused by them. It was rather caused by those who attempted by force to interfere with them.

"The magistrates had found that their assembling together caused riot, and tumult, and disturbance. But was there any evidence that the assembling of the Salvation Army had caused these results? On the contrary, it rather appeared that these consequences followed from the opposition to them. Upon the facts stated in the case was there evidence that the defendants had been guilty of the offence charged? He thought not. The authorities showed that if persons assembled together with the intention of doing anything which if carried out would be riotous, it would be unlawful. But there was nothing of the kind here. That other persons acted riotously would not make the defendants riotous.

"Was it unlawful to do a lawful act merely because others made it the pretence for raising a riot? What right have others to resort to force to prevent persons from doing what is lawful? It would come to this: that persons were to be punished for doing lawful acts merely because it led others to act unlawfully and create a riot. The authorities do not support or justify any such view of the law. [The learned judge here referred to them.] The question was whether the defendants' assembly would be held to be riotous and tumultuous by reason of the wrongful acts of others, and no authorities supported such a view.

"It was a serious thing to punish men for an offence of which they had not been guilty. Was it a crime in this country for persons who had strong religious convictions, and a strong desire to do great good by inducing others to attend religious services, to hold assemblies with that object, and walk through the streets to their places of worship in order to attract others to go there? Was that to be termed criminal?

"It was suggested that if such processions continued to be held there would be similar opposition, and that this would lead to similar disturbances. He hoped not, for he hoped that when the opponents learned—as they would now learn

1881,
Age 52.

"On a
Sunday
in an
English
town."

No evi-
dence of
guilt.

The
authori-
ties re-
ferred to.

Was that
criminal?

No right
to inter-
fere.

1881, —that they had no right whatever to interfere with these processions of the Salvation Army, they would abstain from disturbing them. It was usual in this country for people to obey the law when it was once declared and understood, and he hoped that it would be so in this case. But, if it were not so, he presumed that the magistrates and the police would understand their duty, and would not fail to do it; and that they would not hesitate to deal with the disturbers and the members of the 'Skeleton Army' as they had dealt with the members of the Salvation Army in this case. He presumed that the magistrates were only desirous of doing their duty and of preventing disturbance of the peace. He was sure there was no intention on the part of the members of the Salvation Army of provoking opposition, and, being of the opinion that they had not been guilty of the offence charged, he came to the conclusion that this order must be set aside.

*The order
set aside.*

*Justice
Cave con-
curs.*

"Mr. Justice Cave concurred, and delivered judgment to the like effect. The question was, he said, whether the defendants had been guilty of the offence of an unlawful and tumultuous assembly; and, according to the authorities, he thought that they had not, and, reading the authorities referred to, he showed that, on the facts of the case, the defendants were not brought within them. It was stated that they met for the purpose of walking in procession, and that they were assaulted and assailed by the 'Skeleton Army,' and others who desired to oppose them, but they themselves used no violence to any one, and it was to be inferred that they did not intend to do so; and he, therefore, came to the conclusion that the decision of the Court must be in their favour.

"The order, therefore, was set aside, with costs."

*Not yet
fought
out.*

But, satisfactory as was this victory, the battle for freedom was not yet fought out, and there remained many occasions on which it was found necessary to "resist unto blood" the unjust decrees of local magnates, and to insist upon the exercise of the common-law rights of British citizens.

The fact that the Salvation Army has hitherto, soon or later, in every case prevailed, obtaining to

its proceedings the sanction, not only of the highest courts but even of the Legislature, is in itself sufficient proof that it has been justified in not submitting to the despotic demands of local tribunals. But, above all, the most triumphant vindication and boundless apology for this branch of the work consists in the tens of thousands of depraved characters who have, by means of open-air effort, been reached, and saved, and changed into honest and God-fearing citizens.

1881,
Age 52.

*Its tri-
umphant
vindica-
tion.*

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

FRANCE. 1881.

*Invita-
tion from
France.*

SCARCELY had the Australian expedition been launched when preparations were made for the despatch of the General and Mrs. Booth's eldest daughter to France, whence pressing invitations had been recently received. Miss Booth could ill be spared from England, where as a public speaker she had already acquired a reputation and influence only second to that of her parents. However, the General and Mrs. Booth were convinced that the call had come from God, and they therefore determined to carry it out, regardless of the cost.

*Farewell
meeting.*

The farewell meeting in St. James's Hall was one of the most enthusiastic and affecting demonstrations that had as yet been held in the history of the Salvation Army. How deeply Mrs. Booth's mother-heart yearned over her daughter may be judged from the following letter to a friend:

*Mrs.
Booth's
anxiety
and joy.*

"I am so glad you enjoyed the meeting. On my journey yesterday I realised as never before dear Katie's going, and felt unutterable things. The papers I read on the state of society in Paris make me shudder, and I see all the dangers to which our darling will be exposed! But oh, the joy and honour of giving her to be a saviour to those dark, sin-stricken masses! Heaven will reveal. Pray for her."

*A memo-
rable
occasion.*

The presentation of the Army flag by Mrs. Booth to her daughter, on the eve of such an enterprise, was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. The General presided, and was able to give a thrilling account of

the recent progress of the work. Among the friends present were Mr. T. A. Denny and his brother, Mr. E. M. Denny, each of whom contributed £100 towards the £1,000 required to commence operations in France. Mr. Denny made a few appropriate remarks. Among other things, he said sometimes the General called him into consultation and fairly took his breath away with the daring character of his schemes. Hardly was the ink dry upon the paper which set afloat one scheme when he conceived another. Nevertheless he believed that he was influenced by the Divine Spirit, and that God was with him of a truth.

1881,
Age 52.

The General's daring.

Sir Arthur Blackwood was present, and spoke as follows:

"Of course there are many things about the Salvation Army that shock those whom we may call refined. But, in the first place, we must remember that the work that they are carrying on is not designed to meet the wants of those people, but of an entirely different class, and next we must remember that things which strike us, from our habits of life and education, as very strange at first, are often found after a time to be not so much out of harmony with what we call decency and order as some people suppose. I heard 'Happy George' in Coventry, where I was mightily convinced of the reality of the Salvation Army work. He got up to speak and the first thing he did was to pull his coat off. Of course, he was like a workman. Why is it more strange than that a man should put a surplice on? And if a man tucks up his shirt-sleeves to do some hot work, why is it more thought of than the lawn sleeves that our good bishops are accustomed to wear? I don't find fault with the one. It is in harmony with our education and ways. But do not let us find fault with the other. Let us welcome the workers in whatever dress they choose to preach, and if some wear badges on their collars, and others carry banners in their hands, or whatever expedient they choose to adopt to attract attention and to win souls, I say, God bless them! and let them do it. Time is too short for us to be quibbling and quarrelling about *methods* of warfare; we must

*Sir
Arthur
Black-
wood's
remarks.*

*Shirt-
sleeves
and sur-
plices.*

*Badges
or ban-
ners.*

1881,
Age 52.

*The Gos-
pel can do
its work
there.*

use the stones out of the brook, though men may despise them, as well as the sharp sword and the armour of Saul, however highly men may esteem them. I believe the Gospel of Christ preached through the lips of His dear servant, who is about to be sent to France, is as well calculated to do its work there as anywhere else; and I am very glad to have this opportunity of expressing the belief that the Army will be welcomed in France, and of bearing my testimony to the work which God is carrying on here, and which, I trust, He will establish in that country."

Mrs. Booth was deeply agitated as she rose to speak:

*Mrs.
Booth's
address.*

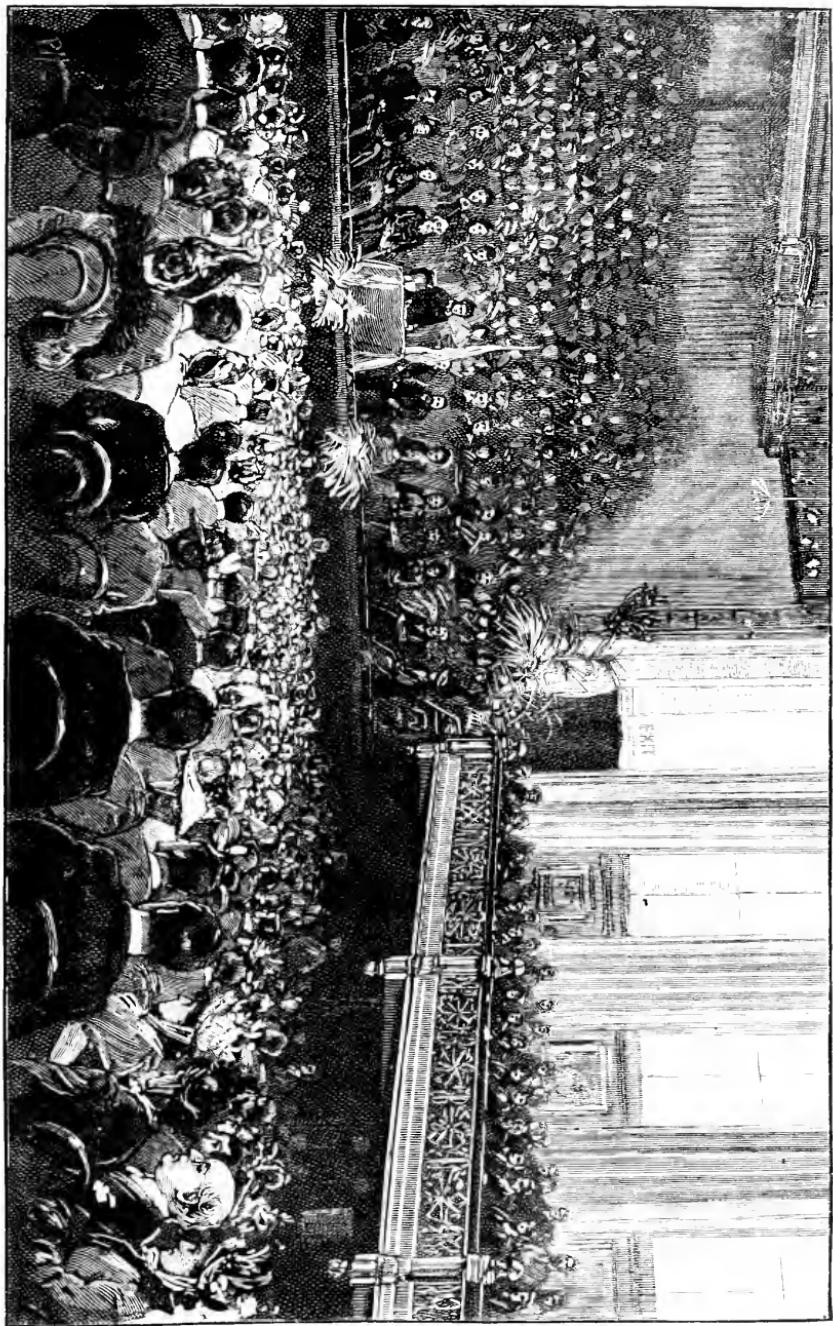
*"So frail
an instru-
ment."*

" My remarks to-night will be very few, because I want the ceremony of the evening to take place, and I desire that you should hear my dear child say a few words. My confidence in God is as strong for France as it has been, and is yet, for England. I believe that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, will be as effectual in shaking, convincing, and saving French souls as it has been, and is, in saving English souls. All our confidence is in the Holy Spirit. We should not be so foolish as to send so frail an instrument to that vast and needy country if we thought it depended on human might or power. It is because we know that it depends upon the Divine Spirit, and because we believe that our dear child is thoroughly and fully consecrated to God, and is casting herself upon Him for strength, holding fast to the Divine promise that He will be her sufficiency, that we dare to believe that God will show Himself mighty on her behalf, and once more use the weak things to cast down things that are mighty and things that appear impregnable, and thus accomplish great and marvellous results in that nation, giving us to see thousands of souls gathered to Himself.

*What it
costs.*

" Some friends may perhaps think that it does not cost us what it would cost them, to give up our children so fully for such a work. They do not know us. I do not think any mother in this hall could have realised more keenly than I have done the difficulties and dangers connected with this work, and perhaps to few would it have involved so great a sacrifice.

" When it was first suggested that my daughter should go



PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE MARQUESS OF ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.

1881,
Age 52.

A mother
of
nations.

No doubt
or
question.

to France it seemed as though the Lord were asking of me more than I could perform. True, long since I had given her up to a life of toil and sacrifice in His service. But I had never thought of a foreign land! That seemed to awake for the moment a little controversy and an indescribable shrinking. But I faced the matter with the Lord, and I remembered His promise given me years ago, 'I will make thee a mother of nations;' which promise I had hidden away in my heart and thought it too great—that it could not be. But I begin to understand it now, and I embrace the Divine will. I have not a doubt or a question but that it is the Divine will that I should offer my child for France, and I believe the Lord will take care of her! It is true, I feel the parting very much, realising as I do that she goes from me, in a sense, for ever, and knowing something of what the fight will involve to her. I can picture the great work that will grow around her and keep her there. Nevertheless I give her up to God for this cause. I give her cheerfully, though I cannot help feeling it, and I beg of you to pray for her."

Colours
presented.

The colours were then presented by Mrs. Booth to her daughter, and the brave little band of girl warriors who accompanied her, with the following words:

"MY DEAR CHILD AND MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—I consider it an honour, in the name of our Divine Commander-in-Chief, and in the name of the General of this Army, to present you with this flag, as an emblem of the office and position you sustain, and I pray that He may give you grace to uphold the truths which this banner represents, and establish on a permanent and solid basis the Salvation Army in France. Oh, that He may give you grace to carry it into the slums and alleys, wherever there are lost and perishing souls, and to preach under its shadow the everlasting Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that through your instrumentality thousands may be won, from darkness, infidelity, and vice, to Him, their Lord and their God. And in all hours of darkness and trial, oh, may He encompass you in His arms of grace and strength, and fill your soul with His love and peace; and may you begin such a work as shall roll on to generations to come, and ultimately sweep hundreds of thousands into the Kingdom of God! Amen."

After a few touching words from the Maréchale, in which, amid a thrill of silence and sympathy, she rededicated herself to the claims of the country which she had already made her own, the meeting terminated.

It was another landmark in the onward march of the Salvation Army. English-speaking nations were the first to claim a share in its attention, and the success achieved had encouraged the General and Mrs. Booth to extend their efforts to other lands, irrespective of languages and governments. In doing so they realised that in certain respects further adaptations of their measures would be required. But for this they were prepared. The being "all things to all men" could mean nothing less. The "thus far and no farther" of such changes they felt must be decided in each country under the ever-varying light of experience and circumstances. But the main principles they believed to be such as were suitable to the whole human race. And in this they were not disappointed. The early history of the work in Paris is thus graphically described by Mrs. Ballington Booth, *née* Maud Charlesworth, in her interesting book, "Beneath Two Flags:"

"A beautiful city is Paris as seen from the high ground at St. Cloud or from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe. Glittering domes, gilded statuary, and countless spires stand out against almost always blue sky; two-towered 'Notre Dame,' the beautiful Grand Opera, the playing fountains of the Champs Elysées, and the tree-planted boulevards, all impress the tourist, and make him exclaim, 'Surely this is the most beautiful and brilliant city in Europe.' To mere pleasure-seekers no place can seem more agreeable and delightful than the gay capital of France."

"The external, however, often deceives, and truly, when looked at from another aspect, a dark, sunless cloud hangs over Paris, and spreading from it overshadows all that fair

1881,
Age 52.

*Touching
words
from the
Maré-
chale.*

*For the
whole
human
race.*

*"Beneath
two
flags."*

Paris.

*God
abolished.*

**1881,
Age 52.** country. '*God has left Paris*' is not only a statement printed in large letters as a newspaper heading, but is regarded as an accomplished fact by those who school themselves to believe in nothing supernatural or religious. Another paper rejoices in the fact that Parisians have brought about '*the abolition of God*,' and having torn down His altars and banished His memory they exalt the goddess of reason, the god of pleasure, and the mighty god of self, who only too readily asserts himself in every Christless heart.

The Army flag. "In a little hall situated at the end of an alley, up a flight of stairs, the Army flag was first planted in a poor and communistic quarter. A strange little gathering it would have appeared to a stranger unacquainted with its purpose and meaning. A crowd of rough French *ouvrières*, dressed in the blue blouse commonly worn by them, and women in their little snowy-white caps; knives and pistols not visible, but there, nevertheless, hugged close to the citizen's breast. A rough, hard crowd, as the words—'They have got in that hall half the cut-throats of Paris'—of the sergeant of the police prove. Oh, what a study of vicious faces, that look ready at any moment to do or dare anything, and on the platform only a few young girls. The one who is singing, with face uplifted, you might imagine to be some Catherine of Sienna or Madame Guyon; a sweet, holy, determined face, thin and worn with work, but full of courage and resolution. The crowd stare in wonder, spellbound and perplexed, as they listen to the simple and heart-stirring song.

*Half the
cut-throats.* *The singer.* "And thus the Salvation Army began its work in France. Night after night the little band prayed, sang, and spoke, until they were weary, but to small effect. The people remained immovable, though they came in crowds. A French Christian, who watched these first struggles, turning to Miss Booth said: 'You had better go home to your mother. The Salvation Army cannot possibly succeed here; your efforts will be utterly useless.' Perhaps part of this comforting advice might have found an unspoken echo in the heart of one less consecrated. But the suggestion was stifled by the brave answer, 'If I cannot save France I can die for it,' and mother and home were not visited until the visit could be taken with news of victory.

*"Utterly
useless."*

"It seemed as though the first convert would never come. The people wept, and were evidently impressed, but as to definitely seeking salvation, it seemed far from them. But one night the Captain made her way to the back of the hall and sat down by a poor, dissolute working-woman; she put her arms around her and asked her if she did not want Jesus as her friend and Saviour. 'I love you,' she said, looking into the woman's face, while her tears fell on the hard-worked hand. Those tears melted the heart which no amount of preaching would have broken; and this touch of Divine love made the poor woman long to find its Source. So before the night had passed the Army's first Parisian convert had risen from the penitent-form washed in the precious blood of Jesus. The ice was broken then, and, though the fight was still hard, by ones and twos their ranks were augmented, until a nice little platform full of saved French men and women could be seen nightly in the new hall on the Quai Valmy.

"It would need a volume to describe the growth, toil and struggle of this opening work. One of the first things, however, that called the general attention of Paris to the Army was the report of the opening of Switzerland. Persecuted, imprisoned, and expelled by the Swiss Government, Miss Booth and one or two of her girls became objects of the intensest interest and curiosity, and visitors to the city came to see the 'spectacle' on Sunday nights. The newspaper reporters rushed to the Quai Valmy, and returned to fill the papers with amusing and vivid reports of all that was to be seen and heard.

"This opportunity was taken advantage of to advance on new ground, and a fashionable ball-room was hired on the Boulevard des Capucines, not far from the Grand Opera, for the purpose of reaching the wealthy, pleasure-loving population. Mirrors, gilded cornices, velvet curtains, and polished floor made a striking contrast to the Army hall down in La Villette, but not so striking as the difference in audiences. The boulevard without was crowded with carriages bringing ladies dressed as for the opera. Gentlemen in evening dress, gold eye-glasses, glittering diamonds, accompanied by bejewelled ladies dressed in the height of fashion, filled every available seat.

"When the Salvationists appeared upon the platform opera-

1881,
Age 52.

*The first
convert.*

*On the
Quai
Valmy.*

*Amusing
and vivid
reports.*

*Boule-
vard des
Capu-
cines.*

**1881,
Age 52.** glasses came into great requisition, and laughing comments arose from all sides, but when Miss Booth knelt to pray silently for a few minutes, in perfect wonder the audience arose and gazed at her. 'Is she sick?' asked one lady, and when answered, 'She is praying to the good God,' there were exclamations of wonder.

**"Is she
sick?"** *Living hearts.* Miss Booth selected for her addresses such subjects as 'Has God left Paris?' 'What is the religion for France?' 'A lost soul.' When commencing to speak there would be upon the faces of the audience a look of amused wonder. But after a while, as the power of God could be felt through the straight yet tender words of the speaker, the listeners would for once forget themselves and be lost in the subject; fans would be folded, glasses forgotten, and the mask of outward seeming would drop, leaving on those faces a look of weary longing, apprehension, or pain, which showed clearly that the heart beneath had not been quite deadened by the false joy and empty etiquette of the Paris world.

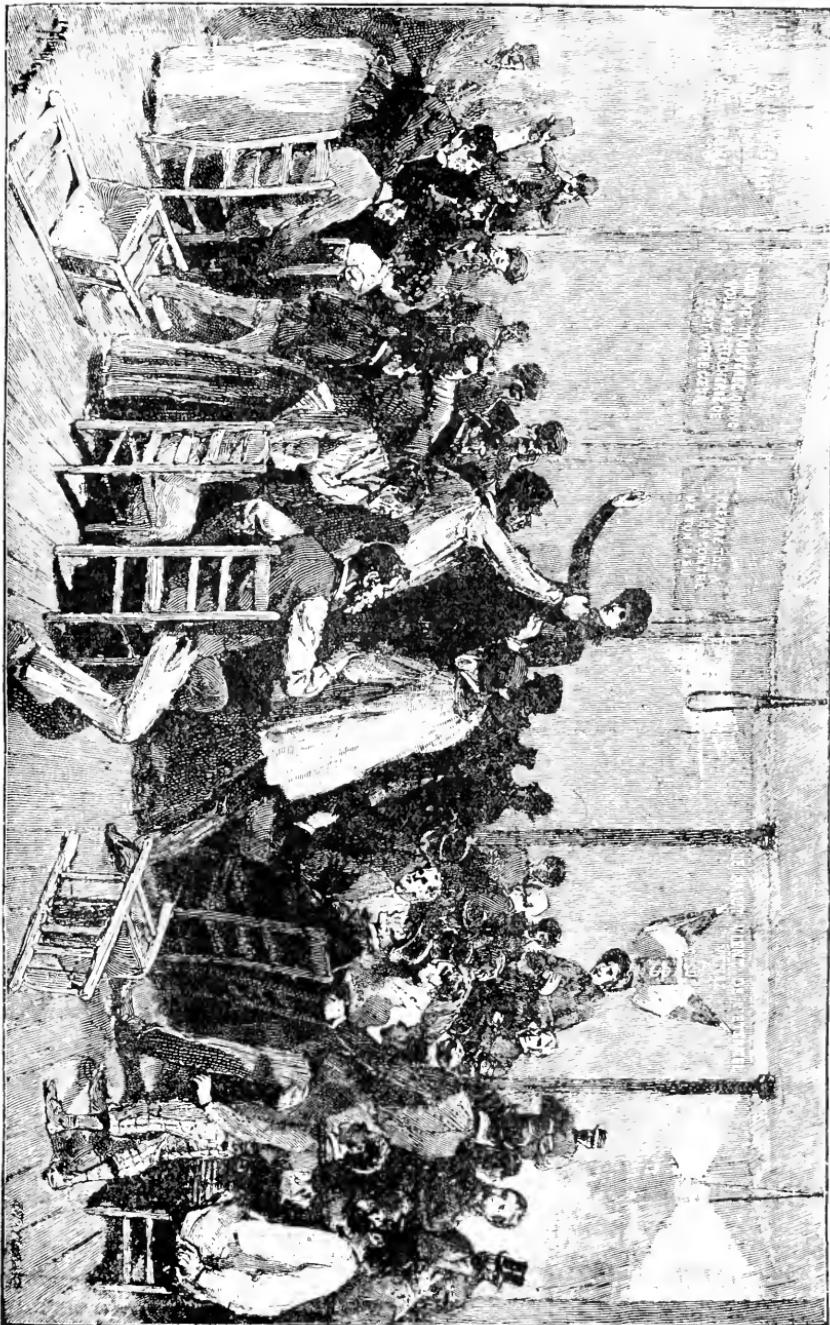
**Both
classes.** "Thus both the upper and lower classes in Paris have claimed the attention of the Salvationists, and now their headquarters can be found next to the Grand Opera in Rue Auber, in the very heart of the city, while the Belleville Theatre is worked to reach the lowest and poorest of the city.

**Café
visitation.** "The following article from the daily paper, *Paris*, gives an interesting description of an important feature of the French work, the visitation of the cafés:

"In a café in the Quartier Latin, last month, a numerous party was assembled by the usual haphazard of public-houses. Drinking, smoking, card-playing, singing, speech-making, and chatting were the order of the day.

"Suddenly the door opened, and after several seconds of astounded silence a clamour arose, tumultuous, extraordinary, formidable, greeting the entrance of a woman cadet of the Salvation Army.

**"En
Avant."** "'She was a young girl of some sixteen years, of the Nell Horn type. With her delicate profile rendered still more delicate by being encased in a great, black, funereal bonnet, very pale, her eyes bright and sad, erect in her little old woman's dress, with a voice whose touch of English accent heightened its sweetness, she offered the Salvation journal, *En Avant*. They were free to buy it or to let her return as she came.'



SCENE AT THE S'AVIATION ARMY HALL, PARIS.

1881,
Age 52.

One woman.

"Make God your pleasure!"

The one little devotee.

Change of tactics.

As a result.

Rescued and saved.

Letter from Mrs. Booth.

“But one woman knew no better than to insult her pure young sister. Some men had the weakness to laugh at the would-be joker.

“The Salvationist remained untroubled. She invited the girl who had insulted her to “come to Jesus,” and explained to her the advantages of conversion, paraphrasing the dictum of her leader, “You make pleasure your God; make God your pleasure.” The assembled café, delighted, received this little sermon with redoubled repartees, some few witty, many more idiotic. In spite of this brutal avalanche aimed at that which was sacred to her, the face of the Salvationist kept its serenity.

“The conflict between one little devotee of sixteen years and a company of some sixty men and women, sceptical and shameless, was prolonged. At last a woman, moved by the spectacle of such strong faith responding so bravely and generously to all kinds of insult, begged the assembly to leave off. It was the woman who had begun it all!

“This sudden change of tactics provoked by an attitude more than human—heavenly—gave me the secret of the rapid religious growth of this organisation. It possesses courage and resignation. These are the first virtues of apostleship, those which arouse in the masses admiration and pity.

“Miss Booth has spent hours with her little band in this work, and as a result hundreds of the people have been faced with the facts regarding their eternal welfare who would never have entered a religious meeting or stirred a step to hear about such things. In one week the cadets in the Paris Training Home visited nine hundred and seventy-four cafés, speaking and singing in almost all of them.

“Wealthy merchants, ministers of the Gospel, would-be suicides, drunkards, women of fashion, and poor, lost girls—truly, all manner of men and women—have been rescued and saved through the efforts of these brave French workers.”

Writing to a friend immediately after her daughter’s departure for Paris, Mrs. Booth says:

“Just a line to let you know our precious one has gone. She went off as bravely as could be expected, but it was a hard task—the parting. What I feel the Lord only knows; but He does know all, and the why and the wherefore. Satan

says it will kill her or—worse—she will come back a helpless invalid for life. Dr. —— told me this on Thursday, and Satan has repeated it night and day ever since. I can only say, ‘Lord, I have given her to Thee; and if Thou so willest, Thy will be done!’ My soul shall not draw back; though He slay me, and her too, yet will I trust Him. Pray for me; the conflict is fierce. It is not so much the parting as the toil and burden which I know must come; and she is so frail!

“Pray for France. I have given my child for France, and now God must give me of the travail of my soul in thousands of conversions.”

Since that time Miss Booth has become known throughout the Army as “La Maréchale.” She left England in the very zenith of her success. Wherever she went powerful revivals broke out and hundreds of the worst sinners were converted. There was a pathos and a power about her appeals which made them irresistible. The very simplicity of the language in which they were uttered served but to accentuate the Divine influence with which they were accompanied. It has been impossible to more than touch upon the record of her early life in these pages, but enough has been said to show the nature of the sacrifice involved in her departure, not only from a personal point of view, but in the interests of the rapidly extending English work.

1881,
Age 52.

*Satan
says.*

*Toil and
burden.*

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

LONDON. 1881.

WHILE the General and Mrs. Booth were not slow to recognise the increasing opportunities abroad, they were equally alive to the necessity of strengthening their position at home. London in particular engaged their deepest and most prayerful attention. In whatever light it might be regarded it appeared impossible to overestimate the importance of this vast city. Here was a nation in a nutshell; a population compressed into the area of a few square miles which almost equalled the estimated inhabitants of the vast continent of Africa, and which certainly exceeded that of the enormous area of either Australia or Canada. Every facility existed for the cheap and rapid transit of any number of the spiritual legions that were being raised up. They could be concentrated or divided at the shortest possible notice. At no spot in the world were the extremes of wealth and poverty brought into such close juxtaposition. This, too, was in favour of the operations of the Salvation Army, since it provided the better opportunity of obtaining the sinews of war without forsaking the classes for whose salvation they were so specially set apart.

Here, in fact, was the political, commercial, numerical and religious capital of the British Empire, and perhaps the most important vantage-ground from which to influence the entire world. Here was the

pivot round which an immense portion of the activities of the civilized world revolved; the hinge upon which the door swung through which the Salvation Army could most conveniently and rapidly march upon the world: the strategical key of the entire situation. It was easier to influence even Continental nations from London than from any other city, and for almost every other country it might be said to be the not merely nominal but real heart, through which the life-blood coursed which made its pulsations felt at the very finger-tips of the world. If the circulation could be improved here it would be improved everywhere. No mere local or provincial remedies could exercise so universal an influence.

Hitherto, however, it was in the provinces that the chief successes of the Army had been gained. London had been confessedly used chiefly as a training-ground for the provincial recruits. While a good and solid footing had been secured in the metropolis, the work was not to be compared to that which had been established in many of the country towns and districts. It was a common saying, when strangers came to view the work, "You must not judge the Salvation Army by what you see in London. Go to Bristol, or Hull, or the Rhondda Valley, and you will find what it is capable of accomplishing." It was not that London in itself was a much more difficult field, but that it required a much larger force to make a sensible impression upon it, and that the only available buildings were so enormously expensive.

But the time had now come for this reproach to be wiped away. The West End meetings of Mrs. Booth had undoubtedly furnished the thin edge of the wedge for the solution of the problem. Some of the most fashionable and expensive halls had been engaged for

1881,
Age 52.

*The real
heart of
the world.*

*Hereto-
fore a
train-
ing-
ground.*

*Time for
a change.*

**1881,
Age 52.** a series of lectures; the offerings made had more than equalled the expenditure.

*Success at
the Rink.* Encouraged by the experiment, and realising that no sensible advance would be possible until suitable buildings had been secured, the General engaged a large rink close to Oxford and Regent Circus at a rental of £1,000. The money required for fitting it up was quickly raised, and a corps was established which has not only succeeded in raising large sums of money, but has been from a spiritual standpoint exceptionally successful—sending out during the first ten years of its history hundreds of officers to the field, some of whom may be found in almost every portion of the world.

*Cautious
friends.* Meanwhile the Headquarters of the Salvation Army at 272 Whitechapel Road had become far too small, and it had been necessary to secure fresh premises. They were found in Queen Victoria Street. But the rent again seemed prohibitive. It was not like taking a hall, where collections could be made. The central administration of affairs, however necessary in itself, was totally unremunerative. Cautious friends urged that a building in some quiet neighbourhood would be much cheaper and just as suitable. Why did they not act upon the same advice themselves, pondered the General? There must be some reason why business men, with all their shrewdness and experience of the world, placed such importance on securing a prominent position for their premises. Similarly with statesmen. They evidently find it pays, or they would scarcely be so willing to part with the much-prized money.

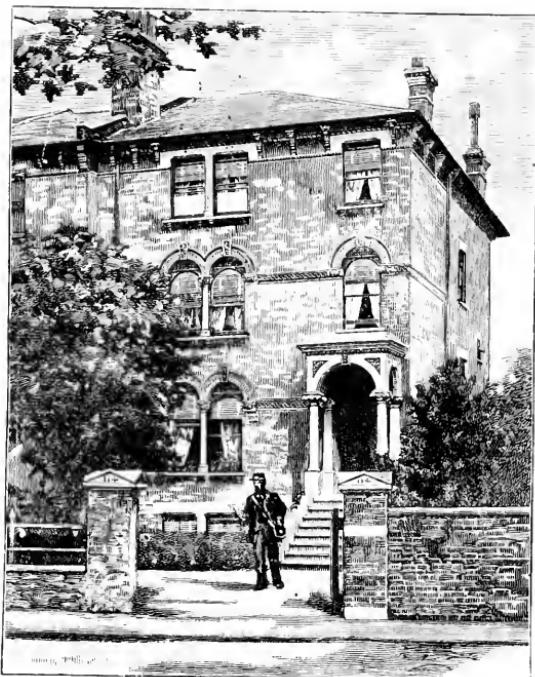
*Fishes to
be caught.* And why, after all, should Jesus Christ be banished to the back streets? If He was born in a manger, that is no reason why He should be kept there all His

life. If he could have his way he would bring Him to the front. Surely in such rich waters there must be some fishes to be caught, in whose mouths might be found the silver pieces necessary to pay the dues.

Moreover, every religious organisation which had ever made a mark upon the world had found it ne-

1881,
Age 52.

*Another
forward
step.*



114 CLAPTON COMMON.

General and Mrs. Booth's residence, 1881.

cessary, soon or later, to assume those positions which would enable it most to impress and reach the masses of mankind. The Army would at least be in good company, with a cathedral on one side, the Bible Society on the other, and the headquarters of nearly every Church within five minutes' walk. And again

1881,
Age 52.

the forward step was taken, and the Salvation Army emerged from the obscurity of its East End Bethlehem and occupied its position alongside the other philanthropies and institutions of the city and the world!

Eleven years since.

Eleven years have since elapsed. The vastly extended operations of the Army have necessitated the occupation of several of the adjoining premises, so that Nos. 99, 101, and 103 are now entirely devoted to the staff for the management of international affairs. Nor have these sufficed. Large and prominent premises facing the Blackfriars Bridge constitute the Home Office, from whence the affairs of Great Britain are administered. And whilst these pages are being written the necessities of the spiritual work and of the Social departure are demanding still greater extensions.

Still greater extensions.

At some little distance from Queen Victoria Street are situated the Trade Headquarters in Clerkenwell Road, where the publications, uniforms, and musical instruments of the Salvation Army engage the time and attention of a numerous staff. In Thames Street again is the Labour Bureau, and in Hackney the Headquarters of the Rescue Work. These are only the directing centres for the supervision of operations at home and abroad.

Outsiders have but little idea.

London has since been occupied to an extent and with a force of which outsiders have but little idea. The ramifications of the work are almost numberless, and to review them with any thoroughness in person would occupy a visitor at least three or four days.

Various ramifications.

It constitutes a separate "division," with which are incorporated numerous training garrisons, under the charge of one of our most experienced commissioners. Dotted all over the metropolis and its suburbs are

corps, each of which is a centre of love and effort on behalf of the people. In addition to the above there is the Social Branch, including Shelters, Food Depots, Slum Posts, Rescue Homes, Prison Gate Homes, and other agencies. The fact that the classes for whom they are intended avail themselves to the utmost extent of the accommodation thus provided proves that they appreciate the boon. Indeed, it is impossible to multiply these institutions fast enough to keep pace with the need.

Philanthropists cannot do better than examine for themselves in minutest detail the various ramifications of the Social Scheme. If the paper sketch of it was interesting, it follows that the plan reduced to practice is infinitely more worthy of the most complete study of all sincere well-wishers of their fellow-men. The vastness of the plan has ever been its leading obstacle, but the feasibility of putting it into operation is now proved to demonstration, and it remains only for those who seek to uplift the submerged to render possible the further extension which the pressing need demands.

To return, however, to the history of the year. Another building was offered to the Army, which seemed to involve a still greater pecuniary risk. A large orphanage which had been abandoned for some years, and which had cost originally £60,000, was offered for £15,000, being little more than the value of the land and the materials. Some £8,000 or £9,000 were required for alterations which would enable the central quadrangle to be converted into a fine amphitheatre capable of seating five thousand people, while the orphanage offered accommodation for some four hundred cadets. The opportunity was too good to be allowed to slip past. Even Mr. Booth's cautious

1881,
Age 52.

*Examine
for
yourself.*

*The So-
cial
Scheme.*

*Another
building
secured.*

1881,
Age 52.

*Infectious
enthusias-
ism.*

friends could not fail to catch some of his enthusiasm. Mr. Denny headed the subscription list with one thousand guineas. Others contributed with like generosity. It seemed as though all were interested in the project. Sympathy and money poured in. The opening meetings were without parallel for crowds, enthusiasm and power, and some £3,000 were collected on a single occasion, the balance required being thus raised within an incredibly short space of time.

*The
"Eagle"
and the
"Gre-
cian."*

But the soldiers and friends of the Salvation Army had scarcely recovered from this effort when they and the public alike were startled to learn, a few weeks later, that the General had purchased the lease of the notorious Eagle public-house and Grecian theatre and dancing-grounds, in City Road, for the sum of £16,000. Many religious and philanthropic persons hailed with joy the news that what had hitherto been the worst plague-spot for the youth of London should be thus rescued and transformed into a centre for doing good. It was generally felt that this was the greatest blow which had been struck to drink and vice for years.

*Hotbeds
of vice.*

Many a prodigal had been manufactured in its licentious haunts. Its pestiferous breath had blighted numberless homes. The once "far land" had been brought near, within the very shadow of the paternal mansion. The father had but to look from his window to see his son spending his inheritance in "riotous living." But he preferred to draw down his blinds, to license sin with a latch-key, and remain oblivious to the scene till some sudden thunderbolt from a blue sky made longer oblivion impossible.

Alas, that in a Christian country the existence of such hotbeds of vice should be possible!

That the pride of England's youth, the bloom of

her daughters, should be marred and sullied with impunity by those whom a Christless Christianity tolerated in their nefarious task, and whose power for evil is only limited by the one question—as to whether it will pay! If it pay to blast innocence, then blasted it shall be. If it pay to trade on folly, then it shall be traded on to the last degree. Who cares? The good are too busy in saving their own souls. The bad are tarred with the same brush.

It is easy to sing “Rescue the perishing” when no personal sacrifice is involved. But where are the modern Davids who are willing to face the Liquor Lion and the Lust Bear as they unite to carry off not one but hundreds of the purest lambs from London’s fold? Who will wrench the victim from their jaws? Who will risk their own life and limb? Who in England? Who in the world? Is there not among these weeping mothers a Deborah? and has the boasted manhood all departed from the wronged fathers’ hearts, that not a Barak can be found who will rise up and lead a charge upon these dens of infamy?

Ah, if in one long row there could be made to stand before those who build, license, and cater for these headquarters of inquiry, these *oubliettes* of hell, the miserable list of victims, how ghastly the sight! What a revelation! All ranks in society would be represented, from the peerage to the pit! How they would contrive to conceal their identity! What a disgrace would be poured upon many a family that at present carries its head as high as any in the land. The sons and daughters of peers, aye, of prelates too, would mingle with those of the humblest citizens. What a holocaust of homes and hopes! What a slaughter-house of beauty! What a butchery of talents! What a cruel carnage of all that is best and

1881,
Age 52.

If it pay.

*Tarred
with the
same
brush.*

*“Rescue
the
perish-
ing.”*

*All ranks
of
society.*

1881,
Age 52. loveliest in God Almighty's workmanship! Oh that we, Christians of England, philanthropists, humanitarians, or any others who possess an ounce of compassion for their fellow-men, could picture to ourselves these battlefields of vice, their pillaged purity and outraged worth, their heaps of slaughtered souls, since first these walls of sin were reared. Would that the walls could tell the tale of the scenes they have frowned upon! Perhaps they will—some day! But are we to wait for the Judgment before such evil haunts are doomed? Is our statute-book to remain the laughing-stock of sin? Are we to pounce down upon the finished product and to tolerate these manufactoryes of evil?

*Only
changed
their
tactics.*

Time was when our coasts were lined with wreckers, who with false beacons lured ships to their doom and lived upon the plunder. Now their very existence is forgotten. Once pirates roved the seas, so that merchant vessels sailed in fleets and fully armed. Society resolved to sweep them off, and they are gone. Now the smallest trading-boat can sail the seas without a gun, so perfect is the security to life and property. Where are the robbers and the wolves that once devastated our own land? Gone? No! They are still here; but they have changed their name and dress. They have suited themselves to their altered circumstances and still ply their trade—with the sanction of the law. Wreckers, pirates, robbers, wolves, no longer find it necessary to hide in dens and caves. They prey openly upon the vitals of society and make their living by plundering its morals. They have only changed their tactics, and the world is as yet too blind to recognise them in their new disguise. But they are essentially the same, and fleece both rich and poor. Soon or later society will yet again wake

from its slumbers, and say to them once more, "Be-gone!"

1881,
Age 52.

It was with feelings of intense satisfaction that General and Mrs. Booth hailed this opportunity for occupying such a fortress of evil. Indeed, it has not been the least remarkable work of the Salvation Army that it has transformed numerous similar resorts into centres of virtue and benevolence. Thus the devil has been ousted from his supreme domain, and his followers captured for Christ and righteousness.

*Ousting
the devil.*

There was, however, one difficulty in the present case. According to the original lease the Eagle was to be kept up by any future lessee as "an inn, tavern, or public-house." The lawyers who were consulted on the question gave it as their opinion that it would sufficiently answer the purpose of this covenant if the license for selling drink on the premises were renewed from year to year, whether intoxicating liquor were actually sold or not. There was nothing to prevent, they thought, the building from being used as a Temperance Hotel; an institution which had been needed for some time past, and which appeared likely to be both useful and profitable, for the accommodation of friends and officers. They considered, moreover, and it seemed quite consonant with common-sense, that such a view would be in accordance with the use of the three different words. Scarcely, however, had the premises been opened upon the new lines when an action was commenced by the original lessor for the recovery of both the Eagle and the Grecian, on the ground that the above covenant had been broken.

*In the
present
case.*

After many tedious legal proceedings, through the labyrinths of which it is no part of our present task to thread our way, it was finally decided that the covenant made it necessary for whoever owned the Eagle

*Conson-
ant with
common-
sense.*

1881,
Age 52. Tavern to sell liquor, whether they wished to do so or not; that the mere renewal of the license was not sufficient, and that as the sale of intoxicating drinks was contrary to the principles of the Salvation Army the Eagle Tavern should be given up, while the remainder of the premises, including the Grecian Theatre and its dancing-grounds, should be retained, the future rent being proportionately reduced.

*To give up
the
Eagle.*

*Severe
terms im-
posed.*

The terms imposed by the Court of Appeal were justly characterised by the Master of the Rolls as being severe, but they were a considerable improvement on those of the lower court, which would have handed over everything to the landlord! It was again a case of the letter *versus* the spirit, with the usual result.

*Does 'or'
mean
'or'?*

Mrs. Booth followed the legal proceedings with the intensest interest, and when she learned the final decision of the Appellate Court, exclaimed, with her characteristic vehemence, "Well, whatever they may say, I shall always hold that 'or' means 'or.' "

*Opening
the
Grecian.*

*A camp
in the
enemy's
strong-
hold.*

The opening of the Grecian was a time of unparalleled excitement. The streets in the neighbourhood were blocked with an immense concourse of roughs, estimated to number some thirty thousand. It was with the greatest difficulty that the General and Mrs. Booth, and those who were to take part in the proceedings, were enabled to effect an entrance, even with the aid of a large body of police. Nevertheless the meetings were of a most enthusiastic character, and the tumultuous roar of voices that could be heard from without but served to emphasise the nature of the victory that had been gained in thus establishing a camp in this, the veriest stronghold of the enemy.

*Success-
ful work.*

It is, moreover, satisfactory to know that through the work since carried on in the Grecian the entire

character of the neighbourhood has been changed. The inhabitants of this brotheldom have deserted the neighbourhood by hundreds—alas, that there were so many other districts of a similar character to which they could transfer their services! And the Bacchanalian orgies, which rivalled the worst features of heathendom, have been succeeded by songs and prayers. The tears of penitents have replaced those of broken-hearted mothers, and many prodigal sons and daughters have once more sought their Father's home.

1881,
Age 52.

CHAPTER XC.

LONDON AND THE PROVINCES. 1881.

Exeter Hall. ONE of the new departures of the year 1881 consisted in the inauguration of meetings at Exeter Hall. It seemed a daring experiment to hope to fill this vast building, especially on a popular holiday, Easter Monday, the occasion selected for the first attempt. To announce an all-day holiness convention, and this at a season when London invariably emptied itself into the country, excursioning, seemed nothing short of folly. It would be difficult enough at any time to get 4,000 people together to spend the entire day in praising God. To do so on a great national festival appeared doubly hopeless.

Easter in a Christian land. It was truly a difficult task to revive among Christians the old Jewish idea of making a holiday a holy day. The heathenish saturnalia, and the copious libations of beer, gin, and whiskey with which such occasions were celebrated, or *enjoyed*, as it was half in satire termed, had come to be a part and parcel of the nation's life. Bold was the man who would venture to suggest to the pleasure-hunting multitudes that they could enjoy themselves better in a place of worship than at a public-house, in singing hymns than in singing comic songs, in prayers than in blasphemies, in breaking their hearts before God than in breaking each other's heads! And yet it was Easter—a Christian festival in a Christian land—and the public holiday was supposed to be in honour of a risen

Saviour! Verily, it would be difficult to find a stranger contradiction.

1881,
Age 52.

However, General and Mrs. Booth were not mistaken in their anticipations, though they were little prepared for the enthusiasm with which the project was taken up. Writing four days previous to the meetings, Mrs. Booth says:

Enthusiastic response.

"We have now over four thousand tickets out, and they are being sent from Scotland, Ireland, Spain and France! We shall have an overflow meeting in the small hall, and are hoping for a wonderful day. Satan has done his best to upset us by every possible means, but we shall win, because God is with us.

"*Satan has done his best.*"

"The authorities charge us £50 for the day. The devil thought we should be frightened at that, but he was mistaken. Think of it! We shall have four thousand people to a holiness-meeting in Exeter Hall! That speaks for itself. Pray for much of the Holy Ghost."

Four thousand people.

The meetings were beyond description. Both the General and Mrs. Booth delivered powerful and heart-searching addresses, and hundreds rose to their feet to consecrate themselves afresh to God. In referring to this occasion in one of her letters, Mrs. Booth alludes to the impression produced by a single epithet in her address, when she had characterised much of the Christianity of the present day as being of a "mongrel" type:

Hundreds consecrate themselves.

"The sentence in my speech at Exeter Hall about mongrel Christianity has created quite a panic! And although I did not say what the *Chronicle* imputed to me, as our report in the *Cry* shows, what I did say has done us a lot of good with outsiders. Everybody knows it is true, and to find anyone who dare speak the truth in these days is striking to the infidels! As soon as I am able I will write a leader on what I meant by 'mongrel Christianity.' You will have heard that even the *Telegraph* is coming round, and there were two good pieces in the *Times* yesterday! Wait a bit and we will astonish the

Mongrel Christianity.

The Press coming round.

**1881,
Age 52.** world, in the strength of the God of Israel. Pray for us. Our poor weak bodies are the great drawback!"

*increas-
ing
interest.* The success of this experiment led to its frequent repetition in the future. It might have been supposed that the interest would in course of time decay. But such has not been the case. On the contrary, Exeter Hall has become far too small for the needs of the Salvation Army, and the vast area of the Crystal Palace itself has scarcely held the crowds which have been gathered together for recent anniversaries.

*Mrs.
Booth's
impas-
sioned
appeals.* Until her last illness, it is hardly necessary to remark that Mrs. Booth was owned of God in an especial manner at the Exeter Hall gatherings. Some of the most powerful and impassioned appeals of her life were delivered from its platform. And there are doubtless thousands the tenor of whose whole Christian life has been transformed and fired by her Spirit-accompanied words.

*Steno-
graphers
forgot
them-
selves.* In addition to this effort Mrs. Booth continued her West End lectures, alternately occupying St. James's, St. Andrew's, St. George's, and sometimes Steinway Hall. A large number of these addresses have been epitomised and published in book form, although, as those who have listened to her burning words will testify, stenographers have found it no easy task to do justice to the subject. It was such a temptation, on these occasions, for those who are usually mere automatons to listen for themselves rather than to write for others. And what memory could afterwards serve to transcribe the words? Mrs. Booth herself could not recall to mind the inspirations of the hour, so that it was impossible at best to do more than improve the imperfect record of utterances, the impetuous eloquence of which resembled at the moment the rush of a torrent, or the sweep of a whirlwind.

*Like the
rush of a
torrent.*

Referring to one of these occasions, Mrs. Booth said:

1881,
Age 52.

"I preached on 'The greatest of these is Charity' last Sunday, and had a glorious time. I return to the subject next Sunday morning. The Lord gave it to me on Sunday morning like lightning. Pray for me. We had twenty-two at the penitent-form, some of them remarkable cases, and hundreds were wounded.

"*The Lord gave it.*"

"The other day, being too ill to go myself, I was obliged to send Emma to take my meeting, and now people are asking for her all over! They say she had a beautiful time, and that she must come and help me in the after-meetings. Pray for her. She is very nervous. The General says she spoke in the great Ulster Hall, Belfast, beautifully. He says the work in Ireland surpasses all he has seen elsewhere. Twelve thousand people at the Sunday morning open-air meeting.

*Miss
Emma
Booth in
the work.*

Ireland.

"A clergyman came three hundred and fifty miles to the Friday-night meeting at Whitechapel, and said he would not go back till he got the blessing of sanctification. *Of course* he got it, and went back rejoicing! I do wish you had been with us on Friday and Sunday. It does seem a pity that you cannot be here a bit while I am at the West. One lady has come up from Leamington on purpose.

*He went
back re-
joicing.*

"Dear Mrs. Walker, where I am staying, is most kind. I met Lady — here the other day; she said her two daughters had been at one of Katie's meetings in Paris and were charmed! I hope they got an arrow to their souls as well. Oh, these rich! What will many of them say when they have to meet God? My heart breaks over them: so deluded; so fast asleep."

*The
deluded
rich.*

It was during the spring of this year that the General and Mrs. Booth were invited to attend the Mildmay Conference, and to address the annual gathering under the Mulberry Tree on the aims, the measures, and the successes of the Salvation Army. The Mulberry Tree was a certain spot, in the grounds where the Conference was held, dedicated to a particular class of meetings—on revival and other aggressive work.

*Mildmay
confer-
ence.*

The meeting in the open air was an unqualified

*The Mul-
berry
Tree.*

1881,
Age 52. success. The crowd was great, and listened to what was said with riveted attention and manifest sympathy. Sir Arthur Blackwood presided, and commenced the meeting with an admirable address, which contains so concise a justification of the Army measures that we cannot forbear to quote from it, especially since the General's and Mrs. Booth's addresses were, unfortunately, not reported:

Sir Arthur Blackwood's address.

Irregular forces.

"As Chairman of this meeting, and one of the trustees of the Mildmay Conference Hall, I wish to say at the outset what great, what sincere pleasure it gives me to welcome to this hallowed place the representatives and the leaders of the Salvation Army. The British Army, as you all know, has been formed at different times in our history. As the necessities of the nation demanded, fresh regiments were formed and enrolled. And so it has been, dear friends, in the history of God's Army—the Church of Christ—organisations of different kinds have, at different times, been formed. And as the British Army consists of the regular forces, the militia, and the volunteers, or irregular forces, so I think we have to-day around us, and with us, the youngest regiment of the great Army of the Church of Christ. Some people call them 'a very irregular force.' I dare say they are, but they will none the less do the work, I believe, that God has appointed to them.

A detachment.

"I do not recognise them, and my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, will not quarrel with me for saying so, as *the* Salvation Army, but as a detachment of it:

"One Army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

But we are thankful to welcome them as our brethren and sisters in the Lord, and a very active and healthy portion of that great Army to which we all here, I trust, belong, and in which we all mean to live and die.

Enemies of Beelzebub.

"I had a letter from a friend the other day—I won't mention the name—who tried to induce me to believe that the Salva-

tion Army was one of the last devices of the devil, and that my friend, Mr. Booth, was a very striking forerunner of the great antichrist. If I shared those opinions we would not have him in Mildmay to-day; but as I believe, on pretty good authority, that 'Beelzebub doth not cast out Beelzebub,' we are glad to have those whom we reckon the enemies of Beelzebub on our side here.

1881,
Age 52.

"Now some of the objections that are raised to the work of the Salvation Army are what I call of a very minor kind. I will dismiss them in a few words. For one thing, they are said to be very sensational. Granted; but is there nothing sensational in Scripture? Were not the miracles sensational? When the herd of swine ran into the sea, was not that a sensational matter for the inhabitants of Gadara? Mrs. Booth has often pressed the point home that the actions of the prophets were very sensational indeed, when they did things before the people that were most out-of-the-way.

Sensational methods.

"Then, as to the terms used. Well, they are strong terms. A friend wrote to me, sending an extract from the *War Cry*, and objecting to a paragraph in which it said that somebody had been beating a salvation drum, and that, in the exuberance of his joy, he had smashed a hole in it. But is there anything wrong in calling a drum a 'salvation drum?' Have we not salvation helmets? I hope I have. And what about the bells of the horses? They are to be holiness bells. Don't let us quibble about these things.

Strong terms used.

"Then they say, 'They are very noisy.' Well, we have had some authority for noise in the psalm I just read: 'Clap your hands, ye people.' There is nothing wrong in people clapping their hands. 'Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.' When the people shouted at Jericho the walls fell down; when the children of Judah shouted their enemies were smitten before them. 'God is gone up with a shout, and with the voice of a trumpet.' And I have good authority to say that the Lord Jesus Christ will come again with a shout, and I believe the angels will shout, and I am sure I shall shout! We shall all shout then!

Very noisy.

"Now the great question to my mind is, What does my Master think of the work? Is He setting His approval upon it? Is He giving His blessing to it? Well, there will be

God's blessing on it.

1881, a chorus around me to say, 'Yes, He is.' I know that. But we have the testimony of outsiders; we have the evidence of magistrates, mayors, town-councillors, clergymen, police superintendents, public people of all sorts, and shapes, and sizes, and religions—opinions, and prejudices, and feelings—that, by hook or by crook, in one way or another, the Salvation Army has been instrumental in reclaiming the lost, in turning the abandoned, the reprobate, the unchaste, the unholy, the dissolute, the drunken, into law-abiding, thoughtful, decent members of society."

After dealing ably with the various questions of uniform, titles, and doctrine, Sir Arthur concluded his address by saying:

Enough to keep them humble. "They won't hurt us; perhaps they will stimulate us to a little more zeal. At any rate, if they are a little conceited about it, they will soon get it knocked out of them; they get enough blows, and kicks, and hard words to keep them humble.

Shoulder to shoulder. "Let us hear what they have got to say this afternoon. And I very much mistake the tone and feelings of a Mild-may audience if, though we cannot agree with everything they say, we do not one and all say, 'God bless the irregular branch of the army that He has been raising for His work!' And let us fight shoulder to shoulder till death us do part, and we meet on the other side, and ground our arms in the golden street, around the throne of God, in glory!"

Mrs. Booth in provincial towns. In visiting the provinces this year Mrs. Booth held meetings in various towns. In the following letter she describes her visit to Hull, which had recently been opened by the Army, and where the usual signs and wonders had taken place:

In Hull. "The work here surpasses Bristol. The morning procession has just gone by; six hundred at least in the ranks, comprising many of those who have been the biggest blackguards in the town. Oh, it cheers one to hear the wonderful stories everywhere! Wonderful! Wonderful! I have three very heavy meetings before me. This afternoon the Drill Hall, an im-

mense place with a bad echo, and Tuesday night the Circus, seating three thousand. Ask the Lord to give me more Holy-Ghost power. Oh, the glorious opportunity! It almost overwhelms me!"

1881,
Age 52.

The opportunity.

In a subsequent letter Mrs. Booth says:

"I had two of the heaviest meetings in Hull I ever held in my life. Indescribable! The one on Sunday so prostrated me that I could hardly stand on my feet on Monday, but I got over it so far as to lecture to nearly three thousand in the Circus on Tuesday night. Tickets three shillings, two shillings, and sixpence each! We raised £110 on the two days.

Heavy work.

"There are fourteen public-houses to let, for which they give us the credit, and one publican openly says he is losing £80 per week through us! Another was at the penitent-form the other night, and has shut up his house! A town-councillor said to me after the lecture that we had influenced the entire population and stirred up every church in it! Oh, it is glory!

Public-houses to let.

"I went on to Grimsby, where I had the largest Wesleyan chapel packed, and saw similar results. Then on to Bridlington Quay, where I had a smaller building crammed, and saw some of the greatest blackguards who have been reclaimed.

Grimsby and Bridlington Quay.

"I have had a poor time in body while I have been away, suffering very much as I did at Merthyr. The General also came home fearfully exhausted from Cornwall and Plymouth. He says I could get ten thousand people any night in Plymouth, if we could but get a building big enough; and Railton writes me that a wonderful move has sprung out of my visit to Swansea. Praise the Lord! 'Out of weakness made strong; having nothing, yet making many rich.'"

Revival at Swansea.

In the mean time there had arisen difficulties with the police authorities in Paris. It was hardly to be wondered at, that, in dealing with the Socialist communistic classes, disturbances should have occurred. The police became alarmed, and for a time closed the hall. Mrs. Booth writes thus cheerfully to her son Herbert, who was then in Paris helping his sister:

Hall closed in Paris.

"Keep your mind quiet! Lean back on God and don't worry. It is His affair, and if you have done what you could

A cheering letter.

1881, **Age 52.** that is enough! There are plenty of other countries to save besides France, and if God's time has not yet come you cannot help it! Leave it with Him, both of you. Alas! how little we have of the faith that can stand still and see the salvation of God.' What would you do if you were put in custody for two years like Paul was? And yet that imprisonment at Rome sent the Gospel far and wide! God's ways are not our ways. He takes in the whole field at once and does the best He can for the entire world. Human wisdom never has been able at the time to comprehend His plans. But years after it has often seen their wisdom. Let us learn to trust in the dark—to stand still. I question whether it would not be best to wait till you get your large hall. However, act on Katie's judgment in this. Never mind the bit of time lost, or what the gossips say! Do what strikes you as best for the work. Poor dear Katie! Your illness will worry her. Do keep quiet, and mind these instructions."

In writing to a friend concerning the action of the police, Mrs. Booth says:

In regard to the French work. "With regard to France, Mr. Weldon, the Editor of the *Rock* (a personal friend of the Minister of the Interior) and also one of the chief deputies have gone to Paris on purpose to influence the authorities in our favour. They are armed with a document signed by the Lord Mayor, Lord Cairns, the City Chamberlain, and Colonel Henderson! We lunched with the Lord Mayor on Saturday when we were there getting the signature."

The hall re-opened. This appeal was successful, and resulted in the re-opening of the hall and the revival of the work.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn. It was at this time that the Army received an important reinforcement in the offer for the French work of Commissioner Booth-Clibborn. Mrs. Booth thus refers to the matter:

"A young minister of the Society of Friends, an earnest, dear fellow, is about to resign a good position, and offers for France. He is a good French scholar, full of love and zeal, and as humble as a child. He says we are the people he has been groping after for twelve years."

Referring in the same letter to the writer of these memoirs, Mrs. Booth adds:

"A young judge in the Indian Civil Service has just resigned his office, with £1,000 a year, and has offered to us for any post we like."

"Others are looking towards us. Praise the Lord for sending us some brains as well as hearts!"

The following letter contains an instance of Mrs. Booth's intense sympathy with suffering, and displays her practical and resourceful character:

"I came home to do Emma's work in order to let her have a week's rest, little thinking what an undertaking the Lord had in store for me. I had only just arrived when I was told that one of our most devoted cadets was raving mad! He had flown at Ballington, of whom he is most fond, and it took eight men to master him! They had had a clever doctor, and he stated that it was a case of hopeless insanity, and ordered him to be taken to an asylum, as their lives were in danger. I came in just as they were negotiating this, and said he should not go. I felt sure it was a case of inflammation of the membrane of the brain. I sent the Commissioner of Lunacy off, when he came, and dismissed the doctor, taking charge myself. They had him tied with ropes, hands and feet, and four men to watch him. I instructed them to take the ropes off one hand at a time, substituting strips of wet linen, leaving the ends for them to hold, let them undress him, got a sheet ready, and we had him in a pack and *asleep* in three-quarters of an hour! He had not slept for three nights and days! I have had him packed morning and night, and a hot mustard blanket up to loins at noon ever since, and he has got the turn and will be well in eight or nine days. We have given him nothing but milk and fruit.

"I sent for Dr. Metcalfe yesterday to confirm our people in the course I had taken, and he says I am quite right; that it is inflammation and congestion, and that I could not have done better; only that I should not have taken all the anxiety of it on myself, but have sent for him—which I should have done except that I feared he would not let us persevere! I will not say what it has cost me to lecture both the Training Homes

1881,
Age 52.

Commissioner
Booth-Tucker.

Mrs.
Booth
sympa-
thetic and
practical.

An
instance.

Saved by
hydro-
pathy.

**1881,
Age 52.** and to do this as well, but the Lord has brought me through, and I shall have the comfort of feeling that I have saved the dear fellow. Dr. Metcalfe says that hundreds of people who are in our asylums might be saved in the first instance by these measures, and I am sure of it! I have told you all this to confirm your faith in hydropathy!

"On we go!" "The General is very pleased with his Northern tour. The change in public opinion is very marked. He was received with the greatest respect by those who twelve months ago would have turned their backs on him. Oh, what a sure road to honour is the valley of humiliation! But honour or dis-honour makes no difference! On we go!"

CHAPTER XCI.

THE SHEFFIELD RIOT. 1882.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn."

THE year 1882 commenced with one of the most serious riots which even the Salvation Army has witnessed. A great Council of War had been arranged to take place at Sheffield. The Albert Hall, accommodating some three thousand five hundred persons, had been taken for the occasion. It was gorged for the Sunday meetings, the open-air demonstrations attracting immense crowds. The General led the meetings, assisted by Mrs. Booth. It was one of their old battle-fields. More than twenty-five years previously they had seen hundreds of souls seek salvation at their meetings. But it was no longer the church and chapel-goers whom they were content to reach. A very different class now claimed their attention.

*Council of
War at
Sheffield.*

The extremes of good and evil, of piety and blasphemy, of virtue and vice, like those of wealth and poverty, are often found to meet. The powers of sin seem to take a peculiar pleasure in establishing their strongholds within a bow-shot of the gates of heaven, as if to drive away those who desire to enter. For a time their existence is unsuspected, but at length their batteries are unmasked, and woe to those who come within the range of their remorseless shot and shell!

*Extremes
meet.*

1882, It was so in Sheffield. Famous for its revivals, it
Age 53. was no less famous for its rowdyism. The Sheffield
"Blades" "Blades," as the roughs were facetiously entitled, re-
and sembed their relatives, the Nottingham "Lambs,"
"Lambs." only that they were more appropriately named. There certainly was not much to choose between the cutlery for which their town was famed and the moral steel of which their hearts appeared to be composed.
Charles Wesley knew them. So long ago as the days of Charles Wesley he had found reason to complain that they were the most perfect specimens of brutality that even in his experiences he had anywhere seen, and that, as there was "no king in Israel," so there appeared to be no magistrate in Sheffield, every man doing what seemed good in his own eyes. Since then a hundred years had passed. Divine visitations had come and gone, but the Sheffield "Blades" had taken comparatively little notice of them, and the idea of crossing the threshold of church-or chapel had long since died out.

On their mettle. Hitherto even the belligerent forces of the Salvation Army had been prevented by the want of suitable buildings from making such an impression upon them as had been the case elsewhere. On the present occasion, however, the "Blades" were fairly upon their mettle. A counter-attraction had burst upon the scene, which left gin-palace and street-brawl, pigeon-flying and cock-fighting, together with the other recreations of the race, far in the lurch. The Salvationists had gathered in force from the surrounding country-side. Their existence could not be ignored. On this particular Sunday, wherever you might go, the pavements were covered with announcements of the meetings, which had been chalked out upon them in the early morning, when most people were still asleep. The hall was crowded and the streets lined

Few police.



SHEFFIELD RIOT.

*1882,
Age 53.* through the day, but beyond a little preliminary horse-play, which the processionists took good-humouredly, nothing went amiss. The "Blades," however, were not slow to remark that there were but few police, and they knew enough of the Salvation Army to be aware that they themselves would not show fight, whatever might occur. They were annoyed, moreover, at finding that the majority of those who marched in the ranks were deserters from themselves. The marshal of the procession was Major Cadman, whose character we have already sketched. Then, conspicuous in a scarlet coat and dark-blue helmet, there was the massive figure of Lieutenant Davidson, the champion Northumberland wrestler, in the very uniform which he had previously worn at the Stevenson Centenary.

*Lieuten-
ant
Davidson.*

*Her-
woorship-
pers.*

The "Blades" were more familiar with the doings of champion wrestlers and pugilists than with those of archbishops and prime ministers. They were hero-worshippers, and these were their heroes. Samson was their tutelary god! Dick Turpin their high priest! Bradlaugh their prophet! Infidelity their creed! Anarchy their millennium! The devil their crowned and accepted king! They at least believed in his existence. Did they not often see him for themselves when the "horrors" were upon them? Hell was their heaven! Bone, muscle, and brute force were to them what refinement, skill, and knowledge are to the "upper ten." Courage was the only virtue they recognised, might their only right.

*Latter-
day
Dariuses.*

Such, not merely in Sheffield, but in scores of towns outwardly decent and respectable, is a picture of the lion's den of modern society, into which some of our latter-day Dariuses would thrust the Salvation Army Daniels, there leaving them to perish! And

how many of the lookers-on, if they do not actually approve such proceedings, say or fancy that it serves them right! Why must Daniel worship in the street, or with his windows open towards Jerusalem? There are some who would imitate the Persian house of lords in getting a special Act of Parliament to suppress the right! Why cannot the Salvation Army confine itself to its buildings, like others do, they ask? And first, we answer, Because others don't. We are by no means the only organisation to recognise the value of the open-air. If an act be passed against us, let it at least include the Church, the nonconformists, the Temperance societies, the politicians, the circuses, the race-course, and all else. If evil agencies could be thus included with the good in the suppression, it might not, we confess, be an unqualified loss. But if it is not to be contemplated in the one case let us have done with suggesting it in the other. Let mayors and magistrates who venture to trifle with national liberties understand that they will have to reckon with an uncompromising legislature, and with an executive who will know how to use the powers entrusted to their care!

It is commonly supposed that by our open-air work we provoke disturbances which would otherwise not occur. As a matter of fact, we only anticipate evils which are rapidly gaining headway, and which, unless they are anticipated by somebody, will overwhelm society with confusion, and this at no distant date. As pointed out by Mrs. Booth in the address already quoted, we have not created these slumgeries! We are in no way responsible for their existence—at least only so far as our individual power will allow us to alleviate their miseries. They are there, whether we go to them or stop at home.

1882,
Age 53.

*Value of
the open-
air.*

*National
liberties.*

*Evils an-
ticipated.*

1882,
Age 53.

*Outlets
being
closed.*

*How
long?*

The outlet of emigration, which has hitherto in some measure relieved this abscess of society, is being closed. Country after country is barring its doors against the heterogeneous mass of corruption which we have hitherto been able to pour upon its shores. Australia, America, and other nations say, "We will not receive your criminals and paupers;" and who does not know that criminals are paupers, and paupers too often criminals? "Only those who can bring with them the wherewithal to start in life will be permitted to land. The rest we shall send back!" And as a consequence our starving poor can no longer go forth. They must stay where they are, and breed and rot, and rot and breed, till they learn their power and turn upon the society that has sinned against itself and its children in leaving these outcasts to their fate. How long will it be possible to abandon them to themselves? How long will they be content to be buried alive while the mansions of the rich lie within such easy reach? How long will it be before insurrection takes the place of burglary? How are they to be restrained? Who is to say them Nay? What power is to prevent it? Science has placed within the reach of the poor and the oppressed instruments of destruction too horrible to contemplate. How much "dynamite" or "terrorite" would it require to reduce the West of London to a heap of unrecognisable ruins? How long can we rely on constables and soldiers, recruited from these very ranks, not to turn their loaded weapons upon those who close their ears to the cry of their fellow-creatures in distress? Who does not know that tens of thousands of these shammers are trained soldiers, who understand how to handle weapons as well as any of their comrades in the field; who are inured to hardship and ac-

customed to obey the word of command? They require but to combine, to work their will. Their numbers, their power, their votes are increasing day by day. Once voiceless, they are making themselves heard. They are organising. They are developing leaders of their own. The balance of power is changing hands before our very eyes. They will soon be in a position to take, without a "thank you," what is now withheld.

What shall we do with them? Shall we continue to pursue the suicidal Pharaoh-policy? Shall we set over them more constables "to afflict them?" Will they always go on building for us "treasure cities?" Do we not find that the more they are afflicted "the more they multiply and grow?" Has it paid to make them "serve with rigour," and to "make their lives bitter with hard bondage" in picking oakum and in breaking stones? What now remains, save to perfect the parallel by consigning their new-born babes to the waters of the Thames—nay, have not our workhouses and jails been as the Nile, into which we have sought to fling our pauper population, leaving them to sink or swim as best they might?

And when a modern Moses arises, with a Scheme for leading these miserable millions into a second Canaan, instead of welcoming the deliverance, many of us oppose it with well-nigh as hard a heart as Pharaoh of old, unconvinced even by miracles. Will nothing short of the blood of our first-born persuade us, Christians as we call ourselves, to "let the people go" that they may serve God in some of the waste wildernesses of the world? Must the critic chariots and horses of society sally forth to oppose the march of the ransomed slaves? Will nothing but the overwhelming waters of some national calamity silence them?

1882,
Age 53.

*The
balance of
power.*

*Suicidal
Pharaoh-
policy.*

*A modern
Moses.*

1882,
Age 53.

*Peace, or
the
sword.*

Blücher is by no means the only man to whom the idea has ever occurred that London would be a fine city for plunder! If we will not let them have a religious Moses to lead them out in peace, let us beware lest they choose for themselves a Robespierre, a Danton, a Marat, or a Napoleon. For, as surely as we live, the day will come when, if we withhold from them the Gospel, we shall feel their sword; and if we reject the opportunity of a revolution of peace we shall have a revolution of blood.

*Culpable
folly.*

What culpable folly it is, then, to shut our eyes to these elements of danger, to "pass on," like the Proverbial simpleton, until we are "punished!" What recklessness to hold back and discourage those who, at the risk of life and limb, have flung themselves into these cesspools of iniquity!

*Sheffield
"Blades."*

But to return. Monday had been fixed for a monster procession through the town. The Sheffield slums belched forth their contents in a manner which had never before been witnessed by its inhabitants. The few members of the police force present were totally inadequate to deal with the crowds. And, although from the first it was evident that there was mischief in the air, no further help was sent. The "Blades" understood and made the best of their opportunity. Davidson, on his charger, was literally plastered with mud till the colour of his coat and face were almost unrecognisable. Stones and brickbats fell in showers. At length a short, heavy stick came flying through the air and struck him on the back of his head. He would have fallen from the horse, but was supported on either side till the hall was reached. Although in the greatest pain, he was heard to say, "I hope they'll get saved." He was removed to the hospital in an insensible condition; but one of the first

*"I am
saved."*

1882,
Age 53.

messages that he whispered, when returning to consciousness, was, "I am saved! And had the work to be done again, I would do it to-morrow!" For some time his life was despaired of, and it was weeks before he was able to leave his bed.

The brass band, which occupied the waggonette in front of the General's carriage, was another target for the rioters. Nor did the General and Mrs. Booth escape a share of their attention, although miraculously preserved from the flying missiles. Mrs. Booth's concern for the General, for Davidson, for the brass band, and for the devoted soldiers in the march, rendered her oblivious to her own danger. The General, standing in the carriage during the entire length of the march, gave his directions with a presence of mind and collectedness which might have been envied by many a commander on the field of battle. And when at length the hall was reached, and a group of mud-bespattered, bruised and bleeding officers welcomed him at the door, with a twinkle in his eye and admiration on his face, he said, "Now is the time to get your photographs taken!"

In spite of the dreadful tumult through which they had just passed, the meeting in the hall was one of unbounded enthusiasm. The sight upon the platform was unique. Bruised and bandaged heads, faces gashed with stones, clothes daubed with blood and mud, fronted the crowded building. And yet there was not an angry look or word. The joy that beamed from every countenance contrasted strangely with the scars and stains. The prayers and praises that rang through the hall seemed the more heavenly and inspired because of the oaths and blasphemies which still rent the air outside.

There is no power to affect the human heart like

*Another
target.*

*Mrs.
Booth
and the
General.*

*"Get your
photo-
graphs
taken."*

*A unique
spectacle.*

1882, the power of suffering. Calvary is the supreme illustration of this. And thus a profound impression was made that day, not only upon the city of Sheffield, but upon the country at large. We owe it to the authorities and to the people to acknowledge that there has never been a repetition of the riot. On the other hand, many of the roughest characters have been converted, and a prosperous and sustained work has been established in the town.

*From Mr.
John
Bright.* The riot attracted at the time much public attention, the newspapers being almost unanimous in concurring that mob-law was undesirable. From many unexpected sources sympathetic letters were received. The following tribute of sympathy from Mr. John Bright, M.P., will be read with interest:

*Lord
Coleridge
and the
Home
Secretary.*

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 3d, 1882.

"DEAR MADAM:—I gave your letter to Sir W. Harcourt. He had already given his opinion in the House of Commons, which will be, to some extent, satisfactory to you.

"I hope the language of Lord Coleridge and the Home Secretary will have some effect on the foolish and unjust magistrates, to whom, in some districts, the administration of the law is, unfortunately, committed.

"I suspect that your good work will not suffer materially from the ill-treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would, doubtless, have mobbed the apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail.

"I am, with great respect and sympathy,

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN BRIGHT."

*In the
House of
Lords.*

The attention of the House of Lords having been called by the Earl of Fortescue to the various disturbances connected with the open-air work, the late Archbishop Tait said:

*Arch-
bishop
Tait
speaks.*

"He felt that he ought not to allow this subject to pass without remark. Some difficulty had, doubtless, arisen in

reference to it in consequence of the members of the Salvation Army acting in a way which was not customary among religious bodies, and some were shocked by what they regarded as a want of reverence on their part. But it had been well remarked that perhaps their peculiar mode of proceeding was such as would have considerable influence over uncultivated minds, and, looking at the fact that there was in this country a vast mass of persons who could not be reached by the more

1882,
Age 53.



JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

regular administration of the Church, it was not unlikely that much good might eventually result from the more irregular action of the Salvationists. He had been informed that the leaders of the movement were persons of unimpeachable character, and that they were most desirous of checking the extravagances of many of their followers, and that there had been much misrepresentation spread abroad with regard to them. [Hear, hear.]

"He trusted, therefore, that any movement of this kind,

1882,
Age 53. provided it were carried on with decency and propriety, would be encouraged, and that it would be able usefully to supplement the efforts of the regular clergy in affording spiritual aid to the great mass of the population." [Hear, hear.]

Lord Coleridge. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, speaking on the same occasion, made the following remarks:

"He spoke in that House under considerable restraint, because it might be his duty to sit elsewhere in judgment, and he would be sorry to say a word which might prejudice a case before him hereafter."

An absolute right. "He took it, that every Englishman had an absolute and unqualified right to go about his business and perform legal acts with the protection of the law; and he apprehended that walking through the streets in order and procession, even if accompanied by music and the singing of hymns, was absolutely lawful, in the doing of which every subject had the right to be protected."

Speaking on another occasion, in an appeal to the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Coleridge said:

Not to be tolerated. "To inflict an ignominious punishment of hard labour on men simply because they are religious enthusiasts is a thing not to be tolerated."

Nevertheless! Nevertheless, at Bath, Guildford, Arbroath, Forfar, and other places, disturbances occurred. During the twelve months no less than six hundred and sixty-nine members of the Salvation Army were, to our knowledge, knocked down, kicked, or otherwise brutally assaulted. Of these two hundred and fifty-one were women, and twenty-three, children under fifteen years of age! No less than fifty-six of the buildings used by the Salvation Army were attacked, the windows broken, and in some cases serious injury inflicted, not only upon the halls, but upon the private property of the individuals known to be in sympathy with the cause.



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1882,
Age 53.

But surely the roughs are scarcely to be blamed for their Salvation-baiting propensities when they were encouraged in their course by the imprisonment of no less than eighty-six members of the Army, fifteen of them being women! And yet the Mayor of Bath, in writing to the Home Secretary regarding the disturbances, admitted that the attacks made on the Salvationists in that town were utterly unprovoked:

*Utterly,
unpro-
voked.*

"The reports received by the magistrates from the police indicate that the 'Salvationists' keep themselves strictly within the law. We find that even when struck, assailed with foul and abusive language, and their property broken and destroyed, the 'Salvationists' do not retaliate!"

In referring to these imprisonments, in the course of an enthusiastic address at the opening of the Clapton Congress Hall, Mrs. Booth gives an interesting account of a passage of arms between herself and a magistrate:

*Clapton
Congress
Hall.*

"I said to a magistrate, a little while ago, who asked whether we could not give up the processions—'Oh dear, no! I would go to gaol, and die there, before I would give them up. We catch our grandest fish by the processions.'

*Mrs.
Booth
and the
magis-
trate.*

"'But,' said he, 'we would give you a field to go in.'

"'Oh! thank you,' I said, 'but the men are not in the field. We are after *the people*, and we must go where the people are.'

"'Well,' he said, 'what are you going to do, supposing all the magistrates proclaim the towns?'

"'Do?' I said; 'GO ON, to be sure.'

"'Suppose they put all your officers in prison?'

"'Oh!' I said, 'we have plenty ready to come after them to fill their places. You try it; and when the prisons are full then the English people will rise and ask why they are compelled to keep the people in gaol, and pay taxes for their support, for preaching the Gospel.'

"'But,' he asked, 'what will you say to the magistrates who condemn you?'

"'The old answer will do: "Whether it be right to obey men

1882,
Age 53. rather than God, judge ye." Didn't the magistrates come down on Paul and Silas, and did they not forbid them to speak any more in that Name? and what notice did Paul and Silas take of it? And so it must be with the Salvation Army."

*The one
intoler-
able
thing.*

In referring at this time to the Army's aggressive efforts, Archbishop Tait, who had sent a subscription towards the purchase of the Eagle and the Grecian, remarked that the one impossible, intolerable thing would be to sit still and do nothing in presence of the great call for increased activity.

*Dr.
Lightfoot.* Speaking on the same subject, the late Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, said:

*Taught a
higher
lesson.*

"Shall we be satisfied with going on as hitherto, picking up one here and one there, gathering together a more or less select congregation, forgetful meanwhile of the Master's command, 'Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in?' The Salvation Army has taught us a higher lesson than this. Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled us to this lost ideal of the work of the church—*the universal compulsion of the souls of men!*"

*Earl
Cairns.*

Amongst the handful of British statesmen who were the first to recognise the great future that lay in store for the Salvation Army was the late Earl Cairns.

*A happy
combi-
nation.*

A man of genuine piety, a Christian first and then a statesman, he was, nevertheless, by no means an enthusiast. A first glance at his massive, thoughtful countenance was enough to show that here was not a character that would be carried away by mere feelings. A stranger might almost be tempted to have doubted whether he had an emotional side; whether reason, judgment, calculation, had not entirely extinguished the softer side of his nature; whether the granite of which his powerful and intellectual mien appeared to be composed was not bereft of the deep

1882,
Age 53.

subsoil and rich verdure of the affections. He was the *beau ideal* of a prudent statesman. Cool-headed, far-seeing, sagacious, strong-willed, cautious to timidity, weighty as a sledge-hammer in his utterances. In many respects he seemed the very antithesis of the hot-blooded, fiery Salvationist. It might have been supposed that his preference for the quiet and unde-



EARL CAIRNS.

monstrative in religion would have made him shrink from the noisy and fervent zeal of the latter. But, while his characteristic Scotch caution forbade his being an enthusiast, it was leavened with a touch of genuine Irish warm-heartedness which enabled him to recognise in the Salvation Army the fundamentals of Christianity, without permitting the minor points of difference to intervene as barriers against the over-flowings of a large and sympathetic soul. And he

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Age 53.**

*Lady
Cairns.*

had the courage to express his convictions. Lady Cairns, an active Christian worker, attended many of Mrs. Booth's West End meetings, besides arranging several drawing-room gatherings. For Mrs. Booth and the Maréchale she entertained a particularly warm affection, but, while sympathising deeply with the work of the Army, there were some of its features to which she could not reconcile herself.

*At a
meeting
of sympa-
thizers.*

The following is the substance of an address delivered by Lord Cairns at a meeting of sympathisers and friends of the Salvation Army:

*Exagger-
ated re-
ports.*

"I have long looked with great interest upon this great movement, and have regretted very much many of the statements that have been made about it. I feel, myself, that all the reports which have been made with a view of casting discredit on the Salvation Army have been either mistaken or much exaggerated, and now that you have heard General Booth's statements you will be able to go and tell others, who have been misled by such reports, what actually did take place. There is one thing that always strikes me in thinking about this movement: that is, the great and indisputable fact that the Salvation Army work has, under God's blessing, carried the knowledge of the Salvation from which it derives its name to a vast stratum, to hundreds and thousands of the population of the country, who have never been reached by the Gospel before.

*It would
fail.*

"Many of us have seen nothing of this teeming and seething stratum of our population; I, myself, perhaps, have seen but little of it. Now, it would be a great mistake for us who have been accustomed to deal with a different class of society, with persons of education, of regular and orderly lives and habits, to apply our ideas of things to the stratum of society among which the Army works. I think if we were to bring our ideas to bear upon the working of the Army, and introduce our traditional, well-regulated, cut-and-dried system, and say, This is the way, or, That is the way, that the Salvation Army ought to proceed, I feel sure that the Salvation Army would simply fail. They might give up their work, and the masses of population I have referred to would never be got at at all.

"I can only say that as soon as I can find another organisation moving amongst this same class of people, bringing the Gospel to bear upon them, and producing such results as this Army is producing, and doing this work in a way more free from the possibility of criticism, I may, perhaps, prefer that organisation. But at present there is no such organisation, and we are in this position—that we must either take the agency of the Salvation Army and make the best of it, or else we must give up all those masses of people as hopeless and abandoned for ever. We cannot, most of us, go and work in the places where the forces of the Salvation Army work. We cannot do it in person; but it is surely a great privilege for us, if we cannot do the work ourselves, to be able to help forward those who can and will do it.

"What I would impress upon you and those listening to the reports which, either from mistake, or ignorance, or prejudice, are circulated about the proceedings of the Salvation Army, is, Don't believe them. Go and see for yourself, or enquire in any case, and ask for explanation, and I feel sure you will get it. Let us, then, having got this great agency to do the work that is so much needed to be done, not merely go and say, 'Yes, it is all very interesting, and no doubt much good is being done,' but let us join to lend a helping hand to this great movement. Let us, if we think it is doing God's work, be firm, and help it forward, and let us honestly and consistently give it such assistance as we have it in our power to give."

This outspoken utterance was the more remarkable as it was delivered after listening to an unprovoked and bitter attack upon the Army work. The meeting had been thrown open for any friendly questions to be asked by those who might be desirous of further information concerning the measures which were at this time still a subject of considerable controversy in Christian circles. Taking advantage of this opportunity, a gentleman present delivered a furious tirade against the Army from the most extreme Plymouth Brother point of view. At the conclusion of his speech he took his hat and walked out of the

1882,
Age 53.

*There is
none.*

*Lend a
helping
hand.*

*After a
bitter
attack.*

**1882,
Age 53.** room, without waiting to listen to the reply to his objections which Mrs. Booth was instantly upon her feet to make. During this unexpected onslaught Earl Cairns' countenance retained the placidity of a marble statue, and the warm words with which he closed the meeting were the more emphatic from having been delivered at the conclusion of such an episode.

*Advance
of the
Army.* And thus, amidst storm and sunshine, amidst blame and praise, neither cowed by the one nor unduly elated by the other, but God-inspired and God-guarded, the Salvation Army continued to advance. Town after town was opened. At Shipley 148 souls professed conversion during the first week, at Tamworth 120 names were taken the first night, and 322 by the weekend. The notorious Grecian Theatre witnessed 1,800 seekers for salvation within the first three months. The 251 corps with which the year commenced had increased to 442, the 533 officers to 1067, including 164 cadets in training at the Clapton Training Home. The income locally collected and expended by the corps had increased from £57,000 to £88,870, besides a sum of £36,000 which had been given for the purchase of buildings. Truly, there was ample cause for raising a new Ebenezer as a memorial of the victories of the past and as a stimulus to fresh faith for the future.

CHAPTER XCII.

INDIA—SWEDEN—CANADA. 1882.

IT was a strange chain of circumstances that induced “*Wonderful*” the General and Mrs. Booth to contemplate India as a field for work. But what development of the Salvation Army has not been strange? Surely its name, like that of its Divine Master, might well be called “Wonderful.” And when have not the manifestations of God to man been wonderful? As soon as they cease to possess this character they cease in proportion to display His power. “Wonderful” has been the tribute of mankind inscribed across each successive billow of Divine influence which has swept over the world’s heart, flinging back, for a time at least, the all-usurping powers of evil. “Wonderful” must always be the works of the Holy Ghost, through whomsoever they are wrought. Contemporaries may be too blind to perceive it, but posterity must needs write across the apostolic pages of such deeds its epitaph of “Wonderful.”

And thus, no matter what the future of the Salvation Army may be, the *past is what it is*, and, thank God, cannot be blotted out. If the movement were to perish to-morrow, the day is nevertheless bound to come when all will recognise not only the grand unchangeable *has-been*, but the inherent possibilities of the *what-might-have-been*, and will be constrained to award the just meed of praise. Its heroes and heroines will yet take their stand beside the saints and martyrs

^{1882,}
Age 53. of the past. Its betrayers and persecutors will reap the curses of the Judases and Herods of mankind. Its timid apologists will rank with weak-kneed Gamaliel, or trembling Nicodemus. And the children of those who have slain the prophets will entomb the sufferers with their costly offerings.

God's purposes of mercy. But India! That Babel of languages! That wilderness of religions! That unfathomed ocean of possibilities! Was it strange, after all, that God should have some purposes of tenderness and mercy toward its myriad inhabitants—that He should put His finger on a baby boy, cradle him in the country, snatch him from the clutch of mutineers, send him across the seas to be educated in the learning of the European Egyptians, and then back to India to be educated in the woes of the suffering natives, fling him into the heart of the Salvation Army, and then cause this modern whale of the religious deep to vomit him back on the shores of this Eastern Nineveh? It was surely no harder for the Lord than that so many of England's slum saviours should have been recruited from the public-house.

Appalling need. The need was truly appalling. There were missionaries, it is true, but what were they among so many? Roughly speaking, they would represent a minister for every 400,000 souls. And then the deadly climate had prostrated a large percentage even of these.

No revivals. And worse than this. The revivals which had from time to time burst forth, and cheered the toilers with the hopes of speedily conquering India for Christ, had of late mysteriously died out. It would hardly be too much to say that there was at the time of which we write a spiritual famine in the land. The Obadiah's of the day were scanning the horizon

for clouds, but none could be seen so big even as a man's hand. Here is the unrefutable testimony of the Editor of the *Indian Witness*, the most influential religious paper then published in India, on this point.

He was a spiritually-enlightened man—an American:

"Some of our readers wish us to publish fuller and more frequent accounts of revival work in India, or, as it is more properly called by some, soul-saving work. We are more than willing to print any such news if it is sent to us, but we fear the sorrowful truth must be confessed that just at present there is not much going on in India to which the word 'revival' can be very correctly prefixed. There is a lull all along the line."

"Hopeful indications and tokens for good are reported in many places, but a genuine revival, a powerful work of awaking and conversion, does not seem to prevail at any one point in the Empire.

"This is a state of things which calls for very deep heart-searching and much earnest waiting upon God in prayer. When we consider the extent of the field and the number of workers engaged, the noble opportunities set before us, and the Master's command to go forward, it certainly ought to provoke very serious thought on the part of all Christians in India to learn that there is not a single revival of any note in progress in any part of India.

"How long shall this lamentation be made?"

But, need or no need, the European newspapers in India could scarcely have been more alarmed at the prospect had they been anticipating the descent of a Russian fleet than they were at the news of the arrival of the Salvation Army. There was little short of a press panic, in which all officialdom appeared to share. Some proposed that the four very harmless-looking officers who composed the invading force should be prevented from disembarking, and deported by the next steamer to their native land. Others suggested

1882,
Age 53.

*The
"Indian
Witness."*

*"A lull all
along the
line."*

*Startled
official-
dom.*

1882,
Age 53. repression of various degrees. A secret circular was issued asking for advice as to the best sections of the Indian Penal Code for dealing summarily with the dangerous element. Police, mounted and on foot, European and native, were detailed to watch every movement of the new arrivals. Constant telegrams were exchanged between the Governor of Bombay and the Commissioner of Police, who had strict orders to allow nothing to be done "outside the ordinary line of missionary enterprise." A few days later it was decided to forbid all open-air demonstrations, on the ground that they were calculated to lead to a breach of the peace. And yet, at this very time, the streets of Bombay were filled with rival Hindoo and Mahomedan processionists, numbering at least some tens of thousands, and blocking for several days almost every thoroughfare in the town. Prosecution followed prosecution. The writer of this memoir was imprisoned for a month, others for lesser terms. But the work advanced.

Imprisonments and advance.

Natives protest.

Singular to say, the natives, on whose behalf the Europeans had raised the agitation, refused to join in the hue and cry. At Calcutta they organised an enormous mass-meeting in the Town Hall under the leadership of the famous Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, protesting with the most perfect unanimity against the treatment of the Salvation Army, and petitioning the Viceroy to interfere on their behalf. The native organs spoke strongly to the same effect. Indeed, nothing was more remarkable than the contrast between the attitude of the Europeans and the natives. It was obvious that the hostility of the former was purely due to national pique. European officials complained that their dignity would be lowered by such compliance with native dress and customs. Some of them

spoke contemptuously of the Salvation Army as a "mixture of Jagannath and Jumbo." One young magistrate proposed to deal with them under the Vagrancy Law, which empowers officials to extradite destitute Europeans from the country. Indeed, he went so far as to issue a warrant of arrest, but only brought upon himself a serious reprimand from his superior, who happened to be an earnest Christian and thoroughly in sympathy with the Salvation Army.

The following sensible utterance of the *Indian Mirror*, an influential Hindoo paper, will show how far were the natives from countenancing the action of their European rulers at this time:

"If the Salvation Army can prove that Christianity is really the religion of the poor; that it can doff lavender-coloured breeches and Christy's patent helmets to put on the mendicant's ochre garb; that it can dance, shout, and march with the ordinary proletarian poor human nature from the mill, mine, and workshop; if the Salvation Army can prove that, it will have done enough service towards the future evangelisation of India.

"It is, after all, the sympathy between man and man that is of the utmost value!

"A popular movement like the Salvation Army is calculated to evoke that sympathy; and hence we do not wish to see it discouraged. We have had enough, more than enough, of the cold nationalising civilisation of England. Let us by all means now see a little of the fire of English popular religious agitation. We repeat, we have nothing to say, one way or another, of its success. So we feel no hesitation to welcome the advent of the Salvation Army in India. If Bombay will not give it a hearing, we can assure our readers Calcutta will."

The Brahmo Somaj (Hindoo) organ, the *Liberal*, offered a welcome to the Salvation Army so extraordinary in the warmth of its cordiality as to deserve special record:

1882,
Age 53.

*One
young
magis-
trate.*

*From the
"Indian
Mirror."*

*Wanted
in
Calcutta.*

*Welcome
from the
Brahmo
Somaj.*

1882,
Age 53.

"GREETINGS TO THE SALVATION ARMY!"

"Welcome, valiant General! Welcome, Salvation Army! Welcome, mighty band of Christ's commissioned officers! Thrice welcome! Our most cordial greeting we offer you upon your arrival in India. We speak to you, heart to heart, with all frankness and enthusiasm. In our utterance is no guile, no flattery. For of what profit is sycophancy? Ye want no praise, we seek no patronage. We profess a different faith. In matters of doctrine we are not of one accord. Ye are Christians of the old school; we are Theists. You have come to India to convert our people to Christianity; we are apostles of the New Dispensation. Yet we honour you and welcome you, for we believe you have been raised by Providence for the benefit of Christendom, and your advent here in India is, we believe, Providential. Nay, we give you even greater credit than most of your fellow-Christians seem disposed to accord.

"We do most solemnly believe that your able General, William Booth, is an inspired apostle of God, whom He has entrusted with Divine messages and endowed with heavenly power and resources to give effect to these messages. General Booth is no ordinary man; he is a man of God, fully inspired for the great work He has given him to do on earth. As such we revere and love him. And we regard the entire organisation of the Salvation Army as the work of the Holy God.

"Yet it is not alone in this mission of love to the poorest and the most degraded that your glory lies. In these days of ignoble sleep and death-like lethargy you are all on fire. You preach living faith; you uphold the banner of the living God; you speak unto the world words of life and power. You talk with a living Heaven, and you receive living inspiration. Hence your power, and hence your success. Your self-denial and poverty, simplicity and purity of character, your unflinching faith and earnestness, your fervent prayers and sweet devotion, your courage and heroism, your sobriety and abstemiousness, your love of God and disregard of earthly judgment, are sure to quicken and sanctify souls wherever you may be called to work.

To infuse life. "Rest assured that in this age you have a great work to do, even the infusing of life into the inertia of modern Christian-

ity. And here in India, whatever your enemies may say, you have a divine mission, which may the Lord fulfil! Remember you are here to prove that the religion of Christ is not eating and drinking, is not dead dogma or lifeless ritual, but LIFE IN GOD; that true Christianity is nothing but godly enthusiasm, resignation, fighting with sin, and holiness. You so love us and honour your Master that you are not ashamed for His sake to adopt our dress and language, and to make yourselves humble street-preachers in our midst. You have sacrificed respectability and rank, and consented to be humble and poor in order to instruct and convert poor sinners in India. You have come to present Christ to us in an Oriental garb, and with devotional enthusiasm, humility, meekness, and poverty which are truly Oriental. Therefore will the Lord God of India bless you and your message. Mind, you are dealing with a very ancient nation, that can boast of a noble ancestry, and an inheritance of literature and truth pre-eminently rich. Respect the people, and honour whatever is good and divine in our scriptures and saints. Give us your truth, but destroy not ours. To the virtues of Eastern life superadd the graces of Christian life and character, and make the East and West perfect in God through Christ. May God bless you and be with you!

1882,
Age 53.

*Perfect in
God.*

"APOSTLES OF THE NEW DISPENSATION."

In a later issue of the same paper, when publishing a report of the Calcutta indignation-meeting, it thus emphatically summarises the situation:

*An
emphatic
summary.*

"The success which has attended the recent agitation in Calcutta on behalf of the Salvationists has taught certain lessons which the public cannot lightly pass over.

"1. So long as Christian missionaries are respectable and fashionable they are honoured and patronised. They are hated and kicked so soon as they give up their respectability and mix with the poor.

"2. A Christian lady in jail excites no pity in gallant English hearts, but the 'heathen' are moved to tears.

"3. Let it be written on the pages of history that, while two

1882,
Age 53. thousand educated Hindoos have courageously stood by Christ and His apostles in their hour of trial, not a single influential public Christian meeting has yet been held in any part of India.

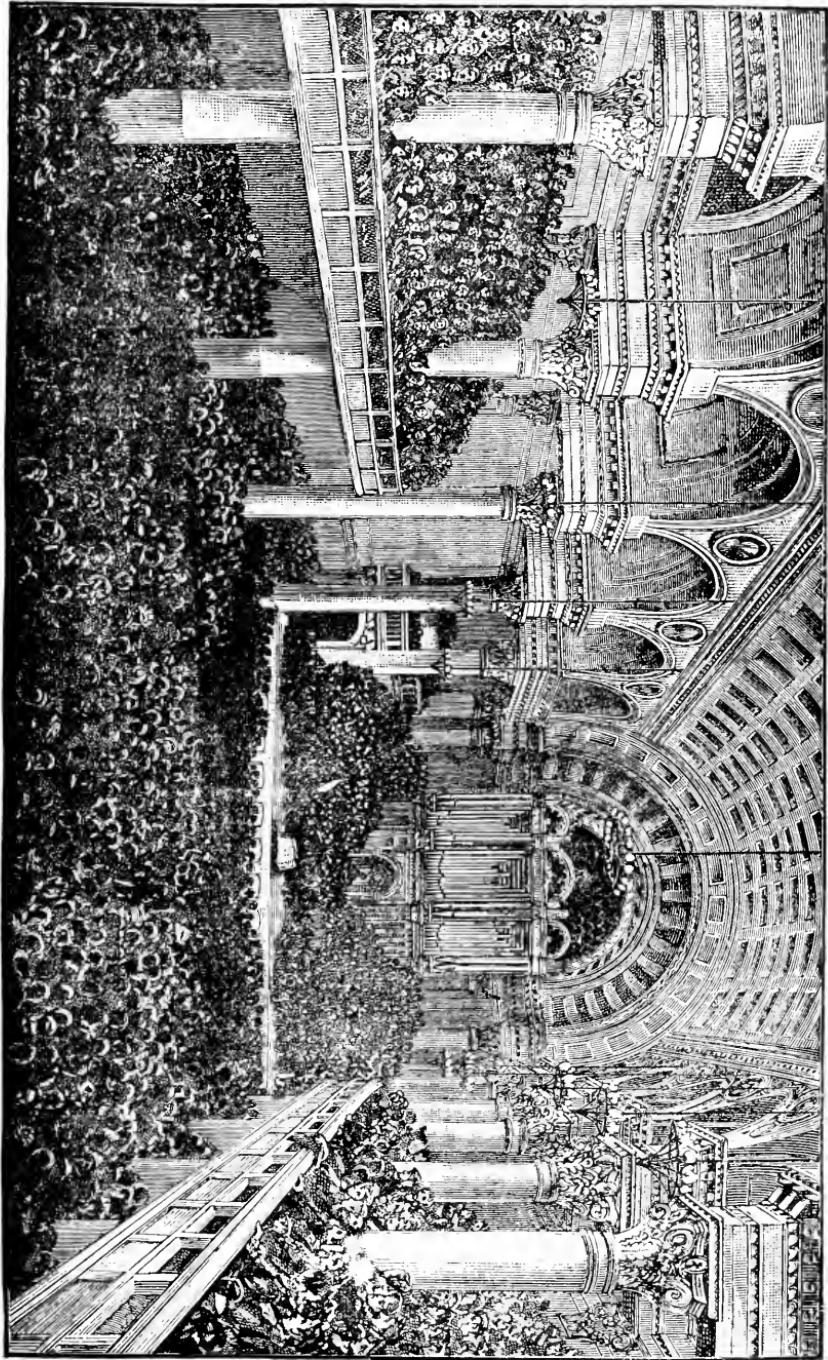
“4. Those who denounce drinking and smoking must be unpopular.

“5. Christianity is doomed in India if it means respectability.”

But, alas! space and time once more fail us to adequately report the history of the most remarkable missionary effort and success of later days. The results of the work will be found summarised in the Appendix.

*Some of
the
results.* At the time of writing the present narrative, nearly ten thousand souls professed conversion during the previous year, and of these eight in every ten were heathen, and nine in every ten were natives; thus proving how little the Salvation Army trenches upon others' ground. During the recent visit of the General, no fewer than one hundred and twenty Hindoos sought salvation in a single meeting, whilst the enthusiasm with which the natives on all hands welcomed him was unparalleled in the history of Christian enterprise. Subsequent to his return to England a powerful revival broke out in a portion of the country which he had visited, no less than thirty-three hundred Hindoos professing conversion in the course of a fortnight.

*Close of
1882.* The close of the year 1882 was signalised by a great demonstration in Exeter Hall, at which no less than one hundred and one officers were set apart for service at home and abroad. Detachments were specially commissioned for service in India, America, New Zealand, Sweden, and the Cape of Good Hope. Flags were presented to the Indian, African, and New Zea-



MRS. BOOTH SPEAKING AT THE COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL.

See p. 557.

1882,
Age 53. land officers by Mrs. Booth, to the Americans by Miss Emma Booth, and to the Swedish contingent of six by Mr. Bramwell Booth.

Sweden. The history of the Swedish expedition is particularly interesting. It was just four years since Mr. Bramwell Booth had visited the country, in company with some Army friends, to recruit his shattered health. His presence had soon become whispered abroad, and it had been impossible to resist the invitations to hold private meetings which were pressed upon him. English is very much spoken in Sweden, and even where it is not generally understood translators are plentiful. Singularly simple-hearted and receptive of the truth, the Swedes are among the best listeners in the world. A powerful impression was made, and a number of souls were saved and sanctified. Among them was a Miss Ouchterlony, who was so inspired with the conviction that the Salvation Army would accomplish a mighty work in her country that, finding letters ineffectual, she visited England for the purpose of personally representing its claims. The General, however, did not see his way clear to send officers. Miss Ouchterlony, undaunted by this disappointment, declared she would be a Salvation Army in herself. Returning to Sweden, she took a hall in Gothenburg where she commenced a successful series of meetings. Thinking that the more encouraging prospect would move the General's heart she again visited England, accompanied by one of her converts. Mrs. Booth was much affected by her devotion and persistence, and Miss Ouchterlony had at length the satisfaction of returning to her country with a party of five officers for the establishment of the work. She was promoted to be a Major, and afterwards a Commissioner, remaining for ten

*Miss
Ouchter-
lony.*

years in charge of the Swedish work, where she had been loved and honoured by all classes alike. She has since been attached to the International Headquarters as travelling Commissioner.

The work in Canada was also commenced this year by a party of officers sent from New York. The fire spread with such rapidity that it soon became neces-

1882,
Age 53.

*Canada
opened.*



HANNA UCHTERLONY.

sary to separate the Dominion from the States, forming it into another Commissionership. Wonderful advances were made under the able leadership of Commissioner Coombs, who after several years' service in that country was transferred to the command of the Australian work. From the Government downward the Salvation Army has received in Canada a

*Heartily
welcomed.*

1882,
Age 53.

hearty recognition scarcely to be equalled in any other country. Although bordering so closely on each other, nothing could be more striking than the difference between the Canadian and American nationalities. And yet it is perhaps only the contrast between an agrarian and urban population in a somewhat marked degree. You enter the States, and feel as if you were in a veritable blizzard of activity. Before you know where you are, the irrepressible reporter swoops down upon you like the eagle of the Republic on its lawful prey. And a reporter in America *is* a reporter—none of your gaping, yawning, staring, sleeping, tired-before-they-begin and do-anything-but-write gentlemen-of-ease, such as saunter into our Army meetings in some portions of the globe, with their anything-good-enough-for-the-public and silly-enough-to-put-into-your-mouth sort of expression. Whatever there is of the American is all there—every inch; especially his eyes and ears! You feel he is measuring you up, from the tip of your longest hair to the way you tie your boot-lace. He is making a mental note of everything—the colour of your eyes, the number of your gray hairs, the shape and fit of the very clothes you wear. His lynx eye leaves out nothing. He riddles you with questions that would do credit to any cross-examining counsel. His pencil flies over the paper. He reads you your own replies, to make sure he has put them down correctly. There is no escape from his clutches. Perhaps you jump into a cab. He jumps in after you, and leaves you only when he has extracted from you all the information you happen to contain. The same evening you can read it all in type, with striking head-lines, and perhaps a portrait. You wonder that you could have said so many foolish

*The
American
reporters.*

"*You
wonder.*"

things, or that anybody could have had the patience to either chronicle or read them.

1882,
Age 53.

The ubiquitous reporter is a type of the American; a quintessence of energy, a magazine of explosives, a ceaseless whirl of never-ending rush. You wonder whether he finds time to sleep, or eat, or even breathe. You feel as if he dare scarcely stop to take a breath,

*No time to
breathe.*



THOMAS B. COOMBS.

he is in such a hurry to get it out again, and before it is well out the next must be drawn in. The very atmosphere seems laden with the electricity of haste.

But you pass the borders into Canada and all is changed. Perhaps you choose Niagara for your crossing point. The American side is lined with factories, bent on utilising the water-power for business purposes. The Canadian bank is laid out as a park, with everything that can bewitch the eye and cheer the heart, and refreshment-rooms, whose Christian pro-

*Cross into
Canada.*

**1882,
Age 53.** proprietor delights to capture and regale at his own expense the chance Salvationist who may happen to be visiting the spot.

What a relief! What a relief there is in the change! From the hurricane of business speed you pass into the sunshine of domestic felicity; after an Atlantic of perpetual toss you enter a harbour of comparative quiet. You exchange the hurly-burly of war for the calm of peace.

If America teaches a lesson in the value of time and opportunity Canada reminds us that strength proceeds from the hearth and home. The one illustrates the possibilities that lie within the reach of active, persevering toil, the other the graces of believing faith.

Its mad race with time. The curse of modern civilisation all over the world is its ever-increasing speed, its mad race with time. The magnificent gifts with which a beneficent Creator has endowed humanity—health, peace, love, family, friends, and life itself—are flung away in the pursuit, not of His glory, but of some selfish, shadowy good, which, if it be ever won, is usually postponed until the power for its enjoyment has passed away. Soul and body are alike sacrificed for intellect; while intellect itself is prostituted for the lust of self. And what a chaos is the consequence! No wonder that society, taken as a whole, is “without form and void,” and “darkness is upon the face” of the great moral deep,—a darkness which the combined light of science and intellect can no more dispel than a rushlight can illumine the sky. The Spirit of God is as necessary now to move upon the waters with creative power as in days of old; infinitely more necessary, if that be possible, for the regeneration of the sin-blasted human heart than for the original creation of the universe, in America, Canada, Sweden, India, England—everywhere!

*The Spirit
of God.*

CHAPTER XCIII.

ABROAD AND AT HOME. 1882.

ENGLAND has no monopoly in ruffianism. In this respect the Continent may claim to carry the palm, although, alas, we are making progress in the art of crime, and are not far behind. Anything more demoniacal, however, than the crowd that Mrs. Booth faced in Paris at the opening of the new hall in Rue Oberkampff would be difficult to conceive. It was in April, 1882, and she was paying France her first visit, with a view to cheering and assisting her daughter. Mrs. Booth surveyed the scene with intense compassion, as the following letter to a friend will serve to show:

"I would have given a trifle for you to have been with us yesterday; first, at the drawing-room meeting, where I tried to scrape together all my patience to meet and answer the old, time-worn objections to our measures, which one is so sick of hearing, to a respectable audience of Christians; and then, at night, in the midst of an excited audience, who grinned and groaned, and hooted so that anybody but Salvation Army soldiers would have given in and been beaten.

"We had a splendid congregation, however, of *just our sort*, mostly men, many of them young, full of the 'blood-and-fire' of hell.

"Many were disposed to listen, but about half were of the revolutionary type and would not be calmed. The uproar was terrible, but, just at the worst, the Maréchale advanced into the middle of the hall, and, standing right in the midst of them, she mounted a form and pleaded like an apostle.

Ruffianism on the Continent.

Mrs. Booth with the Maréchale.

Time-worn objections.

"Just our sort."

**1882,
Age 53.** "Oh, it was a sublime sight, worth coming from England to see! There were a few desperadoes, ringleaders, who said awful things. One, with a face full of the devil, hissed in rage inconceivable; baring his arm, and holding it aloft, he shrieked; 'We will hear you if you will talk to us about anything else but Jesus, but we hate HIM: WE WILL NOT HAVE HIM; He is the cause of all our sorrows! I wish I had Him here! I would pour a pail of cabbage-water over His head!'

Anything but Jesus. "They shouted, '*Vive la Liberté!*' And when the Maréchale answered, 'Amen!' they said, 'Ah! we will have liberty but no Amens! No religion! We have had enough of that, we have had enough of Jesus—Jesuits!'

"When we put our French converts up, they shouted 'Ah, paid to figure there!' Poor things, they have been so deceived and duped that they cannot believe anybody is real. Nevertheless, we got some truth into them between the outbursts, and sang it into them, too.

"Hosts of hell and heaven." "After our songs they sang the Marseillaise to their own words of blood and death. The Maréchale and Colonel Cliborn stood and prayed in the midst of them. It was a veritable meeting of the hosts of hell and heaven, and I feel sure that some rays of light entered many a poor darkened soul from out of the cloud of Divine glory which overshadowed us. I consider that we won the victory with the majority of our audience, and shall get scores of them for Salvation Army soldiers yet!

En Avant. "There was quite an eager scramble for *En Avant* at the close, and much good-humour in answer to the Colonel's kindly salute to them individually. As the meeting dispersed, however, some few spiteful ones handled him very roughly, giving him two or three blows in the face and some severe kicks on the legs.

"Proud of his men." "Also two or three of our French soldiers—Emile, Carlo, Hodler, and a railway porter—were badly wounded. One dear fellow had to retire behind the scenes to staunch the blood from his temples. But the Colonel says he is proud of his men; not one of them flinched or ran, and it was a trying ordeal for French blood not to strike back. So you see it is only a question of patience and perseverance, as to whether these French shall 'have Jesus' or not in His living reality. We shall see!

"I thought how I would have liked those Christians who were at the afternoon meeting to have been there, especially one good pastor who had been talking to us about reading more Bible in our meetings! I should have liked to see him try! They would have torn his Bible to ribbons, and perhaps him too. So little do these good people understand the things they talk about. May the Lord open their eyes to see the superiority of such living epistles as our soldiers presented last night to their shouting, blaspheming countrymen over a dead-and-alive reading of the letter without any *Holy Ghost in it!*

"We go again to-night, though I fear for the consequences on Katie. It is such a strain on her nerves. Pray for us. I never saw so deeply into the enmity of the human heart against God as last night; but I trust I felt a little of the infinite pity of Jesus when He cried 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.'"

Referring to this meeting the Maréchale subsequently writes:

"I felt peculiarly calm. I knew that my mother and a little group of officers on the platform were praying for me.

"A man shook his fist in my face and said, 'An Englishman may take religion, a German, or a heathen. But a Frenchman—never!' I asked them if they would not listen to me for a few minutes, to which they replied, 'Yes! We do not object to you, but to your religion!' Then for some twenty minutes there was a lull, though we could hear the mob thundering outside the gates, where Colonel Clibborn and some of our dear fellows were vainly striving to keep order amidst showers of blows. But it was almost as bad inside as out. Some of the men cleared away the seats in order to have the wild *can-can* dance.

"The Rev. Samuel Charlesworth was present and suggested that his daughter, whom he had brought to help me with the Paris work, should address the mob, as they might perhaps listen to her. I gladly agreed, and he helped her on to a chair beside him. From this little pulpit she addressed the crowd with wonderful earnestness.

"As we were going away a French woman who was present

1882,
Age 53.

"*Living epistles.*"

"*The infinite pity.*"

*The
Maré-
chale.*

*As bad in-
side as
out.*

*Miss
Charles-
worth.*

1882, seized my mother by the hand and said, 'What makes you so patient with these people? If we were in your place we should kill them!' I translated for my mother, who assured her that we had nothing but love in our hearts, and that we only longed to save their souls.

"A terrible time." "How we got home I can scarcely tell. It was a terrible time. They flourished their knives in our faces and it was a wonder they did not bury them in me. They followed us with cries of 'Behold Jesus Christ! It is He! It is He!' My mother was deeply moved.

"It was during her stay with us that the annual festival in honour of the dead took place. Seeing the crowds passing through the streets on their way to the cemetery with wreaths of *immortelles*, my mother remarked that it was evident, after all, that they believed in some sort of a hereafter, and that we should some day win thousands of them to the truth, and that this was but the beginning.

"While she was with us my mother held some very powerful meetings. She defended the Army measures and explained our work in such a manner as to remove a great deal of prejudice and misunderstanding.

"She also visited Pastor Theodore Monod, who is in warm sympathy with our work, and other friends. For ourselves her visit was like that of an angel, and inspired me with fresh courage and determination in our difficulties. We only wished that she could have stayed longer, or come oftener and witnessed the victories that we afterwards gained."

*Visit to
Pastor
Monod.*

*Mr.
Bram-
well's
marriage.*

The principal event of the year was the marriage of the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, which was celebrated at the Congress Hall amid great rejoicings.

*Miss
Soper.*

The bride, Miss Florence Soper, was among the most intrepid of the little band that rallied round Miss Booth during the early days of rowdyism and opposition in Paris. The daughter of a physician in Wales, she had been sent to complete her education in London, where she had attended some of Mrs. Booth's West End meetings. After remaining for some

weeks under conviction she made a definite and complete surrender of herself to God, renouncing at a stroke her worldly prospects and associations, and offering herself in the ardour of her first love for the French work.

1882,
Age 53.

Side by side with the Maréchale she visited the cafés, sold *War Crys* on the crowded Boulevards, or faced howling mobs with a courage that was the more surprising considering the luxurious and *zenana*-like surroundings from which she had so suddenly stepped forth. Thus, having graduated with honours in the college of affliction, she was unconsciously prepared for her future career.

A graduate with honours.

It was a choice thoroughly in keeping with the rules and expectation of the Salvation Army. The officers and soldiers, in whose hearts the Chief, by his long, disinterested and able service, had won a unique position of affection and confidence, eagerly seized this opportunity of manifesting their sympathy. It was the first marriage in the General's family, the first wedding in the Congress Hall, and the first time that the marriage ritual of the Salvation Army was introduced. All served to intensify the interest of the occasion, and it was celebrated with becoming joy.

Use of the Army ritual.

The hall was crowded to excess, and it was estimated that no less than six thousand people were present, although it was a week-day morning. The General conducted the service, the bride being given away by her father, Dr. Soper. The vivacity and brightness of an Army wedding, so free from all the fooleries and extravagances common to such an occasion, need to be witnessed in order to be understood. It was a sermon, better than any words could preach, of what a holy, happy institution marriage might become, if only entered upon in the God-intended way.

Joyfully celebrated.

Dr. Soper gives away the bride.

**1882,
Age 53.** am gaining a daughter to-day, for this dear one is my own spiritual child, and has been from the first so united with us in spirit that I realise the earthly relationship is only secondary to the heavenly. May this marriage propagate salvation through all its generations! Amen."

*Alex-
andra
Palace.*

But we must retrace our footsteps to the occasion which perhaps more than any other emphasized the rapid progress of the Army cause—the first great anniversary celebration at the Alexandra Palace. The grounds were engaged for the entire day (July 3d), when between twenty and thirty thousand people passed the gates. London had never witnessed such a scene. It was a repetition of the Dunorlan festival of fourteen years previously, only on a vastly larger scale. The whole day was spent in prayer and praise. The soldiers were distributed all over the grounds, some holding meetings in the open-air, and others assisting in the Palace. The General was addressing a crowd in one part, Mrs. Booth in another. But the crowning feature was the march-past, when the General, Mrs. Booth, and other leading officers and friends, took their position on the Grand Stand, while thousands of soldiers filed past along the race-course, until the open space in front was a seething mass of brilliant colours, waving bannerettes, jingling timbrels and sounding brass. The effect was powerful in the extreme, and the record of the Army's previous history was once more eclipsed.

Among the cheering incidents of the day was the reading of the following letter from Her Majesty the Queen to Mrs. Booth:

*Her
Majesty's
letter.*

" WINDSOR CASTLE, 30th June, 1882.

" MADAM:—

" I am commanded by the Queen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst., and to assure you that Her Majesty learns with much satisfaction that you have, with the

other members of your society, been successful in your efforts to win many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue, and religion. I regret, however, to have to inform you that Her Majesty cannot contribute to the fund you are now endeavouring to raise for the purchase of the Grecian Theatre.

"I have the honour to be, madam, your obedient servant,
"HENRY F. PONSONBY."

Sir Henry F. Ponsonby's answer had been written in reply to the following letter from Mrs. Booth:

"To HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN:

"Knowing your Majesty's benevolent concern for the well-being of the masses of your people, and having worked largely amongst them for twenty-three years, I venture to call your Majesty's attention to an effort now being made to transform one of the most terrible centres of demoralization for the young in the East of London into a centre of operations and influences for their reformation and salvation.

"The Eagle Tavern, the Grecian Theatre and Dancing Grounds, in the City Road, have become so notorious that probably your Majesty may have gathered something of the disastrous consequences of the scenes which have been enacted there for so many years past.

"On behalf of the Salvation Army we are negotiating for the purchase of the lease of the whole property, and for £16,750 hope to be put in possession in three weeks' time, when, by the blessing of God, we shall be able to gather 10,000 people at one time to hear the Gospel.

"His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, having kindly consented to head our subscription list, we have ventured to hope that it might not be impossible that your Majesty might graciously signify your approval of and sympathy with an effort which must surely commend itself to all whose hearts bleed for the ruined and friendless of this City, irrespective of their views as to our *modus operandi*. It will, I feel sure, interest your Majesty to know that many thousands of the lower and dangerous classes have already been won to temperance, virtue, and religion by the methods and spirit of this Army, to which fact many of your Majesty's officers of justice in different parts of the kingdom would gladly bear witness.

"The misfortune of our only having three weeks to raise

1882,
Age 53.

*Mrs.
Booth's
letter to
the Queen.*

*The Arch-
bishop of
Canter-
bury.*

1882,
Age 53. (for us) so large a sum as £16,750, for the purchase of the lease, must be my excuse for intruding this matter upon your Majesty's notice.

"I herewith send a more particular description of this effort, and of our teaching and methods, in the hope that your Majesty may not find it altogether uninteresting, or irrelevant to your Majesty's highest desires for the welfare of your people.

"Praying fervently that the God of grace may supply all your Majesty's spiritual need,

"I have the happiness to be,

"Your Majesty's devoted servant in Jesus,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Anniver-
sary
addresses. The General and Mrs. Booth did not fail to utilise this opportunity of addressing, with burning words of exhortation, the immense concourse of their followers. The following were some of Mrs. Booth's remarks:

"From my heart I congratulate you this morning, and wish you many happy returns of this glorious day. As I have been reviewing the wonderful dealings of God with us during the last seventeen years, my heart has been swelling with gratitude, and I have been giving in my very inmost soul all the glory to Him.

*Glory to
God.* "Some people think that we take the glory of this work to ourselves. I say, 'No!' The General and myself this morning, standing side by side, do from the depths of our hearts give all the glory to God. We give Him the glory of having inspired us and led us to this work. We give Him the glory for having given us the courage, perseverance, patience, and strength to go on with it. We give Him the glory for granting our children one spirit with us. We give Him the glory for every drunkard who has been reclaimed, for every unclean person who has been made chaste, for every dishonest person who has been made true; in fact, for every sinner who has been pardoned and purified. We give Him all the glory, and we confess, here in the presence of you all, that it has not been by any wisdom, or holiness, or power of our own, that these blind people have been made to see, these lame to walk, these dead to rise, but it has been by faith in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Amidst many weaknesses and shortcomings we have been whole-hearted in our devotion to Him and His service. This is why He has blessed us during the past, and why we dare to believe He will bless us even more during the years that are to come.

1882,
Age 53.

Basis of trust.

"This is but the beginning of our days of triumph. If we are only faithful, if we take heed where others have fallen, if we are careful to keep close to God, not regarding the criticisms of our neighbours, the opposition of our enemies, nor even what religious people say or do, but simply being guided by what God says and what humanity wants—while taking hold of God with one hand, and stooping with the other to the poorest, most fallen, and abject of our race, and bringing them together by our mighty prayer, faith, and effort—nothing can hurt us. All the legions of earth and hell combined cannot hinder our progress; because we trust not in human strength, and with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego we can say, 'Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us, and HE WILL DELIVER US.' Nothing can stop us!"

*Only the
beginning
of
triumph.*

CHAPTER XCIV.

WITH THE QUAKERS. 1882.

*In common with
Quakers.*

IT might have been supposed that the extremes of noise and silence in religion would hardly meet, and that the jubilant boisterousness of a Salvationist would shock the quiet notions of the Quaker. But if there were some points of difference there were more of sympathy. For were not the Quakers the Salvationists of two hundred years ago? Had they not filled the prisons? Had not their novel exercises aroused the violence of mobs and their vulgar psalm-chanting irritated even the benevolence of the saintly Baxter? Were they not the first to open the door for women's ministry? Had they not incurred the contempt of the world by their unfashionable dress? Had they not refused to bow the knee before the golden idol of the age, even though it might mean a sevenfold-heated furnace? Had they not taught the people to look from ceremonials to a living Christ? And were they not ridiculed as the peacemakers of the world, the sworn enemies of war? The doctrines were identical, and such outward differences as existed were more between the respectable descendants of George Fox and the Salvation Army than between the latter and the original leather-breeched, world-despising, sin-condemning founder of the sect.

*Identical
in doctrine.*

*Devon-
shire
House.*

Their attention having been attracted about this time towards the operations of the Army, and several prominent members of the Society having become

interested in the movement, Mrs. Booth received a cordial invitation to address their annual meeting. This took place at Devonshire House, a large hall and group of buildings, including a temperance hotel, which at the present constitutes their headquarters in London. The occasion was a somewhat important one, the gatherings being attended by representatives from all over the world.

If the Army had many things in common with the Friends this was in an especial sense true of Mrs. Booth. The severe simplicity of her dress had caused her in the early days of her public work to be taken again and again for a Quakeress. Her modest demeanour as a speaker served to harmonise with the spirit and custom of the Friends.

Mrs. Booth quickly placed herself *en rapport* with her congregation. Speaker and listener seemed mutually to inspire each other. The manifest sympathy imprinted upon the faces of the audience, the memory of the brilliant history of the Society, the consciousness that in so many respects the experiences of the Salvation Army resembled those of the palmiest days of Quakerism, the eager desire to fan into a flame the flickering embers of their old-time burning zeal for souls, served to lend force and feeling to her words. With alternate smiles and tears they listened, till it seemed that heart spoke to heart and that every heart responded. It was a memorable occasion, and many a testimony was received in after years as to the lasting blessing then bestowed.

As usual, there was no diminution in the stream of letters that poured in during the year—no limit to their diversity; no lessening in the force and originality with which Mrs. Booth handled each subject. Mrs. Josephine Butler, whose name is so intimately con-

1882,
Age 53.

*Mrs.
Booth's
simple
dress.*

*Heart
speaks to
heart.*

*Mrs.
Butler.*

1882, nected with the purity agitation of a later year, has
Age 53. from the first proved a consistent and unswerving friend of the work, and by her early championship of



MRS. JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.

the Maréchale in the days of her persecution has specially endeared herself to Salvationists. Writing to Mrs. Booth, she refers in the following letter to a remarkable vision which she had seen some years before:

True sympathy. "I ought not, perhaps, to give you the trouble here of reading a letter from me in the midst of your arduous and blessed work; but I cannot any longer refrain from writing you a line to express—first, my joy in the advances being made by the Salvation Army; and secondly, my sympathy with you in the numberless criticisms and strictures passed upon you, your teaching, and your practice. I am sure your burden is already heavy enough without anyone's adding to it by fault-finding. The attacks of enemies are comparatively easy to

1882,
Age 53.

bear, but the fault-findings and misunderstandings of Christian people, these are what grieve and hurt. I do so feel for, and with, you that I cannot refrain from expressing myself to you. I can truly say there is not a day, scarcely an hour, in which I do not think of you and your fellow-workers, and rejoice in the tide of blessing which our eyes are privileged to see. My own duties, domestic and public, keep me from being among you as often as I would, but I doubt if there is anyone living who is more with you in spirit.

"About twenty-five years ago I had a kind of vision. I was in weak health, and lying on my bed. For some years I had been praying, thirsting, longing, for a great revival to come to the world, for showers of blessing, for a fresh Pentecost, in which I and mine would have a part, and which would prove such an awakening as the world has not seen since the first Apostles' times. I was like one dying of thirst, in drought, and in a wilderness.

"One evening I fell into a half sleep. I seemed to be transported to some dark and gloomy mountains, with my face to the east, and behind me the great wilderness of the world lying in deep darkness. Then a streak of light appeared in the east, a sweet heavenly light, and voices sounded, and music, and there was a noise as of gathering forces, and it seemed God said to me, 'Behold! the answer to all your prayers. A glorious day of grace is coming; fix your eyes on it; gaze in that direction. For though it tarry it will come; it will not tarry.' There was nothing remarkable in my dream except that it made such an impression on me as I have never lost. It was twenty-five years ago. I see now the fulfilment (or the beginning of the fulfilment) of that vision. I think there are many others who have thirsted as I have, and who now rejoice as I rejoice. I am sure you are sustained under the fire of criticisms.

"I remain, dear Mr. and Mrs. Booth,
"Yours, in the love of Jesus,
"JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER."

To a lady in America, who had written to ask her counsel on the question of holiness, Mrs. Booth replies:

Holiness.

"I have been very unwell the last few days, and your letter with many others has been waiting an opportunity for reply.

1882,
Age 53. "I truly sympathise with you in your very trying circumstances, but I feel sure the Lord will speedily reveal himself to your soul, and then all persecutions and sufferings for His sake will seem small and easy to bear. The three steps necessary for you to take in order to get the experience you desire are: 1st. Renounce everything for which the Spirit reproves you. 2nd. Embrace every duty He lays upon you, whether it be praying in the chapel or anything else. Say, 'Lord, I will do it if I die in the attempt.' Confess in your prayers that you are seeking holiness and God will use this to stir up others. 3rd. Believe for it; that is, trust Jesus to do it for you. Say, 'Lord, I cannot cleanse or keep myself, but Thou canst do it for me. I will, I do, trust Thee just now. I am Thine and Thou art mine, altogether and for ever!' Remember it is He who saves. Trust Him with all the work. The Lord help you!"

Practical advice. "The Army will be sure to come near you before long. It will go everywhere, because God's Spirit is in the wheels and no power can stop them. Pray and expect, and in the mean time do all you can at your own place. Show them the example of an early Methodist by plain dressing and holy living and straightforward testimony. May God save your husband and children! Be determined to have the children for God. You can do it by His grace. Be firm, and train them only for Him."

"Yours, in arms for the King,
"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To a wealthy philanthropist. Writing to a wealthy and philanthropic gentleman, Mrs. Booth thus urges upon him the claims of the Salvation Army to his liberality:

Incomprehensible. "DEAR SIR:—In your interview with my daughter some three months ago you spoke of the appalling state of the masses of London as absorbing the prime of your interest and attention, and I fully sympathise with you in your distress and anxiety, and am doing my very utmost, both personally and in influencing numbers of others, to remedy the existing state of things, and to snatch as many as possible from the seething mass. I am, however, disheartened by the incomprehensible fact that, feeling as you do, dear sir, you should refuse to acquaint yourself with the particulars of a work

which notoriously reaches, and confessedly redeems, more of the classes about whom you are anxious than any other; and this according to some of the highest authorities in the church.

"Having borne the burden and heat of the day, as by God's grace we have done for the last thirty years, labouring unremittingly for the common people, following, as we know God will eventually show, the Divine leading, and having seen thousands rescued from the very worst classes and made into good citizens and consistent saints, I must say we are tempted to feel it hard that such gentlemen as yourself will not investigate these results, and that because of a few vulgarities in the measures a deaf ear should be turned to our entreaties on behalf of the multitudes sitting in darkness. We are not responsible for the heathenish condition which renders vulgar measures necessary, and the notorious failure of all genteel and stereotyped means should surely justify us in becoming 'all things to all men' if by any means we may 'save some.'

"We are sending our yearly report and letter; will you, dear sir, for Christ's sake, read it?"

How little do such persons understand the severe and ceaseless strain which the financial needs of so great a work impose upon its leaders, each of whom might settle down, if they chose, to some quiet country charge where they would be free from such anxieties! And yet how often deliverance has come at the last moment, and that the most unexpected quarters, may be judged from the following letter:

"If we were not so pressed for money things would be a little smoother than usual, but they are sadly straitened at Headquarters. However, the Lord will bring us through. On two succeeding Saturdays, when they had no money to pay wages, a different old lady each week brought £50 at four o'clock, just in time! Bramwell had signed the cheque in faith, not knowing where the money was to come from. The last old lady refused to leave her name! My only puzzle is why the Lord does not send five thousand when He knows what we need it for!"

1882,
Age 53.

*Failure
of other
means.*

*Ceaseless
strain.*

*The only
puzzle.*

**1882,
Age 53.**

In writing to another gentleman, to plead the cause of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Booth urges him to examine the work for himself, and to judge it by its fruit rather than by the jaundiced reports which might reach his ears:

Examine the work. "DEAR SIR:—If it were not for the inward assurance I have that, whatever you may think of my importunity in writing you again now, I shall stand acquitted at the end of the days, I would not trouble you. But so sure am I that, if you really understood us and our work, you would sympathise with it, that I feel bound for the sake of the Master and His lost ones to tread down all mere conventionalities and to try once more to get you to open your heart to conviction with respect to the Salvation Army. Will you glance over enclosed summary, and then will you select any of our smallest and most out-of-the-way corps, and go and investigate the results and then multiply enclosed tabulation by what you find? Or will you let me send a dozen specimens, taken at random, of our most ordinary converts, ranging from five years to one month old, to your office for you to scrutinise as much as you think fit? and I will promise that they shall be only average samples of what the Army is doing every day all over the world.

Extra pressure. "Dear sir, don't judge us by what prejudiced people say of us, but by *our fruits*; and don't be found at the Judgment Seat to have turned a deaf ear to the needs and sorrows of the tens of thousands of the Lord's lost ones whom He is using the Salvation Army to bring to His feet. We are extra pressed just now through many of our stations being unable to pay their rents on account of thousands being out of work."

Writing to a friend, to urge fuller consecration to Christ, Mrs. Booth says:

For our-selves to do.

"I know that the Lord has come very near to you many times, and has revealed to you clearly His will, but many obstacles and reasonings have opposed themselves, and you shrink from the sacrifices involved. Don't think I say this unfeelingly! My heart is full and my eyes stream with tears, and I wish that I could bear some of these crosses for you. Oh, how gladly would I endure more obloquy and slander

than I do already, if that would help you. But no; we must each for ourselves leave all to possess Him who alone can make up for the loss of all else.

"Dear friend, time is hurrying us on. Death won't wait till we make up for lost chances. A few short years at the longest (and it may be months) and we shall have to face our Judge. What will anything then signify compared with being ready for that glorious 'Well done' promised to faithful souls? I cannot bear to think of your missing it. I have travailed for your soul. I have had the joy of knowing that the Lord used me, feeble and unworthy as I am, to your quickening. I know that He woos you to a whole-hearted surrender to Himself, and shall it be in vain? Will you lose the prize for the sake of a little earthly pride, or a few short-lived sacrifices?

"Dear friend, be entreated. Let go everything that He has shown you you must, and abandon all to His disposal, and then, whatever the pain, you shall prove, as I have done, that it is indeed true that if you will consent to lose your life for His sake you shall find it. I will follow this with fervent prayer that grace may be given you to do it, and will remain
the books are opened,

"Yours, for Jesus' sake,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Mrs. Booth's faithfulness to those who have contributed to the funds of the Salvation Army, her graceful acknowledgment of the help and yet her concern for the spiritual welfare of the giver, won for her their respect and affection. The rich are rarely faced with their responsibilities, or dealt with in the same way as the poor in regard to their eternal interests. The glamour of wealth dazzles the eyes of those who draw near. It is like looking at the sun. The atmosphere is redolent of flattery. Truth herself must modulate her voice and don the uniform of servitude. Virtues must be magnified, or imagined if they are not there. Caprices must be gratified. Insults must be accepted as compliments. Ignorance must receive the homage

1882,
Age 53.

*Only a
little
while.*

*Prove it
true.*

*Wealth's
glamour.*

1882,
Age 53. of learning, folly of wisdom, meanness of generosity. In short, "patient merit" must sit at the footstool of "unworthy" wealth, and accept its rebuffs. The scanty crumbs that fall from the master's table must needs be qualified with heartless criticisms, which rankle in breasts that God would soothe, and bring tears that God would wipe away. Mrs. Booth was remarkably preserved from the snare of flattery and was enabled to deliver God's messages to the rich, who so often sought her counsels, with the same fidelity as to the poor. With unfailing patience she received their criticisms of Army work. But she did not hold back her sword from blood when their spiritual welfare was at stake.

*Brave
and
patient.*

Writing about one who had been offended at her plain-speaking, she said:

*Meant all
she said.*

"I would not sit down and listen to their abuse of the Salvation Army without answering them, for all their money! But I did not say a word that I would object to have published upon the housetops. Such, however, is the spirit of the rich. They think that one must sit and hear whatever they may choose to say, and hold one's breath, because of their money! But, no! I will never be dumb before a golden idol."

*Heroism
required.*

Not a few of the early Army difficulties have arisen through the bitter opposition of relations and parents to those who have sought to enter our ranks. Grown-up sons and daughters, who might have been supposed to have been of an age to judge for themselves, have more than once encountered the severest hostility. Those whose lives were being frittered away in exchanging the tedious civilities of society have been bewildered by the hurricane that has greeted their proposal to devote their lives to the service of their fellow-men. Alarmed at the opposition, many have succumbed. But others have fought their way reso-

lutely through their difficulties, and have had the satisfaction of eventually winning to their side those who once seemed the least likely to approve their course. Speaking of one such, who is now a prominent officer, Mrs. Booth wrote:

1882,
Age 53.

"She will make a heroine if she holds out. She has gone home to prove her conversion to her friends, and to fight it out with them. Friends again! 'Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you nay, but rather division.' I wish we could alter it; but we cannot, so long as 'all men seek their own, and not the things that are Jesus Christ's!'"

*Not peace,
but
division.*

In another case, upon the death of a rich relative one of our young officers was left a legacy of £5000 on condition that she resigned her position in the Salvation Army within six months. Failing this, the money was to be distributed between certain charities. The officer returned from hearing the will read direct to her corps, preferring to sacrifice the money rather than abandon her God-given post. The time appointed having expired the executors wrote to ascertain if she was of the same mind. She answered in the affirmative; thus forfeiting the legacy—pressing happily forward under the flag.

*Tempta-
tion re-
sisted.*

Speaking in another letter, to her daughter Emma, about one who had deserted her post, Mrs. Booth says:

"I wish I could have been in their place for a few days. But it is useless to hope much from such people. I see this more and more every day. We must make a new generation. And oh, don't let us be in too big a hurry to get people to say they *believe*. We will go in more and more for *righteousness*. I wish we could incorporate the word somehow in the Army's name. If I were in her place I would stick to my post at all costs, and the others would come round. But—but—but! I know! Well, as I said to Mrs. —, *my* children must stop at the war, whoever runs away. And so I suppose we must go on, and those who don't won't be in at the win-

*Right-
eousness
the chief
want.*

1882,
Age 53.

ning, nor at the crowning—at any rate, at the crowning for victorious warfare. And, after all, we have not long to wait, compared with the glory that is to follow.

No help
from the
devil.

"I suppose that salvation work must always be in the teeth of the devil, and that if he did not oppose it would not be salvation work, but only sham."

What is
sin?"

"I see more than ever the need of making righteous people true in their *inward parts*. Let us be more thorough than ever with souls under conviction. Let us not be afraid of wounding too deeply. Thousands of professors have never been truly convinced of sin, much less truly converted. Sin to them is *being found out*!"

"He
knows."

"We are set for the fall and rising again of many. And consequently the sword must pierce our own souls also. Never mind! He has the balm, and knows how and when to apply it. The great lesson is to learn to trust, and to say when the sword pierces, 'Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine!' I believe you have learnt, and are learning, this. Praise the Lord and take courage.

They
stand in
the way.

"There is no greater trial than to have to contend with the obtuseness and inertness of professed Christians. My heart has often been nearly broken by it, and my soul filled with dismay at their future prospect. They cannot plead ignorance, for they might know, if they don't, that the work is His, and I seem to hear Him saying of all such, 'If I had not come and spoken unto them they had not had sin; but now have they both seen and hated both Me and My Father!' It is awful that the great masses of the population everywhere are lying in the arms of the wicked one and yet that the rich and influential Christians so often stand in the way of our getting at them. Oh that the Lord may open their eyes before it be too late!"

"For His
sake."

"I am sometimes sorely tempted to feel it hard that we have so much of this kind of difficulty to contend against. The enemy says, 'Why should your children be such martyrs, and live such lives of sacrifice and cross-carrying, when it might be so different with them?' I can only answer, 'For His sake who bore a still heavier cross for me, and for them, and for these perishing millions!' And I know you say Amen, and are as willing to suffer it all as I am for you to do so; nay, more willing, for I often feel the will of the mother rising

against the will of the saint, but I do and will ever say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' Our rejoicing time is to come. When the worldlings lament and howl then we shall rejoice and laugh. 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for.' Oh yes, we must endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and fight on, *whoever runs away.*

1882,
Age 53.

"Bless you. You are very dear to me, and I could not leave you except for His sake. I was thinking the other day that perhaps God allows it on purpose to thrust me out to do this work, for certainly He gives me wonderful power. Well, notwithstanding the faults of our people, there are no others like them. Go on! In that Training Home you have got the wires of nations in your hands. We don't know what He will honour you to do yet. 'Courage,' our Captain cries. Let us march on and fear nothing.

"Our
people."

"I think about you more than usual, and praise God for you and for the hope there is of your life being a great boon to the world. I am sure it will be. God is going to give me the great absorbing desire of my soul from the time all of you were thought of: that you might be of use to poor, dark, erring, suffering humanity! God knows this has been my highest, almost my only, ambition, for any of you. I think it must have been pleasing in His sight, and He is going to bring it about to an extent I never dreamed of! Amen! Oh, my dear, learn from His faithfulness to your own poor mother to trust Him with a 'great faith.' I wish I had always trusted and never been afraid. The Lord bless and keep and comfort you with His own presence, prays your ever loving

The great
desire.

"MOTHER."

Answering the letter of a stranger, on some ordinary subject, Mrs. Booth seizes the opportunity for pressing upon her the message of salvation with a tenderness and importunity which are very affecting:

The op-
portunity
seized.

"I thank you for your ready response to my request, and also for your generous and candid testimony to the blessed change in Mrs. M——.

"Praise the Lord, His real salvation does regenerate the heart and transform the life. And now, my dear Miss —,

1882,
Age 53. may I ask you why you should not experience the same precious grace? Thank God that you are not a professor without being a possessor; if you were I should have little hope about you; but why should you not be both? I am sure a nature so open to conviction, and so ready to appreciate a work of grace in another, cannot be unfavourable soil for the seed of the Kingdom, and I do not think your past can have been quite so satisfactory and gladsome as to leave no aching void yet to be filled up.

"May it not be that He who would be the Bridegroom of your soul has opened this little door of communication between us on purpose to press His suit upon you? O, dear Miss —, if you could only know the new life it is to know Him and the power of His resurrection, how you would bound to meet the overtures of His love! I am a perfect stranger to both you and your surroundings, but sure I am that you have not altogether missed the chastenings of the Lord nor the drawings of His Spirit, though perhaps love for other things or the deceitfulness of riches may hitherto have caused you to resist His strivings; but will you not now open your heart to the blessed Holy Spirit, and cry, 'Teach me Thy way'? Oh, that this line which I felt impelled to send may reach your inmost heart and lead you to look to Him whom you have pierced. Amen! Lord Jesus, so let it be."

*Promoted
to
heaven.* A prominent and hopeful young officer having passed away during the year, Mrs. Booth wrote as follows to his sister, who has since entered the work, and who by her devotion and capacity has helped to fill the gap in the ranks caused by the promotion to heaven of her brother. The son of a leading solicitor in Plymouth, he was preparing for the law when he attended Mrs. Booth's meetings and there gave his heart to God. After passing his examinations he offered himself for the work, and took up an appointment in the legal department at the International Headquarters. In season and out of season he was eager to do his utmost for God and the salvation of his fellow-men. After a brief illness he passed tri-

umphantly away, leaving a glorious testimony of full salvation:

1882,
Age 53.

"MY DEAR MISS BENNETT:—I know how poor mere human sympathy feels in such hours as I am sure these are to you, and I seldom write under such circumstances until the first waves of sorrow have rolled over; but in your case I feel the nearness of our relations through the dear translated one gives me the privilege of kinship, and I venture to attempt to comfort you with at least an assurance of partnership in your sorrow.

"I cannot tell you how deeply we all feel this blow, and the more so because we hoped the danger passed, and were reckoning on speedy recovery. The General and myself only heard the sad news this morning, Bramwell having received it last night, but keeping it from us out of consideration to me. We feel that we have lost one who was truly 'of us' and whose whole soul was consecrated to the same glorious object. And yet he is not lost to us even down here; who knows how much more important a post he may fill in the war henceforth? It is the Lord's way to choose the most perfect soldiers for the heavenly cavalry. 'They that are with Him are the called and chosen and faithful.' So we will not envy our brother his promotion, but through our tears join him, and the great multitude with him, in singing 'Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.' I feel sure that our Lord will keep your heart and mind in His peace."

*Letter of
sympathy.*

*Who
knows?*

CHAPTER XCV.

IMITATION ARMIES. 1882.

*Lessons to
the
critics.* THE phenomenal success of the Salvation Army gave rise to the establishment about this time of numerous imitation armies. Except in regard to a few trifling details, these may be said to have been facsimiles of the original, so far as their measures and teachings were concerned. The names themselves were so similar as to be ordinarily confounded with that of the Salvation Army. There were a Christian Army, Gospel Armies, Hallelujah Armies, Holiness Armies, Blue Ribbon Armies, and others which we need not here enumerate. The fact that, almost without exception, these efforts speedily came to naught offers some valuable lessons to the class of critics who, while sympathising in general with the work, have taken exception to some particular point of doctrine, or of government, and have argued that the *The fifth
wheel.* Army would have succeeded far better if it had dispensed with what they have been pleased to regard as its "objectionable features." "Your chariot," said one of these friends—himself at the time a warm sympathiser and generous contributor to the work—"your chariot has *five* wheels where *four* would be quite sufficient. Why cannot you dispense with the fifth? Then you would be as near perfection as could be possible to any human organisation." The answer is that the attempt has been already made and has invariably failed. The Salvation Army has been the outcome

of a series of experiments, and represents the survival of the fittest measures that could be worked into one harmonious and coherent whole.

1882,
Age 53.

Moreover, the question arises, which is the superfluous wheel? Some think that we have not wheels enough, and would add to them. Others have regarded uniforms, titles, and our other military *accidentals*, if we may so call them, as the superfluous fifth wheel. They have bidden us remember that our highest wisdom is to rely on the Holy Spirit rather than on human ordinances. They have endeavoured to establish organisations free from these *humanities*. But have they as yet succeeded in teaching us a more excellent way? We trow not. Others, again, have objected to our discipline and government. They have dispensed with these, and introduced some other form of constitution. But has it succeeded?

*Have we
too
many?*

As a matter of fact the fifth wheel has usually proved, on closer examination, to constitute one of the fundamental principles of an indispensable practice. It is not difficult to find fault, or to discover flaws. But the obvious fact remains that those who have tried to do better have usually failed. They have surely learnt that the Army is not, after all, a mere accidental concourse of atoms; that to govern men, even poor men, requires a measure of mental and moral ability; that to spiritually influence men requires such a measure of inspiration, of holiness, of sacrifice, as will win and retain their confidence.

*To spirit-
ually
influence
men.*

Another important point which is frequently overlooked is that a choice of methods is often a choice between evils. Perhaps it may be truly said that there is no earthly good to be gained without a corresponding evil, or at least a *risk* of evil, being attached—absolutely no rose without a thorn. A man

*Choice be-
tween
evils.*

1882,
Age 53. who sits for ever in one room is in no danger of being run over. One who never goes to sea cannot be shipwrecked. A good bishop who had been in a railway accident would never set foot again in a train. He always walked or drove. Obviously he could never be in a second collision. But most people would prefer to run the risk. They would say: "Granted I may lose

*Most
would run
the risk.* my life. Granted I may be injured. Granted there may be a collision. That is an evil, certainly. Even the risk of it is an evil. But I cannot afford either the time or money to go by coach. By train I shall get to Edinburgh in eight hours. By coach I shall not do it in as many days. And there are counter risks. If I stay at home I may die; less probably, perhaps more comfortably—nevertheless die. By coach I may also die. I will run the risk; I will go by train."

*Collision
or stagna-
tion.* The same reasoning applies precisely to methods of religious work. There are risks and evils attached to every method that can be conceived, objections to every form of government. Do one thing and you may stagnate, do another and you may collide. You *cannot do both*; it is a physical impossibility. One of the two courses must be chosen. Each has its advantages and each has its attendant ills. Common sense obviously dictates that which promises the greatest good and the least evil. A timid organisation, like a timid man, will stand on the pavement waiting for every passing vehicle to get out of sight before it will dare to cross the road of conventionality. Now it is the omnibus of respectability on which it fixes its terrified eye, and scarcely is that gone when it beholds the fire-engine of novelty dashing down the road in an opposite direction. Its startled nerves have not yet recovered from the shock when round

*Passing
vehicles.*

the corner sweeps the hansom of opposition, followed by a wagon full of the latest press and pulpit criticisms. And before these have even reached him it is time to go home, settle down to the snug routine of by-gone days, console himself with the thought that he has "done his best," or perhaps find fault with the rashness of those who are willing to jeopardise their own and others' lives about the streets.

1882,
Age 53.

However this may be, there is certainly no lack of those who have endeavoured to improve upon the Salvation Army by attempting to retain its excellences and dispensing with what they regarded as its defects.

Others, after years of useful and successful work as officers, have turned aside to seek their own, and have lived to bitterly repent the day. Trading on the confidence reposed in them by their leaders they have sought to appropriate to themselves the affections of their followers, instead of endeavouring to attach them to Christ and the colours.

Confidence misplaced.

Indeed, may it not be truly said that division, separation, imitation, have been the misleading signals of the age? "Divide and rule" has been the devil's plan. Could the Christian host have remained united, the world would long since have been carried by storm. But the forces have been scattered, weakened, and defeated in detail. The Salvation Army has hitherto advanced because, while maintaining its spirituality, it has maintained its unity. "My brethren, be not many masters," quoth St. James. Some have read it "*any* masters." What a difference that letter *m* has made! Having abolished all mastership they have set up for themselves a monocracy of I, in which their foolish reasoning has been reduced to the absurd; for there have indeed been "many masters" when everybody has aspired to the master's place.

In unity strength.

1882,
Age 53.

And so the very evil that the apostle warned against has become the ruling evil of the age. Everybody wants to rule, himself especially, and as many others as will accept his self-constituted sovereignty.

Proposed affiliation with a church.

Advantages of such a step.

But there was another class of imitations which differed in important essentials from those that have been just described. They, too, resembled closely the original, but being linked on to existing organisations they possessed the advantage of a central and experienced government. And yet there were difficulties of another kind which prevented them from making the progress that might have been expected. As has already been remarked, the idea of uniting the Salvation Army to some existing church had frequently occurred to the General. Negotiations had more than once been entered upon for some sort of an affiliation which would enable them to preserve their independence and at the same time to reap the benefits of union with some older organisation. It seemed that in this way one might help the other by an interchange of men and means. The Salvation Army would pioneer the advance, and the church would follow in its footsteps and secure its conquests. The former would be relieved of its financial burdens, while the ranks of the latter would be perpetually reinforced by new accessions from a class which it had hitherto failed to reach.

Committee on alliance with the Church of England.

The most important proposal of the kind occurred in 1882, when the Church of England made advances to the Salvation Army with a view to the formation of some kind of an alliance. The Lower House of Convocation having petitioned the Upper House to issue general instructions as to what was to be the attitude of the Church toward the Salvation Army a committee was appointed to consider the question. It

consisted of Dr. Benson (then Bishop of Truro and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Canon Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Durham), Canon Wilkinson (afterwards Bishop of Truro), and the Rev. Mr. Davidson (then the chaplain of Archbishop Tait, afterwards Bishop of Rochester).

1882,
Age 53.

A considerable correspondence ensued, and some interviews took place between General Booth and the members of the committee, who visited the Headquarters and Training Homes, and other institutions of the Salvation Army. The difficulties in the way of a union were numerous and obvious, but they were discussed on both sides in a frank and liberal spirit. There could be no doubt, on the one hand, that it would be in many respects a great advantage to the Salvation Army to place itself beneath the *egis* of the great national Church. That there should be in it an influential party who were in favour of such a proposal was in itself a great encouragement. The broadmindedness and generosity which was willing to regard the good that had been done, and to judge the tree by its fruits instead of carping and cavilling about insignificant minutiae, seemed a hopeful sign.

Frank
discus-
sion.

The General and Mrs. Booth were willing, on their part, to give the question their impartial and disinterested consideration. The main point at issue was whether a common basis of union could be formed which would involve on neither side a sacrifice of principles. The General was willing for the two organisations to run side by side, like banks of a river, with bridges thrown across over which the members could mutually pass and repass. Nor did he object to the corps marching at stated intervals to church. Nevertheless there were many difficulties in the way of a formal alliance. How far, on the one hand, would the

The main
point at
issue.

*1882,
Age 53.* Church require conformity to its doctrines and disciplines, and how far, on the other hand, would an amalgamation involve an abandonment of any fundamental ideas or practices to which the Salvation Army leaders considered that they owed their success? How far would the clergymen exercise a control over the captain? Would the Salvation Army reconsider its neutral attitude in regard to baptism and the sacraments? If otherwise, would it be possible to tolerate within the fold of the Church those who neglected this portion of its ceremonial? Would it not give rise to endless friction if on these subjects the Salvation Army taught one thing and the Church another? Could the General and Mrs. Booth make up their minds on this question, which they still admitted to be an undecided one? Might they not now fall in line with the Church and allow them to do for the Salvation Army what they felt it could not at present do for itself? Then, again, there was the doctrine of holiness, as taught by Finney, Wesley, and Fletcher. Was it reconcilable with the tenets of the Church? It was valued by the Salvation Army as a sheet anchor of their doctrinal creed. Besides, whilst many of the clergy were friendly to the Salvation Army, others were opposed to female ministry and almost every other specialty of the Salvation Army.

*Holiness a
sheet
anchor.* *The
Church
Army.* These and other considerations presented difficulties which seemed insuperable. The representatives of the Church naturally felt that it would be easier for them to establish an Army of their own, of which they would themselves have the entire control, and in which they could incorporate all that seemed valuable and omit whatever was objectionable. Some enthusiastic graduates, thoroughly in sympathy with the Salvation Army and regular attendants at its

meetings, were found ready to take up the plan. Thus arose the Church Army, which is perhaps the only one of the numerous imitations of the Salvation Army which at present exists. Supported by the prestige of the national Church, with so much wealth and influence at its command, it might naturally have been supposed that it would soon have eclipsed the Salvation Army. But in its strength has lain its weakness.

The mere outward paraphernalia of the Salvation Army constitute the least important elements of its success. If nothing more were needed than to copy these, who would not accomplish similar results? But the spirit which pervades its ranks is quite a different thing. This is not manufactured on earth, but in heaven. And those can only impart it who possess it. But is it not free, then, for all? Has the Salvation Army its monopoly? Yes, and no. It is free as the air for all who are prepared to fulfil the conditions and pay the necessary price. It is free for no one else. It is the old "only believe" mistake to imagine that the Holy Ghost will baptise and inspire anybody and everybody alike. Heaven has its laws of copyright, so to speak. The spirit which has animated the Salvation Army is reserved, at least in its fulness, for those who go to Salvation Army lengths. The double portion of Elijah's spirit was reserved for the one who followed him from Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jericho, and then across the Jordan—all the way. The fifty sons of the prophets who were watching from the other side could be good and do good, no doubt, but they could not be Elishas. Elijah's mantle fell on one alone.

But if we would explain, in passing, the cause of others' failure it is through no desire to criticise.

1882,
Age 53.

*Is not the
spirit
free?*

*Salvation
Army
lengths.*

1882,
Age 53.

*All are
welcome
to try.*

Even when Christ is preached of contention we are content to rejoice, with Paul, in the fact that He is being preached. And if other, nobler spirits, animated by worthy motives, think that in imitating us they can improve alike upon our plans and spirit, they are welcome to try, and we would unite with them in praising God for whatever measure of success they gain. If imitation be "sincerest flattery," we may accept of it as such. And, if these supposed improvements should indeed be such, none will be more willing than ourselves to learn.

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE ARMY IN SWITZERLAND. 1883.

REPUBLICS are ordinarily associated with the idea of liberty. But history has proved that they can at times be capable of a savagery that would make a Nero blush. The tyranny of an individual is limited, that of a mob knows no bounds. With the one you can reason, with the other you can only suffer. If the despot has crushed out the tender feelings of his nature, you have a chance with his self-interest, if you fail with his conscience or his common sense. But an excited crowd has neither heart nor head. The former has some sense of responsibility, the latter none. The one is a tangible somebody, the other an undiscoverable nobody.

*Liberty's
tyranny.*

The worst crimes are committed in company. All will do a little where nobody will do all. And the little of many is far greater than the all of one. Politicians are puzzled and nonplussed. A nation groans, and royalty is deaf. A nation rises—and royalty is no more. Royalty may or may not have deserved its fate. The evils may have been beyond its reach to cure. Perhaps it used no remedies at all, or it used any and every remedy except the right one. However, it is gone. But *the evil*—only in a new shape—remains behind. Like the hydra of ancient fable, one head has been cut off only to be replaced by millions more; so many, that to fight with them becomes a hopeless task.

*Not the
right
remedy.*

1883,
Age 54.

*True re-
formation.*

Man has yet to learn that a government of whatever description without God is a government of sin, and that a government of sin is a government of misery. A reformation that omits the heart is a reformation but in name. To remove a nation's woe you must remove a nation's sin. No mere change in circumstances will avail. This is the universal rule with individuals and it applies equally to a nation. In vain do politicians patch and trim and toil, like the old woman with bucket and broom, to thus bale out the ocean and to sweep away the sand. The ship of state is lightened of its load. Concession after concession to the populace is cast into the seas. Upon the surface of the troubled waters is poured the revolutionary oil of change. But the lull, if lull there be, is only for a time. One danger is escaped for a worse to be incurred. The vessel is no longer water-logged, but, the ballast gone, each wave threatens to capsize it and engulf the lightened hulk. Again we say, reformation, to be sound, must heal the heart.

*Riches
would not
avail.*

Can it be otherwise? What else will effectually remove the evils that affect society? Riches? No! If many of the miseries of the world are due to the democracy of poverty, is it not because it is a revulsion from the despotism of wealth? Were all rich, would that make property the more secure? If one nation lusts for the hunger-stricken acres of its neighbours now, would not its avarice be whetted by the sight of unlimited wealth? What individual, what nation, has learnt to say "It is enough"? Poverty places some natural bounds upon the cruel armaments and warlike preparations of the world which riches would remove. If all could be made rich to-morrow it would not avail, unless all could be made good.

This ought to be the A B C of politics: a moral

evil needs a moral change. This must at least be the reformer's aim. God's partnership with man renders it attainable. Dissolve that partnership and you are indeed undone. Man by himself becomes the laughing-stock of hell. Napoleon recognised this. He aspired to universal sovereignty. But he would have cemented it with religious mortar, without which he foresaw that the stones and bricks of the stateliest edifice would soon fall to pieces, unable to resist the force of time and storm.

But political quackery shuts its eyes to this truth, and rests content with manufacturing patch-work quilts that cover without curing the evils of society. And as the sick patient in his agony tears a fresh rent another patch is made.

Others, with more heroic remedies, amputate the limb to save the life. Nihilism and imperial power carry on a duel in which the last shot has yet to be fired. Anarchy, worst of all, would cut off the head of society, or thrust a dagger in its heart, to cure its aches.

And the sum total of these remedies is less than naught, because one and all begin at the wrong end and will not recognise that man is man—a being with a soul and moral entity. If man were a mere horse, the snaffle of the law would be enough. But, because he is something more, those who dispense with or let go the moral curb will find him take the bit into his own mouth and will be carried over the edge of some vast social precipice—when, if the people suffer most, the rider shares the fall.

If this be true, how suicidal is the act of governments which oppose those whom a benignant Providence appoints from age to age as the social scavengers of society! The remedy is always there, not far from the

1883,
Age 54.

*Hell's
laughing-
stock.*

*Political
patch-
work.*

*Would
kill to
cure.*

*Man is
something
more.*

*The Army
a shield.*

1883,
Age 54. disease. If it happens to be irregular, or out of the common rut, what does this matter—if it can cure? It is strange that the ruling powers of the world have hitherto been so slow to recognise and utilise the Salvation Army, in spite of its notorious success in purging and purifying and transforming the outcasts of society. Here is a natural shield, ready-made, which they might thrust between themselves and these elements of mischief which repressive measures may for a time restrain but cannot change. And yet they fling it from them and bare their breasts to shafts which, after practising their aim upon the target of the Salvation Army, will next be aimed with double force and precision upon those who have thrown down the one existing barrier between themselves and their fate. Great and unparalleled is the Army's record of past achievement. What might it not have been had the movement received the endorsement it has deserved?

Swiss freedom. In no country has the Army encountered more bitter and persistent opposition than in the freedom-boasting republic, or rather federation of republics, of Switzerland. If one corner of the world might have been expected to offer more liberal scope for its operations than another, it might well have been supposed to have been here. The articles of the Swiss Constitution, the Magna Charta of their national rights, guarantee liberty of conscience to every citizen. The special treaty of 1855 grants to British subjects the same privileges as to the Swiss citizen. Political refugees, and even anarchists, can meet, unhindered, to plot the downfall of friendly foreign powers.

But when, in December, 1882, a handful of earnest enthusiasts entered Switzerland with the Gospel mes-

sage, they were expelled, imprisoned, or handed over to the tender mercies of a brutal mob. The reason could not have been that there was no need for their labours, since it was well known and universally confessed that there was a large residuum of the population sunk in vice and infidelity. If any had doubted it before they could hardly do so now, in view of the treatment met with by the Salvation Army.

Nor, again, could it be said that the peculiar measures of the Salvation Army had exasperated the population, as had been alleged in the case of some of the English disturbances. There were no processions down the streets, no flaring posters on the walls, and no brass bands. Everything that was calculated to be misunderstood, or to cause irritation, was avoided. But it was of no avail. The meeting-places were besieged, broken open, and literally pillaged. The authorities sided with the mob: closed the halls, forbade the meetings, and expelled the officers. One of the most important Articles of the Swiss Constitution enacts that the home of the citizen shall be inviolable. Even this was disregarded by the authorities, who were determined to uproot the new religion from the soil. Oppressive decrees were issued, in violation alike of the Constitution and of the treaty with England. Appeals were made against these arbitrary and illegal orders, both to the Federal authorities and the British Government. But in vain.

There was only one way out of the dilemma, and that was to challenge the decrees by disobeying them; thus bringing them within the jurisdiction of the legal tribunals of Switzerland. Lawyers were consulted, and advised that this was the only means for compelling the authorities to retrace their steps. Swiss friends and soldiers offered eagerly to endure what-

1883,
Age 54.

*Scope for
the Army.*

*No proro-
cation.*

*Illegal
orders.*

*Only one
way out.*

1883,
Age 54.

Meeting
in the
woods.

Appeal to
the Pre-
fet.

His pain-
ful duty.

Arrest of
Miss
Booth
and Capt.
Becquet.

ever might be the consequence. Delicate as she was, Miss Booth could not endure that others should bear the penalty, and resolved that she would herself dispute the illegal orders. At the same time all reasonable pretext for the interference of the authorities and enforcement of their decree was removed by arranging that the meeting which was to take place should be held in the woods some five miles distant from Neufchatel, one of the cantons from which Miss Booth had been expelled. The invitations were, moreover, issued privately, through the sergeants and friends, no public announcement being made.

At the appointed place and time the meeting was held. Soon after its commencement the police, who had acquainted themselves with the arrangements by tampering with letters sent through the post, appeared upon the scene. They did not, however, interrupt the proceedings, which lasted for four hours. Many of the converts testified. Some of them appealed to the Prefect of Police and constables, as knowing what their previous character had been, and pointed their attention to the reformation which had since taken place. It was the first meeting that the Prefect had attended, and he admitted subsequently that he had been greatly misinformed as to the character of the work, and that after what he had heard he could only wish it well. At the same time he announced it as his painful duty to arrest Miss Booth and Captain Becquet for disobedience to the decree.

Bail was accepted for a few days, in order to enable Miss Booth to attend the funeral of a convert at Geneva, and on the 17th September, 1883, she surrendered herself to the authorities, and was confined for twelve days in the Neufchatel prison pending the trial.

The news of her daughter's imprisonment, as may

be readily imagined, deeply affected Mrs. Booth. Knowing how unequal she was both to the nervous shock and to the inevitable hardships of prison life, her mother could not but anticipate the worst consequences. And yet there was no sign of faltering in the following letter, written on the first receipt of news of the arrest, while her daughter was on bail, previous to her imprisonment:

1883,
Age 54.

*Effect on
Mrs.
Booth.*

"**M**Y PRECIOUS KATIE:—It would be vain to tell you what sort of a day I passed on Saturday. I suppose you could not send us any news earlier than you did. Thanks be unto God that you are at liberty. My only fear is your health. Oh, if it were only I who could go to prison (poorly as I am) I feel I could bear it better than you. Besides, it would not matter so much about the results in my case. I am almost worn out, but you have life before you, and who knows how much is involved to this poor lost world?

*To the
Maré-
chale.*

"Well, I know you won't fret and make a trouble of it, even if you are put in, because you will bear it for His sake whom we all serve, and you will see that it will be for the very best interests of our cause in Switzerland. But what I fear is the treatment you may receive, and that you will not stand up to the prison officials about keeping your warm clothes and having suitable food and bedding. Remember, your life is probably at stake, and your work! I don't think they dare deprive you of these necessaries. The General wrote again to Earl Granville on Saturday night and I wrote to Mr. Gladstone, appealing to him as your mother.

*"For His
sake."*

"I am delighted that dear Mrs. Butler is with you (though I dare say the Swiss authorities hate her as much as they do us). Still, her influence is very valuable, and will doubtless accomplish something. At any rate, I thank and bless her for her kindness and sympathy and bravery. Her letter in the *Standard* must do a lot of good. There is a long article in the *Daily News* this morning, very fair. Mind and keep it prominent in all your letters that you dispute the lawfulness of your expulsion by *Swiss law!* I think you have done very wisely to insist on the Colonel keeping free. He cannot be spared to lie in prison!"

*Mrs.
Butler's
symp-
athy.*

*1883,
Age 54.* “The attitude of some of the professing Christians here, and their journals, is simply shameful. If it had been any infidel or Turk that had been treated in the same manner they would all have been up in arms; but it is only the Nazarene! As one of the native papers of India said, ‘You Christians won’t try to save your Christ!’

*Only the
Nazarene.”
“Don’t
doubt for
one
moment.”* “My darling child, hold on to God, the living God, and don’t doubt for one moment but that if He permits the worst to happen He will cause it to work for the spread of salvation to the ends of the earth. There is much prayer being made for you. Fear not; be strong and very courageous, for He is with you. With tenderest love to dear Mrs. Butler,

“Your loving mother,

“CATHERINE BOOTH.”

*To Mr.
Glad-
stone.* To Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, Mrs. Booth addressed the following letter:

“To the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone.

*Fair
promises.* “SIR:—Allow me to intrude on your valuable time for a moment in order to call your attention to the perils of my daughter, Miss Booth, and her companions in Switzerland, which may not have been fully presented to you. Six months ago, after this illegal and groundless persecution commenced, Earl Granville promised my husband that he would interfere, but, although we have made two or three applications to his Lordship through Parliamentary friends since then, so far as we can see, nothing has been done!

*Interfer-
ence
solicited.* “Now the authorities of Neufchatel are trying Miss Booth on a mere pretext, and we have reason to fear an entire miscarriage of justice. Miss Booth’s imprisonment would probably help our cause more than anything else, and but for the very delicate state of her health, consequent on the very trying events of the last few months, I would not intrude on your much needed privacy; but fearing that even a short imprisonment would cause a serious illness, or even fatal consequences, and thus terminate her Christlike labours, I beg, with a mother’s importunity, your timely interference.

“You have probably seen Mrs. J. E. Butler’s letter on this subject in this day’s *Standard*. Allow me also to introduce to your notice the small book sent herewith, which I would hope may convey to you a true idea of the genius and aim of the

Salvation Army, which is simply a popular mode of attracting the attention of the masses to the claims of God and of goodness, so long forgotten by tens of thousands. Our measures have succeeded in reaching multitudes of the worst classes, and the grace of God has reclaimed thousands of them from lives of open debauchery to temperance, industry, and religion.

1883,
Age 54.

*Multitudes
reached
and re-
claimed.*

"With deepest respect and unfeigned gratitude for all your hard service for humanity,

"I am, honoured sir,

"Yours, on behalf of the lost,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To this letter Mrs. Booth received the following *Mr. Gladstone's reply.*

"10 DOWNING ST., WHITEHALL,

"22d Sept., 1883.

"MADAM:—I have shewn both your letters to Mr. Gladstone on his return to London. He much regrets the circumstances, as stated, respecting your daughter, but he fears that he has no power to promote your wishes. In a matter of this kind interference can only be limited to official representation through the Foreign Minister, which Mr. Gladstone has reason to know has already been made, and in which he himself heartily concurs.

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"E. N. HAMILTON."

On the first day of her imprisonment Miss Booth wrote as follows to her mother:

*From
Miss
Booth.*

"NEUFCHATEL PRISON,

"Sept. 17, 1883.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER:—I hurry to write a line to put you at ease. All my anxiety yesterday was about *you*. As to the work and myself, all is well. I have a mattress, a blanket, and a shawl. The food is very decent and the bread is not hard. I shall not hurt. Do be easy about me and trust me with the Lord, who is working through your child a wonderful deliverance for Switzerland. This is all right. God is in it. If you could see our soldiers, and how the town is

*All is
well.*

**1883,
Age 54.** awakened, with the whole of this country, you would rejoice with me. God has His purpose in this.

*Light on
the
action.* "I have learned much lately which throws light on this persecution. It is wicked men who are resisting the light and truth because it touches their own interests. Oh, there is an awful state of things here among the rulers! They hate Christ come in the flesh. But He *is* come, and oh, if you could have seen our meeting Sunday afternoon in the wood! The tears, the prayers, the shouts. There is mighty work begun that all the devils in hell cannot stop. My trial will probably come off in seven days. I hoped it would be sooner. I shall have a chance of speaking before them all; pray that I may say the right thing. I think they will expel me, but they can't keep salvation out. The fire has begun and it will go on! They have hundreds of their own people (*as the Journal* in Geneva stated yesterday) to deal with now. What are they going to do?

*An awful
position.* "Their position is truly awful, as I shall tell them. They are fighting against God; they don't want their people delivered and saved. But the business of the Army is to *make* the nations submit to Jesus. We must go on, come what may.

"What I want to tell you is that my own soul has been so wonderfully blessed the last few days. I am sure all is well, and will turn out for the glory of God and the salvation of Switzerland.

*"Such a
comfort."* "This is a nice quiet time in which I can write. I have much on my heart. Kate Patrick is with me; such a comfort! as she can write, and I long to put down on paper what has been burning in my bones for months.

*A quiet
heart.* "My own mother, don't worry at all. My soul is prospering; I have time to communicate with Heaven. I have no fear; God is with us and He has opened my eyes. He has revealed quite clearly His will; now I must not be disobedient to the heavenly vision.

"Your own child, living only for the Kingdom,
"CATHERINE."

*Captain
Patrick.* One of Miss Booth's officers, Captain Patrick, although not arrested, had been allowed to remain with her and share her imprisonment.

Again writing to her daughter, Mrs. Booth says:

1883,
Age 54.

"I am relieved from the intense anxiety I suffered for two days for want of more particulars; still I am deeply concerned about you. Do be persuaded to take food from your friends, also more bedding if needful; remember, you are wanted to fight another day! We are doing all we can here, but the attitude of our press is not very assuring. We cannot expect much; still, time and information will do wonders. We must have patience!"

Some relief.

"I trust that dear Mrs. Butler is getting on with her book. Of course this is a struggle for liberty as well as for religion. We are in communication with the Government and shall leave no stone unturned, be assured. Rest in God, and comfort yourself by thinking that you suffer for the weak and oppressed everywhere, for if we win it will put a hook in the jaws of the wicked and despotic all over the world. With deepest sympathy and love, longing to take your place,

*Not only
for
religion.*

"Your ever loving

"MOTHER.

"P.S.—Since writing enclosed have your own letter. Praise the Lord for His love to your soul; this is best of all."

*"Best of
all."*

From the prison Miss Booth writes again:

"DEAREST MOTHER AND EMMA:—Your dear, tender letters are more than welcome, but you are too anxious about my body. True, I am not strong, yet no worse for prison. The quiet is delightful. As to food, I do take it, but all has not been explained to you—could not be. I was suffering when I entered. Could not eat; I tried, but even force would not succeed. This would have been the same outside; I have had such a heavy strain lately.

*From the
Maré-
chale
again.*

"Now pray that the door may be opened for the work to continue. Don't trouble, darling ones. Of course I will take care of myself for your sake, precious mother. Your dear portrait and Emma's are with me on my table. The woman who waits on us is very nice; she seems touched. Becquet is so cheerful; the jailer told him he never had a prisoner so happy as he is. To this he replied that he was saved! You will see dear Mrs. Butler. I love her. I think she is an

*"Pray
that the
door may
be
opened."*

**1883,
Age 54.** answer to my prayers! She works day and night for our sex —great, unselfish soul! She overdoes it! She never thinks of herself."

*Lines
written
while in
prison.* While in prison Miss Booth composed the following lines:

Best beloved of my soul,
I am here alone with Thee,
And my prison is a heaven
Since Thou sharest it with me.

All my life is at thy service,
All my choice to share Thy cross;
I am Thine, to do or suffer;
All things else I count but dross.

At His voice my gloom disperses;
Heavenly sunshine takes its place.
Bars and bolts cannot withhold Him—
Hide from me His lovely face.

Love almighty, love unchanging.
More than mother's love is mine.
Can my heart be ever lonely
Comforted with love like Thine?

Calm amid the raging tempest,
We can well afford to wait;
Truth and justice soon shall triumph
Christ our cause will vindicate.

CHAPTER XCVII.

THE BOUDRY TRIAL. 1883.

THE imprisonment of the Maréchale caused a profound sensation throughout Switzerland. Indeed the news was telegraphed to the various Continental capitals and was the subject of considerable comment. Especially did it attract attention in Paris, where she was already well known, and where many, of all classes, flocked to hear and see her after her return.

Meanwhile the interest centred in the court-house at Boudry, where the trial took place. As the question was largely one of law, the Army was represented by two able advocates, members of the bar at Neufchatel.

The Public Prosecutor in opening his case fulminated against religious fanaticism as the worst of all mental diseases, and one which contributed a third of the patients to the lunatic asylums. If the Army were tolerated it would be necessary to enlarge their asylums.

As for himself, he was against all religious associations. Voltaire, Rousseau, and other prophets of the eighteenth century had come to correct these delusions. But even Jesus Christ, who was perhaps the most religious man that ever lived, had commanded His followers to invoke the Deity in private! He went on to show that the authorities were only carrying out the wishes of the people, and even of the religious classes, in suppressing the Salvation Army.

*A pro-
found sen-
sation.*

*Two able
advocates.*

*The worst
of all
mental
diseases.*

*As for
himself.*

1883,
Age 54.

*Nothing
to do with
the legal
question.*

With the question of the legality of the decree he declared that the Court had nothing to do. "What do we find before us?" he cried. "People who show the slightest signs of repentance? No, no! But a handful of people who come here, with a coolness and an 'at ease' simply superb, to tell us that they have done nothing wrong; who presume to talk to us about law, and to declare they are in their rights and mean to stick to them!"

*A gust of
wind.*

But the Public Prosecutor was not a little disconcerted when, in the middle of his peroration, a window suddenly flew open and a gust of wind scattered his papers in all directions. "It was from heaven," a voice was heard to say, and so it seemed.

*Captain
Beequet's
remarks.*

The lawyers of the defence having addressed the Court on the legal bearing of the case, the prisoners were asked if they had anything to say. Captain Beequet replied that, as the prosecutor had read extracts from a pamphlet against the Salvation Army, he would like to read from the Bible a justification of their methods. And the Court listened while he read the 150th Psalm.

*The Maré-
chale.*

As the Maréchale rose, calm, confident, and self-possessed, to address the judge and jury, a scene of historic interest presented itself worthy of a painter's skill. The Caiaphas of the occasion, a State Councillor, who instigated the prosecution, took up his position immediately opposite the girl-defendant, with a sardonic leer upon his countenance, hoping, no doubt, to browbeat or confuse her. But the speaker had been trained to confront something worse than looks. And when do innocence and purity shine forth with greater brilliance than when the powers of darkness draw near and force the dullest minds to realise the contrast? Goodness can bear the light which evil fears,

and yet shines most brightly in the darkest night. Wickedness defeats its own ends, and in seeking to quench the light but sets it on a candlestick. Sin unwittingly serves righteousness a good turn, and when it has triumphed most and nailed a Saviour to a cross, the cross but lifts the Saviour to an eminence where all can see, and those who come to mock remain to pray. The Boudry trial, instead of extinguishing the last hopes of the Salvation Army, was to raise it higher than ever from the region of obscurity and place it on a new pinnacle before the world.

The following is the substance of the Maréchale's defence:

"I have no need to enter upon the legal aspect of this question; that has been ably dealt with by our advocate, M. Monnier. Yet, as the Public Prosecutor himself went off the ground of law to discuss at great length the doctrines and methods of the Army, I feel I cannot, for truth's sake, be silent; although I am fully aware that we are not here to enter upon a disquisition upon Christianity."

M.
Monnier.

"As to our *aim*: we are trying to bring these people, who outrage your laws, to the feet of Him who alone can change them, to the only hope that exists for them, the Saviour of the world!"

"Our
aim."

"Our only *message* has been, 'Repent, and turn ye to the Lord, that your sins may be blotted out.' We want to see the drunkards, the thieves, the outcasts washed in the precious blood of Jesus, and changed into peaceful, loyal citizens."

"Our
message."

"This being our end, it is to the interest of all governments to protect us, and in protecting us they protect themselves!"

"The Public Prosecutor has attempted to describe in detail our proceedings, yet this gentleman has avowed that he has never attended a single meeting; never put his foot inside our hall; he cannot, therefore, be considered capable of judging what he has not seen!"

Never in-
side the
hall.

"He has said we attacked the town with drums, trumpets, and other extravagant things. I ask him how many drums has he seen in Neufchatel, or trumpets? Not one. What is

"What is
the
truth?"

1883,
Age 54. the truth? No musical instrument, with the exception of a piano, has been employed. No flag, no processions. The only bill that has been issued I hold in my hand, which simply announces that the Salvation Army will hold meetings morning, afternoon, and evening.

"I am saved." "The Public Prosecutor has referred to the language of the Salvationists. He says we teach that all that is necessary for salvation is for one to jump on the platform and say, 'Je suis sauvé' ('I am saved'), after five minutes' self-examination. No one in Switzerland has ever heard us declare such an outrageous sentiment. It is not true.

*The value
of those
words.* "Notwithstanding, there may come a day when the Public Prosecutor and others in this court would give all the world to be able to say, 'Je suis sauvé.' The time will come when he will have to go before another tribunal, to face another Judge! Then he will prove the value of those words: 'Je suis sauvé!'

*"Our pro-
ceedings."* "But what are our *proceedings*? (1.) We have sung hymns in the hall that we have hired. Everybody can procure a little book of the hymns we use and judge of it for themselves. (2.) We read the Bible. Switzerland has not waited till the Salvation Army came to read the Bible. You know this Book already. (3.) We pray, and (4.) we persuade men to leave the road of sin and death, and to give their hearts and lives to the Saviour. And God is our witness that we have *done nothing more*.

*"It is not
we."* "Is that a scandal? To sing, and speak, and pray in the name of Jesus? It is not we that throw stones, that break windows, that howl and hoot after respectable people in the streets. It is not we who violate domiciles. It is against all logic to say that we are the scandal of your country.

*The
masses
may ob-
ject to
other
laws.* "Ah! the question of all questions, the question which every intelligent man ought to face, is: What are we to do with the masses? Messieurs, the day may come when you will have reason to regret your action in this matter. If these disturbers are capable of manifesting such hatred, such rage against citizens who pray to God, they are also capable of manifesting the same rebellious spirit against ANY OTHER OPINION, OR ANY OTHER LAW, WHICH MAY NOT PLEASE THEM!"

"We have not made your people what they are. Bear in mind that we have not created this terrible state of bar-

barism which has raged round our hall, and which has made my heart bleed many times in witnessing. Who is responsible for it? We cannot be, for we have only been in your town a few months.

"I love Switzerland all the more for what we have endured on its behalf. A little while and Switzerland shall know us—a little while and Switzerland shall love us. For we shall win thousands yet to righteousness, peace, and Heaven.

"We have submitted, again and again, until you have taken away from us the right to meet to pray. This lands us on another platform altogether. We have now no more choice. There is but one course open to us. We must obey God. We are not here to plead 'Not guilty.' No! Like Daniel, and Paul, and the early Christians, we have weighed this matter, and we have all owned to you that we violated the decree. We have no wish to hide it.

"I note, however, that the enemy of souls has full liberty. He can do his work without hindrance. He can lead to perdition thousands of victims. He is permitted to drink, and shout, and sing, and dance, and make all the noise he likes without the least interruption on the part of the authorities, while we are made prisoners FOR PRAVING IN A WOOD! I was struck the other night, when in my prison, by the howling and singing of bands of roughs, which continued till past midnight without any interruption from the police, while our people were followed home because they had sung a hymn, and strict watch was kept that it should not be repeated.

"The Public Prosecutor referred to the Queen, saying that even she was subject to the decrees of Parliament, but that I placed myself above her in refusing to become subject to the decrees of the Grand Conseil. There is no parallel between Her Majesty and myself. No act has been passed to forbid her praying with a few of her subjects in a wood, or I think Her Majesty would have something to say on the question! [Sensation.]

"One word in conclusion. You can punish us; you can imprison us; you can persecute us; you can chase us (as long as you are permitted); but what you cannot do is to stop this work. It is of God, and it must go on!"

1883,
Age 54.

"Who is responsible?"

Another platform.

Liberty to the enemy.

The Queen is subject.

No parallel.

1883,
Age 54.

*The pitch-
fork
aban-
doned.*

*An
honour.*

*Others of
the
accused.*

*Irrepre-
sible
"Amens."*

*Plain
speaking.*

The defence produced a profound impression on the Court. A woman who was present, and who had been heard to say before that she would like to kill Miss Booth with a pitchfork, was observed with the tears rolling down her cheeks at the conclusion of the address.

A Swiss gentleman of position, M. Convert, who was tried at the same time, said that, although not himself a Salvationist, he considered it an honour to identify himself with them in the struggle for liberty.

When Madame Boillot, another of the accused, was asked by the Judge whether she was a Salvationist, she replied, "I have the honour to be so." In her capacity as sergeant she had helped to call the soldiers to the gathering. And when the two other sergeants who had been placed on trial were called upon to plead they nobly said that they had only one request to make: if the English officers were punished they begged that the same sentence might be passed upon themselves.

The jury then retired to consider their verdict. Among the Salvationists who filled the Court word was passed to occupy the interval in prayer. And yet the reminder was scarcely necessary. During the three days that the trial had lasted the court-house had been filled with prayer and praise. Irrepressible "Amens" had at times expressed the pent-up feelings of the soldiers. And the happy faces and bright uniforms had given the dull precincts of the law the cheerful appearance of an Army Barracks at an all-day festival. Never for centuries amid such surroundings had there been so much plain speaking about God and heaven and hell.

At length, amidst breathless silence, the Judge

resumed his seat, and the foreman of the jury, supported by his six colleagues, advanced to the table, and read in a firm clear voice the verdict on the three points presented for their decision :

1883,
Age 54.

The verdict.

1. Did the accused take part in a meeting?—Yes.
2. Was this meeting in violation of the decree?—

Yes.

3. Have they acted with culpable intention?—No.

The Judge in consequence pronounced the *Acquittal* of the accused, who left the Court with hearts full of praise for this deliverance.

Acquittal.

"To jail with them!" exclaimed a young fellow who had been sitting, perched upon a ledge, watching the proceedings. But the words were scarcely out of his lips when his pedestal gave way and he fell headlong on an officer of the Court, and was marched off to the lockup in the place of those for whom he had desired a similar fate.

Speedy re-trIBUTION.

As the Salvationists left the Court they were roughly handled by the mob, police protection having been purposely withdrawn. But they were as impervious to cuffs and kicks and stones as they had been to the perverted terrors of the law, and the acquittal of their beloved Maréchale filled them with such unbounded joy that they felt as if they could cheerfully have borne the worst that their persecutors' malice could inflict.

Purposely withdrawn.

In celebration of the acquittal a great thanksgiving meeting was held in Exeter Hall. Miss Booth was present, and gave a thrilling account of her imprisonment and of the scene in Court. It was at this meeting that Mrs. Booth delivered one of her most powerful and impassioned appeals, proving, with a logic none could controvert, that the heart-change at which the Army aimed was the only sure and permanent

Thanks-giving at Exeter Hall.

1883,
Age 54.

hope of deliverance of mankind from the degraded and dangerous condition into which they had lapsed.

Among other things, she said:

*Mrs.
Booth's
address.*

"I wish to say a few words with respect to a subject now agitating the public mind and occupying the attention of the press, which I might indicate by quoting a few words uttered by Mr. Samuel Morley, some days ago, at a meeting held, I believe, in London. He said that the man who would show the philanthropic gentlemen of this country how best to spend their money for the real exaltation of the masses would confer the greatest possible boon upon this nation. I fully endorse that sentiment. I believe that there are a great many good and philanthropic men who are only waiting to know how best to invest or use what God has given them for the exaltation of the people. Now, I think we have found out how best to reach and exalt the masses of the people, not only in this but in all countries. No! We have not found it out; we have only resuscitated it—because Jesus Christ found it out. He brought it to life, and He launched the scheme. He propounded the philosophy. We set going the instrumentalities. And this way is, to save men FROM THEIR SINS!"

*The
scheme of
Jesus
Christ.*

*Learning
will not
cure.*

"In considering a question like this you must go to the root of the matter. However advantageous the circumstances you put a man into, if he is not in a moral condition to profit by these circumstances you confer no good upon him whatever. You may put a bad man under the best system of government in the universe, and the better the laws and their administration the worse it will be for him. If the laws were faithfully administered all over the world the rogues, the ruffians, the thieves, the liars, and the cheats would have a bad time of it. If you educate a bad man, and leave him bad, the more education you give him the greater his power for mischief. Alas! we have had some sad illustrations of this in all countries of late. All villains are not ignorant, are they?"

*Sin is the
evil.*

"You may put a bad man into ever so good and roomy a dwelling, but if he comes home every night drunk it will not make much difference to his poor wife; and if he be in the mind for beating and kicking his defenceless children it will not matter much whether they have three rooms or one, for he

will find them, depend upon it; and thus his drunkenness and debauchery will gradually bring them lower and lower, until they find their way out of the decent dwelling-house into the attic or the cellar of the back slum. If you could gauge the inhabitants of the back slums of our large cities you would find that it is not, in the great majority of instances, misfortune that has driven the inhabitants there, but sin.

"Then, I say, we must look deeper. Immorality is not confined to overcrowded dwellings, is it? Alas! alas! I question whether some of the darkest, and blackest, and most overcrowded dens of this city, and of many other cities, could outdo the debaucheries that are hidden away by crimson and gold, and smothered by smooth-tongued officials who are paid according to their adroitness in hiding the vices of their masters or their mistresses.

"You must go to the cause of the misery instead of tinkering with its symptoms and its results. You must go to the root of the mischief, and you must do *something at the man himself*; for if you put him in a palace he will, in his unchanged state, be miserable and make everyone else so. It is his iniquity, his wrong-doing, that makes him wretched, and God's way to make men happy is to save them from their sins.

"Somebody has said that to conceive a grand purpose, and then determinately to follow it out, is the greatest attainment of man. Well, at any rate, the purpose of the Salvation Army is a grand one! Whether we shall be able to accomplish it or not, we will follow it out! The grand purpose of this movement is to bring all men *back to God and goodness*. They say we are fools for having conceived it to be possible. That remains to be proved. Anyway, you must all admit that it is a grand *idea*. There can be no question about that; and if the one hundred and twenty thousand converts my husband was speaking about this morning—the greater proportion of them redeemed from lives of sin and debauchery, and many of them from lives of crime—if these have been saved, restored, and put into the condition of good citizens, husbands, fathers, servants, and some of them good masters, why should not one hundred and twenty millions have the same change wrought in them? This is God's way. This was Jesus Christ's way. This was the way of Pentecost. This was the apostolic way, and this remains to be the right way still; and it seems to me

1883,
Age 54.

"Alas!
alas!"

*Salvation
the only
way.*

*A grand
idea.*

*Why not
millions?*

1883,
Age 54. astonishing that any Christian gentleman should, with this Gospel in his hand, ask what is the best way of investing money for the raising and exaltation of the masses! I stand here, on Exeter Hall platform, in so-called Christian England, and say, 'Give them the real, unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ, preached with the Holy Ghost and with power.' *That* is the way, the *only* way: and all other ways have failed and must ever fail."

Captain Stirling. Nearly nine years have elapsed since the Boudry trial. In spite of persecution the work has continued to extend. Soldiers and officers have been fined and imprisoned on the most trivial pretexts. Captain Stirling, a young lady of fortune and position, was confined in the notorious Chillon Castle for a hundred days on a trumped-up charge.

The comic papers. Among other cartoons published by the comic papers was one representing a Salvationist as being knocked down. He appeals to a policeman, who promptly takes him into custody *for the crime of being beaten*, while the assailant leisurely makes off! Another cartoon pictures the Christian authoress of a savage pamphlet against the Salvation Army as sitting in state with her feet cushioned on the corpse of a Salvationist, receiving the warm congratulations of two government officials. In recognition of her services one of them, a liquor-seller, is presenting her with a cask of wine, as a token of his gratitude for her protection of his "lawful trade." The other is offering her two volumes of sermons, which he is sure she will greatly enjoy. Beer and Bible had once more joined hands! Beneath the picture were the words, "*The death-blow to the Salvation Army!*" But, as usual, a speedy resurrection followed the fancied death. And we would refer our readers to the Appendix for the present position of the work in Switzerland.

An important auxiliary to Church and State.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

BOOKS AND LETTERS.

IN the spring of 1883 Mrs. Booth delivered at the Cannon Street Hotel an important series of lectures on the relations of the Salvation Army to Church and State. She proved clearly that, so far from being antagonistic to either the one or other, the work of the Salvation Army was an important auxiliary to both. To the Church it had taught, in the words of the late Dr. Lightfoot, "the universal compulsion of souls." To the State it was a valuable ally, instilling ideas of law and order into minds that were at present influenced by brute force alone. The enterprising spirit which characterised business men might also be found reflected in the Salvation Army, for which Mrs. Booth claimed with unanswerable force the sympathy of each and all.

The addresses have since been published in book form, and to them we would refer our readers for a concise and powerful demonstration of the value and need of the agency of the Salvation Army in dealing with the social problems of the day. While philanthropists are waiting for something to arise more in harmony with their own preferences, or are labouring at great expense to devise better plans, which, however excellent on paper, for some cause fail, or yield results altogether out of proportion to the effort, it would be well for them to pause and study Mrs. Booth's weighty words.

Concise and powerful.

1883,
Age 54.

*He
snatched
the first
weapon.*

*Justified
by the
result.*

*Change in
the heart
and life.*

*Demon-
strations,
expedi-
tions, and
reinforce-
ments.*

The practical experience gained by the General and herself in actual contact with the masses cannot wisely be ignored by those who are themselves, from the nature of the position, only distant spectators, at the best. Samson would doubtless have preferred a better weapon for dealing with the Philistines than the contemptible "jawbone of an ass." But there was no time for hesitation on the battlefield. He snatched up that which came first to hand, and with it slew thousands of the enemy. Had he waited for a sword he would probably have been killed. His rough weapon answered the purpose, and that was all he cared about. David in his encounter with Goliath might have been better off. Saul's own sword and armour were placed at his service, and he could doubtless have had the choice of any others in the camp. But he preferred his shepherd's sling and a few pebbles from the brook. His apparent insanity was justified by his success. The unconventional, vulgar method won a victory which the ordinary methods were able to follow up and complete.

Another series of lectures by Mrs. Booth was published during this year, entitled "Life and Death." These were specially addressed to sinners, and pointed out with unrivalled clearness the conditions upon which alone salvation could be obtained, and the character of the change that God desired to work in the heart and life of man.

The year was one of constant and successful toil for Mrs. Booth, who visited many of the country corps and assisted the General in nearly all the fifty great demonstrations held in London during this time. Expeditions were despatched to New Zealand and South Africa, besides reinforcements being sent to other countries. By the conclusion of the year it was

found that the corps had increased from 427 to 657, and the officers from 1026 to 1657.

1883,
Age 54.

The year had, however, a sorrowful termination for Mrs. Booth in the death of her valued and faithful friend Mrs. Billups, with whom, for a period of over twenty years, she had kept up a correspondence from which we have been able so frequently to quote. The last illness had been a lingering and painful one. But it had been cheered by regular visits from the Army officers, meetings being constantly held in the sick-chamber, and the General and Mrs. Booth themselves spending some time with the sufferer. The soldiers of the Cardiff Corps would gather in her garden to sing the songs she so loved, while Mr. Billups was able through the open window to convey to them her dying messages, urging them to faithfulness and utmost consecration to the service of God.

*Mrs.
Billups's
last ill-
ness.*

*The Gen-
eral and
Mrs.
Booth
with her.*

Hearing that a change for the worse had taken place Mrs. Booth hurried to her friend's bedside, desiring to be with her at the last. "I wish I could stop to the end," Mrs. Booth writes. "She so clings to me for comfort, and the Lord is very good in enabling me to lift her spiritually. She rejoiced aloud this morning in the midst of extreme suffering. Her loss will never be made up to me."

*Rejoicing
through
suffering.*

But Mrs. Billups rallied again, and yet again, lingering for some weeks, so that Mrs. Booth was obliged to leave her. The end came suddenly at last. "Faithful unto death," she left behind her the memory of a life crowded with benevolences. Though naturally of a fearing and doubting disposition she was enabled, in spite of the severest pain, to triumph, and triumph gloriously, in the assurance of the Saviour's presence and of an abundant entrance into her eternal home. According to her last wish, Mrs. Billups received an

*An Army
funeral.*

**1884,
Age 55.** Army funeral. The service was conducted by the General, and in spite of the inclement weather thousands of people lined the road and crowded to the cemetery, the public hall being filled at night for the special memorial meeting. It was a deeply affecting season, and yet there was a calm depth of joy intermingling with the grief which forced many to say: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

*Commiss-
sioner
Railton to
be
married.*

The new year (1884) commenced with a surprise for both the Army and the world, or, rather, that portion of it which knew anything of the inner workings of the Salvation Army. Few who heard the news could believe that Commissioner Railton had at length found time to get married! It was eleven years since he had entered the ranks. And during this time he had toiled night and day, more like an embodied spirit than a genuine piece of flesh and blood.

But, after all, marriage was thoroughly in keeping with the Army creed. True, celibacy, under certain circumstances, and to meet unusual exigencies, is considered both lawful and commendable. Nevertheless, in this, as in other steps of a personal nature, the individual conscience is allowed the fullest exercise, the rules and regulations only dealing with the character of the alliance and the manner in which it is entered upon.

The bride. As might be expected, Mr. Railton chose for a partner in life a thorough Salvationist. The bride, Miss Deborah Parkyn, daughter of a Nonconformist minister, was a sergeant of the Torquay Corps. She had been conspicuous as the leader of a timbrel band and as a persistent *War Cry* seller, and for her dauntless courage in the open-air work.

*The
wedding.* The wedding ceremony took place at Exeter Hall, and was conducted by the General and Mrs. Booth.

The General, in terms of the highest appreciation and affection, bore testimony to Commissioner Railton's unity of purpose with himself, his unwavering devotion to the cause, and his indefatigable toil on behalf of souls during the past eleven years of service.

1884,
Age 55.

The occasion was then seized for pointing the assembled crowds to holiness and consecration. Mr. Railton used the "I will" of his marriage vows as the text for urging each one present to say a fresh "I will" to God, and to give themselves away in uttermost surrender for the salvation of a dying world.

Mr.
Railton's
text.

The work in Australasia was now assuming such dimensions that it became necessary to set someone apart to visit the colonies, with a view to the supervision and consolidation of the work. It was impossible for the General or Mrs. Booth to leave England, where events of pressing importance required their continual supervision. It was decided, accordingly, that Mr. Ballington Booth should be set apart for this important post. He had been for four years in charge of the men's wing of the Training Home, a position which he had filled with admirable tact and vigour. Young as he was, the lads looked up to him as their father, and would do anything for him. His sister, Miss Emma Booth, was in charge of the women's wing of the Training Home. The two had worked in happy harmony and had sent into the fields hundreds of devoted and soul-winning officers. It seemed a thousand pities to disturb so admirable an arrangement. But it was evident that something must be sacrificed somewhere, in the interests of the foreign field, and certainly it would have been difficult to find one more admirably suited for the task. It so happened, too, that his brother Herbert was now old enough to step into the vacant place, and had developed abilities

Mr. Bal-
lington to
leave the
Training
Home.

Brother
and
sister.

**1884,
Age 55.** which showed him to be well fitted for the trust—so that the advantage of brother and sister working together would be still retained.

*Visit to
Australia.* After a brief visit to the Continent, Mr. Ballington Booth started for Australia, accompanied by Major (afterwards Commissioner) Howard, who was appointed to the command of the Australian forces on the



T. HENRY HOWARD.

return of Mr. Booth to England the following year. Upon their arrival they were gratified to find that the reports which had previously reached them were by no means exaggerated, and that the recent progress had been marvellous, in spite of riotous opposition on the part of "larrikins," the Australian counterpart of the English rough.

*"Larri-
kins."*

*The
Bishop of
Mel-
bourne.*

A few years subsequently, at the annual Diocesan Meeting of the clergy, the Bishop of Melbourne (afterwards Bishop of Manchester) bore the following

noble testimony to the work of the Salvation Army in Australia:

1884,
Age 55.

*Army
work in
Australia.*

"I must say to you a few words about a spiritual organisation which is working vigorously in our midst, and which by the tremendous power of its enthusiasm is sure to affect all our work for good or ill. The Salvation Army has, I think, a special mission. Its avowed object is a very large one—to make every man love God. Practically, however, its labour is confined almost exclusively to the lowest classes in our cities, and places of considerable population. All its methods of appeal are shaped with a view to reaching those classes, winning their interests, and bringing them into the kingdom of God.

"And now I must say of the Salvation Army, in the first place, that I believe it to be inspired by the noblest impulse which can direct human energies—by the desire to make sinful men love and follow Christ. [Applause.] I see in its leading ministers and agents a holy, self-denying enthusiasm, which, on the large scale, is nowhere equalled at the present time. When I read of the bold assaults which they make on the very strongholds of vice in this city—of delicate women risking insult and braving disease that they may rescue their fallen sisters from the grasp of loathsome vice and reckless violence—I feel my heart go out to them in love and admiration. [Applause.] They are God's children. They are Christ's people. If the Master were here, I am sure that He would own them and honour them, and set them above me. If they don't shame all of us into more earnest, self-denying efforts to fight the great foes of Christ and humanity it must be because our hearts are cold, and we have lost the glow of our first love.

*"The
Master
would
honour
them."*

"Again: I must say that in reading their book of doctrine and discipline I have been very much struck by the sanctified common sense which to a very large extent leavens its teaching. It is old-fashioned evangelical Christianity, with a few of its excellences, and also with some of what I should call its objectionable features, left out. The firmness and fulness with which it insists upon holiness of heart and life are most cheering. Antinomianism as a doctrine is, I should say, impossible in the Salvation Army. It is refreshing to see with

*"Sancti-
fied
common
sense."*

1884,
Age 55. what trenchant common sense Mr. Booth demolishes the idea that a man can be living a two-fold life, the one perfectly holy and the other utterly fleshly.

"The members I must needs love." "Very readily do I admit that it would be difficult to find a Christian church which is not obnoxious to criticism; and even more readily that our own comparative coldness, formality, and want of elasticity are shamed by the enthusiasm and practical resources of the Salvation Army. [Cheers.] The members of it I must needs love for their love of Christ, and for their valiant and devoted self-sacrifice."

A generous welcome. Commander Ballington Booth was received by the Australians in the warm-hearted, generous fashion so peculiarly their own. They had longed for a glimpse of the General and Mrs. Booth, and welcomed eagerly one of their children as their representative. And when they had seen and heard him for themselves his large sympathies, quick wit, and ready tact enabled him to sweep away objections and prejudice, and to establish a still firmer footing for the Army in their hearts. Soon after his arrival he writes as follows to his mother:

Letter to Mrs. Booth. "MY DARLING MOTHER:—Do not for the world think I forget you, and I should grieve if I thought you felt I neglected you. There is no one I am more reminded of in gatherings, whether large or small, in barracks or drawing-rooms, than of you, *my mother*. Your books, *Crys* containing your addresses, some tidings or other of you, have found their way into the mansions and cottages alike. People love you, talk of you, pray for you, and I have often to weep tears of gratitude when I hear them speak of the good they have received from your works. Sometimes they say to me, 'Do you think we shall ever see her?' Then I perhaps reply, 'I cannot say; the Lord in His good time may strengthen her sufficiently to make the voyage.' And some of them are overjoyed at the prospect.

"'Forget you?' No! Not an hour. I needn't go to my ease to turn to your dear photo (which, by-the-bye, is a good one, and which I have no small pride in showing people, while in ecstasy I watch the glisten in their eyes). No! No!

each part of your sainted face is too strongly photographed upon my heart to allow of my forgetting you. But oh, I wish—how I wish you were here, or I were there, with you in that sacred room of yours! I would pour out my story, or a succession of stories, to you, just as a son every now and again wants to do and is all the better for doing. You cannot tell how I miss you. My love for you seems so to have increased that I love my Bible more because of the thought that it is your book, Christ more because He is your Saviour, and I feel God is better honoured and served because He is your God. I miss you! Miss your room, and the morning call in on the way down to breakfast. I always reckoned myself your lad, you know, and always felt I loved you as I was incapable of expressing to you!"

1884,
Age 55.

*"How I
wish you
were
here."*

In replying to this letter Mrs. Booth says:

*Mrs.
Booth's
reply.*

"MY PRECIOUS BOY:—Yours to me of October 22d from Melbourne is to hand, and I was delighted to receive it. I am more than glad to hear of your thoughts of me and love for me, though I feel very unworthy of some of the things you say. Nevertheless, I have loved you with a true mother's, and I trust with a true soldier's love, and it is an unspeakable joy to me that you are being true to God and being used of Him in pushing forward this great war. By what you say, you make me feel that I have some loving children and soldiers out there. Give my motherly and salvation love to all who love the Army, and tell them that they are remembered daily in our prayers, and that, being Salvationists, we cannot be strangers. We meet in the one great centre of all true union, our living Head.

"Emma says she misses you more than she thought she should. She has developed wonderfully as a speaker, and captivates the people everywhere. If she would only give a little attention to the cultivation of her powers she would become a wonderful woman. But she is absorbed for ever and ever in the work of that Training Home—and Eva too. However, we must leave the future with the Lord, and go on doing what we can as best we can.

*"What we
can, as
best we
can."*

"Bless you, my dear lad! The Lord keep you in all your ways! It rejoices my heart to hear that your soul prospers,

1884,
Age 55.

and that you think of and pray for us all. Our hearts are sore for the loss of you. But we feel it is for the Kingdom's sake."

*Mrs.
Booth's
Picca-
dilly
lectures.*

It was in the autumn of 1884 that Mrs. Booth delivered, in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, perhaps the most powerful and heart-searching series of lectures which she had hitherto addressed to any audience. The apathy of professing Christians had for some time deeply stirred her soul. Their needs were burnt in upon her heart. Their sins and shortcomings had caused her bitterest tears. It seemed that she was especially called, and certainly, by the Spirit's aid, she was marvellously equipped, to extend to them a new and God-appointed opportunity. Choosing for her subject "Popular Christianity," she proceeded to deal blow upon blow to the religious idols of the day, and to pour out in burning and impassioned language her sense of God's abhorrence for the nerveless, sinewless, powerless representation of the religion of Christ which so largely prevailed.

"Popular
Chris-
tianity."

*Lasting
impres-
sions
produced.*

A deep and lasting impression was produced upon many hearts by these services, but it was not till some years later that Mrs. Booth consented to the addresses being printed. "I feared," she explains in her preface, "that in cold type they might produce an impression of censoriousness which was not possible when, as I believe, assisted by the Spirit of God, I dealt with my hearers on these burning topics face to face. During my last illness, however, I became deeply convinced that it was my duty to let these utterances, such as they are, go forth, irrespective of consequences, in the hope of reaching a greater number of persons similarly circumstanced with those to whom they were originally spoken, many of whom professed to have received great personal blessing, with increased light, and power for usefulness."

The book was more favourably received than Mrs. Booth anticipated, and has already passed through three editions. We have had occasion to quote more than once from its pages, and would urge our readers to turn to them for the explosion of many of the popular religious fallacies of the day.

Writing to a lady who had been brought into the light of full assurance through her instrumentality, Mrs. Booth sends the following helpful and inspiring counsel:

"DEAR MISS EWART:—I cannot tell you the pleasure your letter gave me. I had so often wondered whether you had found your way out of that wilderness of doubt and reasoning in which I found you. Oh! praise the Lord for His goodness! I do indeed join you in giving to Him all the glory.

"And now, dear friend, set your heart on being a real saint and soldier of Jesus Christ. Go to Pentecost for your power and to the apostles for your models. Don't take your type from those round about you, but as you refused to be satisfied with a one-sided Gospel, so refuse to be conformed to a *mermaid* Christianity. If I mistake not, God has given you a mind and heart capable of high and holy resolve, self-sacrifice, and enthusiasm; open it to the Divine Spirit without fear of consequences. Say, 'Here am I. What wilt Thou have me to do?' And listen inwardly for the answer.

"Time is flying; souls are perishing by thousands; men and women are dashing on the rocks which you have so recently escaped. Oh! warn, exhort, entreat! Get your heart fired with His love, and then, heeding not the trammels of conventionalism or the dictates of worldly prudence, go to work for Him and His lost ones. May He help and guide you! Sheaves await your gathering which no one else can gather. Say not, 'I am a child.' 'I will be with thee!'"

1884,
Age 55.

Three
editions.

*Inspiring
counsel.*

CHAPTER XCIX.

THE PURITY AGITATION. 1885.

Universal condemnation. VICE is without doubt the most hideous thing in the universe. The Cain's brand on its forehead is its ugliness. If it could see itself it would surely commit suicide. But it dare not face a mirror. Its very existence depends upon its being masked. Like the white ant, it is obliged to work under cover or it could not live. So intolerable is it to the human eye that there is not a nation under the sun which does not repress its outward manifestations, and compel it more or less to conceal its identity. The heathen are even ahead of Christians in this respect, and would be shocked to tolerate some things that Christendom allows. Everywhere alike vice is compelled to "hide its diminished head." The slum and prison for the poor, the mansion for the rich, must conceal from the sight and memory of humanity that which, if dragged before its eyes, the universal conscience must condemn.

Vice and crime. And no wonder. For the dividing line between vice and crime is thin—their connection intimate. Vice could not exist without crime, and crime without vice would dry up like a sourceless river. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten vice is crime, and crime in its worst form is but the natural development of vice. Crime is the fruit of which vice is the prolific root. Vice is the spawn from which crime breeds and germinates. We cultivate the spawn, while we seek to

destroy its natural result! We cast the fruit into the flames and provide a hothouse for the plant—or allow others to do so, which is almost the same. Vice is free to carry on its trade, but it must dispense with its chloroform, its bullies, and its keys. It must select for its victims the voiceless, influenceless poor. It must not force, but it may spread its dazzling enticements in the path of foolish youth. Its cobweb may be spun throughout the land. There must be equal liberty to catch and to be caught. Law must be made to deal with crime and not with vice, or if with vice it must be on the mole-killers' principle,

"Who catch enough to earn the farmer's pay,
And leave enough to come another day!"

The meshes of the law must be made narrow enough to enclose the criminal, and wide enough to let the vicious through. And when the net is cast it must be in the well-dragged pools of poverty. The waters of wealth must be free from the encroachments and poachments of the law.

But hidden vice is far from being virtue, though society too often appears willing to accept the brazen fraud. To cover a disease is not to cure it. The toadstool will remain a toadstool still. All the manuring in the world will not convert it into a mushroom, however closely it may be made to resemble one. There is as much poison in the one as there is food in the other.

There is only one safe way to deal with vice, and that is to extirpate it—root and branch. The covering-up policy has been attempted long enough. Society must attach to vice penalties that will make the weight of its displeasure felt. The Continental governments are beginning to awake to this. They are finding

1885,
Age 56.

*The
voiceless
poor.*

*The
brazen
fraud.*

*Extirpate
it.*

*1885,
Age 56.* out that it is no small evil to deliver the youth and beauty of the land to this wretched vampire that sucks the very life-blood from the nation, and fans it into deadly sleep till the last drop is drawn.

*Society's
outcasts.* From the time when Mrs. Booth had interested herself in the work of the Midnight movement her heart had been particularly drawn out on behalf of the fallen outcasts of society, who, often more sinned against than sinning, appealed peculiarly to her large and tender sympathies. More than once she had found opportunity for extending help to individual cases of misfortune and distress, obtaining homes for some of the children, and assisting the mothers to win their way back to the paths of virtue.

*Touched
by their
position.* It was not, however, till 1884 that a systematic effort was organised on their behalf. Touched by the helpless and pitiable position of some girls who had sought salvation at her corps, and who were sincerely desirous to reform, a baker's wife threw her home open for their reception. It was soon crowded to its utmost capacity and still others were clamouring for admission. Recognising in this the finger of God calling them to enter upon this particular field of enterprise, the leaders of the Army forthwith engaged a larger house and opened it, the first Rescue Home, placing it under the personal supervision of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. And thus, upon the foundation of this single Salvationist's love and faith and toil, was reared a work which has since extended to all quarters of the globe and been the means of restoring thousands of wanderers to the paths of virtue.

*The first
Rescue
Home.* Through the women who sought refuge in this Home heartrending tales of diabolical villany and cruelty were poured into the ear of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. Such was the effect that these exercised upon

*Effect on
Mrs.
Bramwell
Booth.*

her mind that for some weeks she cried herself to sleep. It was in vain that her husband sought to comfort her with the assurance that the stories could not be true; that the class with whom she was dealing were proverbial liars, and that at least they had grossly exaggerated the character of their troubles. At length, more with the idea of comforting her than of anything else, Mr. Bramwell Booth undertook to look personally into some of the cases. He met them and heard what they had to say. Still incredulous, he made enquiries at the names and addresses which they had given. Not only were their statements verified, but further discoveries of a still more atrocious character were incidentally made.

1885,
Age 56.

Mr.
Bramwell
investi-
gates.

A somewhat startling incident occurred at this time which helped to confirm him in his determination not to rest till some effectual redress had been obtained. He had gone as usual to the Headquarters one morning, when he was informed that, at the usual hour of opening the doors, a young girl had been found waiting for admission who told a piteous tale. Deeply interested as he was in the subject, Mr. Bramwell Booth sent for her at once to his office. Her youth, her innocence and her distress appealed to him.

Atrocious
and
startling.

She was only seventeen. A simple country girl, she had been brought up by her grandparents, who were poor, but thoroughly respectable, people. Thinking it was time for her to enter service they had sent her up to London in answer to an advertisement. Received with the utmost kindness by the lady of the house, it was not for some days that she discovered that she had been entrapped into a brothel. Escape was well-nigh impossible, so jealously were her movements watched. Nor did she know where to go. Without a

One girl's
story.

**1885,
Age 56.** single friend in the city, her position was indeed a dreadful one. She hoped, moreover, that it might be possible for her to work as a servant without pursuing the dreadful calling in which the others were engaged.

*With an
Army
hymn-
book.*

*Made her
escape.*

*Proved to
be true.*

During the previous night, to escape the attentions of a "gentleman" visitor at the house, she had barricaded herself in the kitchen. Reduced to the uttermost despair, she had suddenly remembered that in her box was a Salvation Army hymn-book with the address of the Headquarters upon it. She was sure Mr. Booth was a good man, and believed that if she could only get to him he would help her. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that the last of the visitors had departed and all had settled for sleep.

Armed with her hymn-book she then slipped out, opened a back window, climbed down a gutter-pipe, and made her escape, still arrayed in the red silk dress which had been given to her by her mistress. It was a long trudge from Pimlico to Queen Victoria Street. But, inquiring her way from policemen, the girl at length arrived, and waited for the opening of the doors.

Mr. Booth was deeply moved by so affecting a narrative. The girl was immediately admitted to the Rescue Home, while enquiries were made which fully proved the truth of all that she had said.

The feelings of horror aroused in his heart are described by Mr. Bramwell Booth in the following letter:

*Mr.
Bram-
well's res-
olution.*

"For months past I have been overwhelmed with the burden of shame and sorrow which the diabolical crimes against the children of the poor, recently brought to light, have laid upon me. For many weeks I was as one living in a dream of hell; the cries of outraged children and the smothered sobs of those imprisoned in living tombs were continually in my ears. I could not sleep. I could not take my food. At times I could

not pray; and it was during the agonies of that time that I resolved that, no matter what the consequences might be, I would do all I could to stop these abominations; to arouse public opinion, to agitate for the improvement of the law, to bring to justice these adulterers and murderers, and to rescue the poor victims."

1885,
Age 56.

Mrs. Booth shared to the full the indignation with which her son and daughter viewed the existing condition of things, and urged them on to take such steps as would best be calculated to meet the evil. Friends who had been for some time familiar with the facts were consulted. Foremost among these, Mrs. Booth turned to Mrs. Josephine Butler, whose past devotion and labour in this painful branch of Christian effort were beyond all praise. Having written to her upon the subject she received the following heart-stirring reply:

*Mrs.
Booth's
indigna-
tion.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—It was very kind of you to write to me. With regard to your suggestion that we should hold more popular meetings, I must explain to you a little the past history of our cause.

*Letter
from Mrs
Butler.*

"From 1869 to 1874 we travelled through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, and roused the whole working population. I myself visited every town of any size in England and Scotland. Our meetings were exclusively of the popular character, for the upper and higher middle class would not listen to us then. We had mass meetings all over the country, and I have addressed the working-people in open corn-markets and in the market-place, speaking from a cart, or any kind of platform. We have fought hard at the elections. The people of England are with us, as is proved by the repeated unanimous votes of their Trades Union Councils and of their Trades Congresses, and later of the 'Liberal Federation.' We have had meetings of the working-people of London year after year. It has to be done over again as generations come and go. But it has been thoroughly done. The Exeter Hall meetings were distinctly aimed at rather a higher class, and especially at Parliament. We have the votes of

*Familiar
with the
work.*

**1885,
Age 56.** the people, but (as you know in your own work) we need to reach the upper classes, and Government too, if we are to hope for justice and righteousness in public action.

It is God's cause. " You thought I looked depressed. No, I am never depressed now. I never feel anything but confidence concerning this cause, for it is God's. But, dear friend, my earlier life was full of sorrow—indeed, of tragedy. I have gone through seas of trouble and strange suffering. I am happier as I get older. The joy which God gives me overwhelms even the awful memories of the past. I sometimes regret that I have not that countenance of joy which is so powerful an argument for the Christian's faith and so attractive to the young. But you know how early sorrow leaves its mark indelibly on the features, although the peace and joy are evident to those who live with one. Some day I want to write to you of some of that sorrow, that opening of the jaws of hell, which God called me to witness.

"God seemed blotted out." " You said in your address that but for the grace of God you would have felt desperate anger at those unjust and wicked men. I had to endure all that before the grace of God was in my heart, and even after—while it was not strong enough to overcome the fire of wrath within me. For months and years I longed to bathe my hands in blood. I was on the point of becoming an assassin of assassins. Vengeance, horror and hatred devoured my soul. God seemed blotted out. What I knew and saw shook my hold upon Him. Demons seemed to govern this world. My dreams at night were of murder and violence. I hated with a hatred which broke my heart and drove me from God. I was a murderer in my heart, through vengeance. But at last God so thoroughly broke my heart with despair that I gave up, and left the matter with Him. What we see and read of in England does not half come up to what I have seen abroad. One instance will be enough to show you what I mean. Some time I will give you it; and then multiply that by ten thousand and think if it is surprising that I should look depressed."

One instance of ten thousand.

Corroboration facts.

Only too well satisfied in her own mind of the existence and extent of the evil, Mrs. Booth nevertheless saw the importance of having such facts at her disposal as would corroborate her statements when

pressing the matter home upon others. Further investigations were accordingly commenced under the immediate supervision of Mr. Bramwell Booth, who at the cost of nerve and strength, and with infinite toil and patience, followed up some of the clues which had been obtained. A mass of information on the subject was thus accumulated, sufficient to abundantly confirm the previous statements.

1885,
Age 56.

The idea of bringing public sentiment to bear upon the question naturally presented itself. But this was a course which was viewed with reluctance. The character of the evil was such that publicity was for many reasons to be deprecated. Moreover, there was in the journalistic world a widespread conspiracy of silence, and it was doubtful whether any newspaper of sufficient weight could be found which would be willing to ventilate the subject, or plead the cause in the hearty manner necessary to ensure success.

Publicity
depre-
cated.

There was, however, one exception; there might have been others, but one at least had proved that he could speak—and speak without the assurance of a sympathetic echo. The former editor of the *Northern Echo*, Mr. W. T. Stead, to whom we have already at some length referred, was at the time in London as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The chivalrous spirit by which the Army leaders knew him to be animated induced them to place their information at his disposal, and to invite him to enquire for himself into the truth of the evils which were alleged to exist.

Mr.
Stead.

At first Mr. Stead was as incredulous as others had been, and disposed to treat the reports as having been grossly exaggerated. Mr. Bramwell Booth invited him to meet Mr. Benjamin Scott, the City Chamberlain, who was specially familiar with the details of one branch of this iniquity—the Continental traffic.

Interview
with the
City
Chamber-
lain,

*1885,
Age 56.
and with
victims.* Mr. Stead consented. In an adjoining room Mr. Booth placed his reserve force, consisting of some of the unfortunate victims of the trade. After discussing the matter for some little time, and fully confirming, from facts that were in his possession, the statements made by Mr. Booth, Mr. Scott was obliged to leave. One by one Mr. Stead then listened to and questioned the girl witnesses who had been brought. Conviction forced itself slowly upon his mind. It was with difficulty that he could restrain his emotions. The last of the victims had withdrawn. The two men, both in the prime of life—not too old to be enthusiastic, not so young as to be rashly led away by their feelings—were left alone in the room. There was a momentary pause. Mr. Booth waited to see what his friend would say. The silence was painful.

*A solemn
row.* At length, raising his clenched hand in the air, Mr. Stead brought it down upon the table with a force that made the inkpots dance, while he gave vent to his emotions in a yell. The one word, "DAMN!" rang through the room. Then bursting into tears the two men grasped each other's hands, and vowed upon their knees before God that they would not rest until something had been done to expose and remedy the evil.

*Investiga-
tions ear-
ried on.* Not satisfied with the evidence already gained, Mr. Stead formed at once a secret commission of enquiry, an amateur detective force, which should familiarise itself with every detail of the traffic, and, trusting nothing to hearsay, should learn from the very lips of those engaged in the business the extent and nature of their operations. The manner in which Mr. Stead carried out his investigations it is not our province to describe. But for the noble spirit which animated him posterity can but award him its highest meed of praise, and his



MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

name will doubtless be handed down as ranking high among the true benefactors of mankind. He had everything to lose, nothing to gain, by the course that he pursued. In the first place, it required no little courage to stir up such a hornet's nest. The men who did so must be prepared to carry their lives in their hands and risk the vengeance of those with whose gains and pleasures they dared to interfere. Money was no object to the inhuman patrons of the trade, one of whom made it his boast that he had been the means of casting two thousand innocent girls upon the streets, whilst another had given a standing order to a single agency for seventy new victims every year.

The devices by which they were entrapped, the bribes and subterfuges for the evasion of the existing law, the sickening details of the cruelties practised, it is impossible here to repeat. Suffice it to say that the dismal horrors then discovered were of such a character as to baffle description.

But the law. Was there no remedy for dealing with these atrocities? And here was the loophole of the criminals. The law recognized the right of young girls above the age of thirteen to dispose of themselves, however ignorant they might be of the consequences. The ranks of vice were largely recruited by means of guileless girls, who, lured by promises of money, clothes, and situations, and ignorant of what they were doing, were enticed to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. It was obviously necessary to raise the age of consent. Three times the House of Lords, to its eternal credit be it said, had passed a bill for the amendment of the criminal law upon the subject, and as often the House of Commons, to its eternal shame, had blocked the scheme. Every effort had been made to rouse these legislators

1885,
Age 56.

Poster-
ity's ver-
dict.

No little
courage.

Description
baffled.

Guileless
girls.

The Lords
blocked
by the Com-
mons.

1885,
Age 56.
*Refused
to act.*

from their apathy. Not that there was any reasonable ground to doubt the facts. The Lords' Committee, which sat for ten months in order to enquire into this dreadful slavery, through Lord Dalhousie stated that it "surpassed in arrant villany and rascality any other trade in human beings in any part of the world, in ancient or modern times." Lord Shaftesbury, who was one of the Committee, affirmed "that anything more horrible, or anything approaching the wickedness and cruelty perpetrated in these dens of infamy in Brussels, it was impossible to imagine." Lord Dalhousie further stated that "upward of twenty procurers had been at work in England, to the knowledge of the police, since 1875." And yet a majority in the House of Commons, for reasons best known to themselves, stubbornly refused for five long years to act upon the information they had received!

Mrs.
Booth
writes the
Queen.

For Mrs. Booth to know of the existence of an evil was to seek to remedy it. While the enquiries above described were being prosecuted, it occurred to her, among other plans, that the present was a fitting opportunity for presenting a direct appeal to Her Majesty the Queen. Knowing the personal interest manifested by Her Majesty in the welfare of her subjects, and assured that the woes and sufferings of these, her weak and injured daughters, could not fail to excite her deepest sympathy, Mrs. Booth addressed the following letter to the Queen:

"May it please your Majesty :

" My heart has been so filled with distress and apprehension on account of the rejection by the House of Commons of the Bill for the Protection of Young Girls from the consequences of male profligacy, that, on behalf of tens of thousands of the most pitiable and helpless of your Majesty's subjects, I venture to address you.

"First, I would pray that your Majesty will cause the Bill to be re-introduced during the present session of Parliament; and,

1885,
Age 56.

"Secondly, I would pray that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to insist on the limit of age being fixed at sixteen.

"I feel sure that if your Majesty could only be made acquainted with the awful sacrifice of infant purity, health, and happiness, to the vices of the evil-minded men who oppose the raising of the age, your mother's heart would bleed with pity.

"The investigation, in connection with our operations throughout the kingdom, of cases continually transpiring brings to our knowledge appalling evidence of the enormity of the crimes daily perpetrated; crimes such as must, ere long, if something is not done, undermine our whole social fabric and bring down the judgments of God upon our nation.

"If I could only convey to your Majesty an idea of the tenth part of the demoralisation, shame, and suffering entailed on thousands of the children of the poor by the present state of the law on this subject I feel sure that your womanly feelings would be roused to indignation, and that your Majesty would make the remaining years of your glorious reign (which I fervently pray may be many) even more illustrious than those that are past, by going off merely conventional lines in order to save the female children of your people from a fate worse than that of slaves or savages.

"May He who is the Avenger of the oppressed incline the heart of your Majesty to come to His help in this matter, prays

"Yours, on behalf of the innocents,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To this Her Majesty sent the following reply:

*Her
Majesty's
reply.*

"The Dowager Duchess Roxburgh presents her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and is desired by the Queen to acknowledge Mrs. Booth's letter of the 3rd instant, and to say that Her Majesty, fully sympathising with Mrs. Booth on the painful subject to which it refers, has already had communication thereon with a lady closely connected with the Government, to whom Mrs. Booth's letter will be immediately forwarded."

Determined to leave no stone unturned to secure

**1885,
Age 56.** the passing of the Act, Mrs. Booth next addressed herself to Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, in the following terms:

Mrs.
Booth
writes Mr.
Glad-
stone.

"To the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

"DEAR MR. GLADSTONE:—My heart has been so oppressed of late with the awful disclosures forced upon us in connection with our movement throughout the kingdom, that I feel constrained to write you to implore that you will insist upon the re-introduction of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill during this session.

"I think I may thoughtfully say that I represent hundreds of thousands of the working classes in this request, for I have ample evidence that if they were appealed to their voices would be raised as the voice of one man in seconding this request.

"I would also entreat you to use your great influence in order to raise the age of the responsibility of girls to seventeen, and, further, that the Bill shall confer power to search any premises where there is reasonable ground to suspect that any girl under age is detained for immoral purposes; or for any other woman so detained against her will. I feel sure that if you knew of the fearful crimes that are being daily perpetrated in this city, the numbers of helpless children who are being literally bought and sold, and sacrificed, body and soul, for the gratification of male profligacy, you would deem this question of so great importance that you would take steps for the immediate alteration of the law in the direction suggested.

"Dear Mr. Gladstone, you have done much for the helpless and the oppressed in this and other lands; let me implore you to turn your attention to this question, and to crown these illustrious achievements by doing all that is possible to you in order to rescue the infant victims of a debauchery and villany worse than that of slaveholders or savages.

"I am overwhelmed with shame and grief for the destruction of the daughters of my people by the very men who ought to be foremost in chivalry and virtue, and I am persuaded that, if something effectual is not done, there will be, ere long, such an exposure of their crimes as will shake the nation to its centre, and awfully loosen the restraints of both

law and morality. In the name of numbers of outraged infants, of agonised parents, of insulted humanity and of blasphemed religion, I beseech you, dear Mr. Gladstone, not to turn a deaf ear to this appeal, and may the God of the oppressed guide and own your efforts, prays

"Yours, on behalf of the innocents,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To this letter was sent the following reply:

"MADAM:—Mr. Gladstone has received your letter, but desires me to say that he fears he cannot at a moment like the present undertake to examine personally the questions you touch on in connection with the Criminal Procedure Bill. The Government, by introducing the bill, have shown their sense of the importance of the subject, and Mr. Gladstone will not fail to forward your communication to the Home Secretary, with whom the conduct of the bill in Parliament primarily rests.

"Your obedient servant,

"H. W. PRIMROSE."

Hopeful, however, as were these and other replies which Mrs. Booth received to her letters, the adoption of any definite remedial measures continued to be delayed. The House of Commons was too much absorbed with matters relating to property and taxes to find time to concern itself about the destruction of England's womanhood, who lay in slaughtered thousands upon the high places of the field. It became evident that little or nothing would be accomplished unless the final stimulus which springs from public opinion were applied. The iron which when cold, or even warm, would not yield to the most skilful hammer's thrice-repeated blows, when plunged into the flames and tempered to white heat would readily accept the moulding will. There was one card left to play; the trump card of publicity. It had been kept back in the lingering hope that the Government would not

1885,
Age 56.

*Reply
from Mr.
Glad-
stone.*

*The
stimulus
of
publicity.*

*The battle
won.*

**1885,
Age 56.** require this last impetus. But at length, with a dramatic effect only increased by the delay, it was flung down, and it had barely touched the table when it was evident to all that the battle was won.

Lashed to fury.

*The
"Maiden
Tribute."*

*Only a
drop.*

And now followed one of those mighty moral upheavals which require to be witnessed to be understood. For once the national conscience was roused. More than roused; it was lashed to fury at the discovery of atrocities perpetrated with impunity beneath the very shadow of the law. Vice, caught unawares and stripped of all its pageantry, was dragged remorselessly from its dark hiding-place and pilloried before the public gaze. What the servants of the law were paid to do but would not do, or dared not do, the Christian enterprise of those who were ready, in the cause of humanity, to risk their own life and reputation was destined to accomplish. Well might the world go nearly mad at the hideous revelations contained in the "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," which, coming from the able pen of Mr. Stead, stirred so profoundly public sentiment.

A drop of the polluted waters—only a drop—was thrown through virtue's lantern upon the sheet before the public gaze. Child-slavery, arch-villany, refined cruelty, and superlative brutality were thrust into the journalistic pillory, and held up for the universal execration of mankind.

*Mass-
meetings
organ-
ised.*

Realising the magnitude of the opportunity, and determined to make the utmost use of the rising tide of public opinion, the General organised mass-meetings in London and throughout the provinces, where Mrs. Booth poured forth her pent-up indignation on immense and enthusiastic audiences. Powerful with her pen, Mrs. Booth was well-nigh irresistible upon the platform, especially on a subject which had so

deeply stirred her inmost soul. Some interesting references to these gatherings are made in the following letters to her daughter Emma, who was then in Switzerland:

1885,
Age 56.

"Oh, how wicked the world is! Bramwell and Stead have been engaged on some investigations about the child prostitution of London, and their discoveries are awful. I wrote the Queen on Thursday about it, and received a most gracious reply. I have never known anything take such hold of Bramwell for years. I told him I never felt so proud of him in my life. But all this on the top of our other work is killing. However, I have felt better the last few days."

*"On the
top of our
other
work."*

Writing again, on the day previous to the publication of the "Maiden Tribute," Mrs. Booth says:

"The first article is coming out in the *Pall Mall* to-morrow. It will cause a shaking! And time it did! These fiends perpetrating such hellish crimes as these! It is a wonder that the people do not lynch them and burn their houses about their ears! It has made me feel awful sometimes while the investigations have been going on. We have got some of the children in our keeping! Pray that we may be able to burst up this machinery of hell."

*"Machin-
ery of
hell."*

"I am going to hold some meetings with Mrs. Butler on the subject at the West End. Pray for me. Oh, if I were only—but it is of no use wishing. You young ones must take my place and do better. I am writing to Lord Salisbury, who is now Prime Minister, a somewhat similar letter to the one I sent Mr. Gladstone on the question. We are determined to have the law altered. Poor Bramwell has been sadly overdone, but I trust the worst is now over."

*Letter to
Lord
Salisbury.*

In another letter Mrs. Booth says:

"I am delighted to hear of your improvement. It has been the ointment to my heart this morning in the midst of a deluge of distressing feelings aroused by these dreadful disclosures, which I do hope you know nothing about. I told Bramwell not to send the *Pall Mall*, and I hope you won't ask for it. You see, you can do nothing away there, and you could

*Dis-
closures
in the
"Pall
Mall."*

**1885,
Age 56.** not possibly read it without harrowing every feeling of your nature and upsetting your nights for a week at least. Therefore do be persuaded, and be willing to remain in ignorance till you return.

*West End
addresses.* "We are doing all that mortals can. Poor papa is dreadfully harassed, and I am more distressed than I can say at being just now so helpless physically. However, I am mending, and hope to be able to address two meetings on the subject, one at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, the other at St. James's, in which Mrs. Butler and others are going to help me. Mr. Samuel Morley is to take the chair on Tuesday.

*Lord
Salisbury
in reply.* "The excitement in the city and in the House of Commons yesterday was unparalleled for many years gone by. They say there was nothing else talked about in the House. I have a letter this morning in answer to mine of Tuesday to Lord Salisbury, who you know has taken the place of Mr. Gladstone. Of course the rascals who are in this iniquity are raging, and our one fear is that it may make it worse for our poor people; however, we see no way to mend the evil but by fighting it out. I know you will pray for us, especially the General and Bramwell. Don't let it agitate you. God will preserve us, and perhaps use us to do a great work of deliverance for thousands of poor helpless girls."

A few days later Mrs. Booth writes again:

*Excite-
ment
spread-
ing.* "We had a grand time at Exeter Hall last night; more than three parts of the audience were men, and a great many outsiders. Two M.P.s spoke. The Hall crowded to its utmost capacity. We send you the report of speeches. The excitement in London has been unparalleled, and it is now spreading to the provinces. We are trying to arrange a meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Monday, and we have a meeting for women only in Exeter Hall on Thursday next.

"I miss you tremendously in this fray, the only comfort I have being that you are out of the horror and anguish which it would have inevitably brought upon you, and that you are laying in strength to fight the evil in coming days.

*"Like
being a
traitor."* "All this has taken me away from the Training Home, much to my sorrow, but we all felt it important that we should take advantage of the rising tide, so I could not help it. What all this has cost me I will not attempt to write. I

had four bad nights in succession, with the dreadful subject burning into my heart and brain. I felt as though I must go and walk the streets and besiege the dens where these hellish iniquities are going on. To keep quiet seemed like being a traitor to humanity. Oh, it has been a fearful time. However, God has helped me to speak. The reports are very poor. I was too rapid for anybody to report me, but the truth I uttered electrified the people till they could hardly sit on their seats. They shouted and clapped and wept in all directions. I have rested better the last two nights. Pray for me.

1885,
Age 56.

"This work on top of all the rest is awful, and it is years since anything so harrowed my soul. I feel as though I could not rest, but as though I must go and ferret out these monsters myself. Then almost everybody, notwithstanding the indignation, seems so content with *talking!* Nobody appears willing to take the responsibility of doing or risking anything. Oh, what a state the world has got into! How happy they who are safe and well out of it, so far as themselves are concerned."

It was at this crisis that Mrs. Booth addressed a second letter to Her Majesty the Queen:

*Another
letter to
the
Queen.*

"Your Majesty will be aware that since your last communication to me some heart-rending disclosures have been made with respect to the painful subject on which I ventured to address you. It seems probable that some effective legislation will be the result, for which the multitudes of your Majesty's subjects in the Salvation Army will be deeply grateful.

"Nevertheless, legislation will not effect what requires to be done. Nothing but the most desperate, systematic, and determined effort, moral and spiritual, can meet the case, and it would be a great encouragement to thousands of those engaged in this struggle if your Majesty would at this juncture graciously send us a word of sympathy and encouragement to be read at our mass meetings in different parts of the kingdom, the first of which takes place on Thursday evening next at Exeter Hall.

"Allow me to add that it would cheer your Majesty's heart to hear the responses of immense audiences in different parts of the land when it has been intimated that the heart of your

**1885,
Age 56.** Majesty beats in sympathy with this effort to protect and rescue the juvenile daughters of your people.

"Praying for your Majesty's highest peace and prosperity,

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Majesty's loyal and devoted servant,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

*The Queen's
deep
interest.*

To this letter Her Majesty sent the following reply:

"The Dowager Marchioness of Ely presents her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and begs leave to assure her that her letter, addressed to the Queen, has received Her Majesty's careful consideration. Lady Ely need scarcely tell Mrs. Booth that the Queen feels very deeply on the subject to which her letter refers, but Her Majesty has been advised that it would not be desirable for the Queen to express any opinion upon a matter which forms at present the object of a measure before Parliament."

*The mon-
ster
petition
escorted
to West-
minster.*

But perhaps the crowning effort of the campaign was the organising by the General of a monster petition to the House of Commons. So overwhelming was the response to his appeal that within the short space of seventeen days no less than 343,000 signatures were obtained. Coiled up in an immense roll, measuring in length two miles, bound together and draped with the Army colours, the petition was placed upon a large open wagon and escorted in the direction of Westminster to the point beyond which public demonstrations were not allowed to proceed. It was then driven to the entrance of the Houses of Parliament, where it was carried by eight stalwart uniformed Salvationists and deposited upon the floor of the House of Commons. It was a unique and impressive spectacle, the members rising to their feet spontaneously to view the unwonted scene. Thus within the very precincts of the Nation's legislature, as well as through the length and breadth of the land, the wail of trampled

*In the
House of
Com-
mons.*

innocence and womanhood was voiced. An angry nation thundered at the gates and demanded instantaneous vindication of the law. The spectacle was sublime. Righteous indignation, that grandest echo of the God in man—when humanity rises in self forgetfulness to its stature's utmost height, every nerve, every sinew of its being stretched in simultaneous action—grand in an individual, never looked more nationally grand. With sparkling eyes and beating heart, and cheeks crimsoned with honest shame, all that was true and noble in England's life and homes stood forth to demand justice, deliverance, and protection for the girlhood of the land.

It was in vain that some in power whined and whimpered that there was "no law;" that while property was guarded by a bayonet-fence unprotected maidenhood could sell the priceless birthright of her virtue to the first villain who was clever enough to deceive her artless innocence and base enough to fling his ruined victim on the streets. If such was law, then law must be mended; and mended it was, with a celerity unequalled in the history of England's lawmaking. The Criminal Law Amendment Act, raising the age of consent to 16, was carried through Parliament in a way which showed what could be done if those who ought to do it would.

1885,
Age 56.

Action
taken at
last.

CHAPTER C.

THE GREAT DUST TRICK. 1885.

*The battle
not ended.*

BUT the battle with the harpies and their Minotaur allies had not yet ended. The last scene in the drama had still to be played. More strange, more incredible, more audaciously impossible than could have been imagined, was the solemn farce that was to be enacted on the public stage. It was an outrage alike on virtue and on common sense, and posterity will cover the actors in the discreditable cause with shame, and will wonder that men of honour could be found who would be willing to sacrifice the dignity of the law in going through the great transparent legal pantomime.

*A legal
pantomime.*

*Dust
every-
where.*

A Balaclava charge, a cloud of dust, dust in the Parliament, dust in the law courts, dust, especially—a veritable shower of it—in the newspapers, dust in the office, dust in the counting-house, dust in the brothel, dust in the club, dust here, dust there, dust everywhere—and the great unparalleled dust trick was performed. It was an expensive affair—must have cost £10,000 if it cost a shilling; but that was the best part of the hoax, for the public themselves had to pay! And the conjurors—well, to say the least, none of them were the worse off, and some of them—let us not ask what a grateful people gave them for their services. They were all honourable men! And their immense sacrifices, unequalled energy, brilliant detective skill, and legal acumen in discov-

*All
honorable
men.*

ering and punishing the real criminals, was it not worthy of the paltry sum? Should not their names be emblazoned in the temple of fame, and heralded throughout the world, as the faithful defenders of wickedness in high places, as the noble champions of vice, as the slaughterers of "the two witnesses" who had dared to prophesy, "clothed in sackcloth," against the abominations of the day? Had not the time come when all the belibelled inhabitants of brotheldom might "rejoice, and make merry, and send gifts one to another," because "the two prophets" who had "tormented them" had been slain?

1885,
Age 56.

But the trick! The dust had slowly cleared. The *when the dust cleared.* bewildered public was half stupefied. There was dust in its eyes, dust in its nostrils, dust in its ears, dust half-way down its throat. It coughed, choked, sneezed, rubbed its eyes red and cleared its spectacles to gaze upon a scene which no Shakespeare would have had the audacity to conceive. And yet there was a striking parallel after all. The actors in this novel play might have been studying the "Merchant of Venice." For the proverbial Jew; no, not a Jew—be it not breathed!—an *Englishman*, was there, demanding persistently his "pound of flesh." Armed with the "Maiden Tribute," standing upon the letter of the law, he faced an English jury, demanding—what? Justice! Yes, justice, for the brothel-keeper, —for the slave-traders, for the Minotaurs, for the harpies, whose peaceful orgies had been thus suddenly disturbed!

Justice for the brothel-keeper.

The dust had cleared. The pillory was there—*Plenty of pillories.* not one but half a dozen pillories! And the infamous monsters, where were they? Not far distant, to be sure! Tittering beneath the ermine of nobility, yelping behind the editorial chair, and, alas,

1885,
Age 56. worst of all, grimacing triumphantly from behind the sheltering aegis of the law.

Obstructing the road.

But the pillories! They were not empty? Oh, no! The "good Samaritans" were there—pilloried for creating an obstruction in the road of vice! The criminals who had been accustomed to pass from Jerusalem to Jericho, with a free permit to rob, to worse than rob, every maiden over thirteen, had certainly been obstructed—permanently so! The road had been narrowed by three yards. It was wide enough still, Heaven knew! but it had been narrowed, none the less. Intolerable! Poor vice! The victim of insatiable virtue! But now the day of vengeance had arrived! The "good Samaritans" were pilloried, and injured girlhood left to perish in the road. The Barabbas of the brothels was released, and the old cry was raised, "Down with the Nazarene!"

Virtue in the sunlight.

And yet it was a glorious spectacle. For just as vice needs but to be seen in order to be scorned, so virtue never looks more beautiful than beneath the blaze of a veritable sunlight of publicity. Turn it which way you will, it always shines. Like a diamond with a thousand facets, it will bear looking at from every point of view.

Thought to turn the guns.

The enemies of righteousness had thought to turn the guns of purity against itself. Through the lantern of misrepresentation, calumny, ridicule, satire, and what not, they would depict upon the sheet before the public eye the blemishes of virtue, and prove her to be, after all, but one degree removed from vice in turpitude. The governmental, legal, journalistic mountains quaked and rocked in the throes of a veritable earthquake of bombast. The nation looked, but not so much as the proverbial little mouse could it descry! Two beautiful, pure, self-sacrificing char-

acters shone out upon the sheet, like guardian angels of humanity; two men who were not deaf to the cries of tens of thousands of injured innocents because their own babes happened to be safe; upon whose hearts the tears of the widow and the orphan and the oppressed fell like molten lead. It was a spectacle worth looking at and seldom seen: two men who were willing in these days to shoulder a real cross, and fight a real battle on mankind's behalf. Had they been the only two it would have been something, but one at least represented thousands more who were ready at a signal to make like sacrifices in the service of their fellow-men.

1885,
Age 56.

*Two
beautiful
char-
acters.*

"The Armstrong case will smash the Salvation Army," pronounced a titled celebrity, who was favoured with a seat upon the Bow Street bench and who thought he might at last safely venture upon a prophecy which could not fail to come to pass. Indeed, those who were supposed to know unhesitatingly declared that the proceedings were aimed as much at the Salvation Army as at the neo-journalism with which Mr. Stead's name was identified. But the would-be prophet was doomed to be disappointed once more. The Armstrong case did not crush the Salvation Army. How could it? Instead of doing so it advertised it far and wide as the champion of the oppressed, a terror to evildoers, and a national bulwark against the encroachments of vice and crime.

*"It will
smash the
Army."*

*But
it adver-
tised it.*

Villains, rich or poor, were to learn that not one, but a hundred thousand men and women linked as one, would in future bar their way and interpose their own bodies between them and the miserable victims of their lust. Even Rebecca Jarrett, the one repentant Magdalene, out of whom not seven but legions of impure devils had been cast, bore with forti-

*Rebecca
Jarrett.*

1885. **Age 56.** tude, as the righteous meed of her former crimes, the unjust punishment of her one great effort to redeem the atrocious past. Surely the Pharisees would have blushed to pass a sentence of six months on Mary Magdalene, as she left the presence of Jesus Christ after she had renounced a life of sin for one of virtue. But the male Magdalenes of that day, who knew Mary so well, and who in the sight of Heaven were no better than their despised victim, had not yet reached that point of nineteenth century hardihood! Were there no unrepentant Jarretts that the law could lay its hands upon, that it must wreak its vengeance on the solitary one who dared to turn Queen's evidence in exposing the depth of this vile traffic to the world? It was indeed a rude trial of the genuineness of her penitence. But she stood the test, proving the reality of the change, and will one day doubtless meet her accusers at the bar of God, where pardoned Magdalenes will have a better chance. In touching contrast to the action of the Government and Judge in regard to Jarrett was the offer of a girl captain in the Salvation Army to take her place and bear her punishment! And there could be no doubt that not one, but hundreds, of her comrades would have volunteered to do the same.

A girl captain's offer.

*Breaking
the mi-
croscope.*

A tale is told by Macaulay of a rich Brahmin who was shown a drop of sacred Ganges water through a microscope. Horrified at the sight of its impurities, the Brahmin asked the price of the unlucky instrument, paid for it, and dashed it to atoms on the spot. Christianity smiles. The Brahmin's folly neither purified the drop nor the stream from which it was taken. Whether or not he chose to recognize the fact, the animalculæ were there. The question was what to do with them.

But here the Brahmin was a Christian Government, the microscope the "Maiden Tribute," its operator a Christian journalist, the drop of water taken from the national pool. The sight was truly sickening. The man who could behold it unmoved must be heartless indeed. And yet this enlightened Christian Government proceeds to imitate precisely the action of the Brahmin priest. Instead of setting earnestly to work to cleanse the impure stream, it seizes the unpaid-for microscope and hurls it to the ground, and then leaps upon its owner, drags him to the bar, proclaims a solemn fast, and sets up "men of Belial" to prove that "Naboth hath blasphemed God and the king"—no, God and brotheldom—and hurls him for the offence into a felon's cell! while his vineyard, to complete the parallel, was soon afterwards given to another! Could the annals of hypocrisy present a stranger scene? How will such actions read in the light of history—nay, of the Great White Throne? Surely Pharisees are out-Phariseed, and Jezebel herself out-Jezebeled for once!

To say that Mrs. Booth was indignant is but feebly to describe the horror of amazement with which she regarded this foul stratagem! She mourned most because it was calculated to draw a false scent across the track, and to turn public attention from the evil itself to those who were striving, however imperfectly, to deal with it.

The Criminal Law Amendment Act having been passed she had left London with the General for the provinces, eager to use the widespread interest of the hour in awakening universal attention to the one great theme: the salvation of the world. The General, in particular, was anxious to remind his followers that the subject which had lately engrossed the public

1885,
Age 56.

*The
stream
not
cleansed.*

*How will
they
read?*

*This foul
strata-
gem.*

*General
and Mrs.
Booth in
the
provinces.*

1885,
Age 56. mind was but a single manifestation of the all-prevailing sin which, in a thousand different forms, was the source of the miseries of mankind. Nothing has perhaps more emphatically contributed to the success of the Army than the persistency with which its leaders have ever kept the one main object in view.

Unlooked-for prosecutions. Great was their astonishment, however, when late one night they received a telegram urging their immediate return to London, and informing them that the Government had decided to prosecute, not the authors of the recently revealed atrocities, but those who had been the means of calling public attention to the existence of the evil. Mr. Stead, Mr. Bramwell Booth, Mrs. Combe, and Rebecca Jarrett, the reclaimed brothel-keeper, had been arraigned and brought to the bar.

*Mr.
Stead's
statement.* And here it is necessary to explain. Mr. Stead had stated, among other things, that it was possible, for the sum of £5, or even less, to purchase in the London slave market, at a few days' notice, a young girl, to entrap her under false pretences, to remove her to a brothel, to drug her, and to commit her to a life of shame, under the very eye of the law. Scores of instances were given. Among others, a girl named Armstrong was purchased, with the assistance of a converted ex-brothelkeeper, Rebecca Jarrett. Care was of course taken that the girl should be in no way harmed, and then every other step of the alleged road to ruin was trodden without the slightest hitch or difficulty being encountered in the way; the girl being finally handed over to the care and safe-keeping of the Salvation Army, by whom she was removed to the Continent.

Here, then, was the flaw in Mr. Stead's armor. It is said that when Achilles was dipped into the Styx

he was rendered invulnerable at every point save his heel, by which he happened to be held. And here was the "Maiden Tribute's" Achilles' heel at which the legal shafts were forthwith aimed. Mr. Stead was a law-breaker! He was a criminal self-confessed! "What need have we of further witness?" Motives were neither here nor there. The law had been broken. The law must be vindicated. "The engineer" must be "hoist with his own petard." His accomplices, Mr. Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Combe, a Swiss lady, must be punished for the "crime" of receiving and sheltering the girl whom they believed, rightly or wrongly, to have been sold for evil purposes. The ex-brothelkeeper must, of course, be added to the list, with two other participators in the transaction. A few real malefactors must be mixed up with the make-believes to manifest the judicial impartiality of the law!

Determined to protest against the perpetration of such a wrong Mrs. Booth addressed the following letter to Sir Richard Cross, who was then Home Secretary:

"To the Right Honourable Sir Richard Cross.

"SIR:—You will doubtless have learnt from the daily papers that the Public Prosecutor has commenced proceedings against some of the agents concerned in the disclosures recently recorded in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"One of these agents, Rebecca Jarrett, was herself a victim of male criminality at the age of fifteen, and lived an immoral life for fourteen years, the greater part of which time she kept a brothel and was allowed to prosecute her vile trade without the interference of the law. Nine months ago this woman was rescued by the Salvation Army, and has since lived an entirely changed life, although she has not been in connection with the Salvation Army all the time.

"While engaged in the recent disclosures she was in the employ of Mrs. Butler, of Winchester, and has acted through-

1885,
Age 56.

*His vulnera-
ble point.*

*Partici-
pators
in the
transac-
tion.*

*Protest by
Mrs.
Booth.*

*To Sir
Richard
Cross.*

*Herself a
victim.*

**1885,
Age 56.**

*Prison
treat-
ment.*

*Not
allowed
bail.*

*"Half has
not been
told."*

*The
Gover-
nment's
attitude.*

*Law must
take its
course.*

out only in the capacity of a benefactress and deliverer, for which she has been arrested, and, though not yet even committed for trial, is now in solitary confinement in a stone cell, with only a mat to lie on, without bed or pillow, her own warm clothing having been taken away, leaving her shivering with cold day and night, notwithstanding that she is suffering from incurable hip disease, having only left the hospital a few months.

"Jarrett gave herself up voluntarily twenty-four hours after she knew that a warrant was issued for her arrest; nevertheless she was not allowed bail, although a brothel-keeper charged with keeping a disorderly house was granted this privilege the day before.

"I cannot believe, Sir Richard, that you will allow such an injustice to continue, neither can I believe that you are a party to the iniquity of bringing the machinery of the law to bear against those who have at great personal sacrifice brought out these horrible crimes, the half of which, you must be aware, has not been told.

"So far as we of the Salvation Army are concerned in the revelations, we should rejoice in the opportunity for verifying them before the world, only for the grief and shame that we experience in contemplating the state of things which has made these exposures necessary.

"I may add that personally I am broken-hearted at the contemplation of the prospects of our nation, and after thirty years' hard toil amongst the masses of the people, for their renovation and salvation, I must say the attitude of the Government on this question is most disheartening, having the appearance of judicial blindness which must inevitably be the presage of coming retribution.

"Praying that you will give immediate orders for the amelioration of Jarrett's surroundings,

"I am, sir,

"Yours very respectfully, seeking the lost,
"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Whether or not the condition of Jarrett was ameliorated, so far as the prosecution was concerned the protest was in vain. What could Sir Richard Cross do? The law must take its ordinary course!

Writing, a few days subsequently, to Lady Cairns
Mrs. Booth thus expresses her indignation at the
course:

1885,
Age 56.

"MY DEAR LADY CAIRNS:—You will readily believe that this is a very trying time to me, not only, I think I can truly say, because of any personal inconvenience or suffering entailed upon us, but because of the burning sense of injustice driven into my soul by the present action of the Government. What a sight it must be to God and angels to see the power of the Government of this great country exerted to crush those who, at great personal risk and suffering, have dared to attack the enormities which are destroying the very vitals of our national life, instead of turning its attention to the Minotaur,* and other similar monsters!"

To Lady
Cairns.

"I am almost paralysed with grief and shame. I had so hoped that we should be able to mend things without dragging out the names and crimes of individuals, many of them so high in position and authority. No one can possibly mourn over this more than we do, for, as you know, we have been toiling, more especially the last twenty years, to implant the fear of God and respect for righteous law in the minds of the lower classes; but the insane action of the Government leaves us no alternative."

Names of
some
high in
authority.

"I fear judicial blindness must have fallen upon our rulers, and anarchy and destruction are before us; and the agonising feeling that one can do nothing to avert the danger is almost too heavy to be borne. I know you unite with us in crying to God that in the midst of deserved wrath He will remember mercy."

Fears for
the
future.

"I am, dear Lady Cairns,
"Yours faithfully, in the war,
"CATHERINE BOOTH."

But protests were of little avail. Government was inexorable. Having proved its sincerity in recognising the evil by passing the Act, it was next going to stultify itself and Parliament by proving that there was no need for the Act! Here was an incredible

No need
for the
act!

* One of the villains described in the "Maiden Tribute."

**1885,
Age 56.** piece of inconsistency! First to legislate for brothel-dom, and then to whitewash brothel-dom by proving that, after all, it was not so bad as some supposed.
Why not? Why did they not prosecute the Committee of the House of Lords, and include Lord Dalhousie or Lord Shaftesbury in their impeachment of Messrs. Stead and Bramwell Booth?

*Previous
remarks
of Sir
Richard
Cross.*

Sir Richard Cross had himself made the following remarks in the House of Commons at the second reading of the Bill:

"He desired to say a word as to the position of the Government with reference to the measure. The matter had been before the country now for a considerable time. In 1881 and 1882 the House of Lords Committee investigated it at some length and made a most valuable report. Those who had read that report and the evidence given before the Committee could have no doubt that a bill of this kind was absolutely necessary. The bill contained practically no new principle, being merely an extension of the existing law in different ways. . . . A bill on this subject was introduced into the House of Lords in 1883 and another in 1884, and the bill of the late Government had been introduced and passed in the House of Lords this year. So that no one could say that this question had been approached in a hurried manner. The country had had full opportunity for considering it. . . . The late Government were convinced that the question was thoroughly ripe for discussion."

*The At-
torney-
general.*

The Attorney-general had spoken even more strongly on the subject:

"It seemed to him to be conceded that there was a very substantial evil, and one which it was the bounden duty of every man who had regard for humanity and morality to grapple with if he could. . . . There had been going on for some time a positive trade by some disreputable persons in young girls, not only with the view of keeping them at home, but with the view of inducing them to go abroad. . . . Almost everybody who had spoken agreed that there was a great and

crying evil to be remedied, and the main difference of opinion was as to whether the bill would do much good. At any rate, so far as regarded the clauses directed against the disgusting trade referred to, it could do no harm. There was ample reason to justify Her Majesty's Government, and all who wished to legislate in the cause of humanity and morality, in endeavouring to pass the bill."

1885,
Age 56.

But the travesty of justice must go on. The Bow Street magistrate, Mr. Vaughan, before whom the preliminary investigations are made, has great doubts whether he ought to commit Mr. Bramwell Booth or Mrs. Combe. But he commits them all the same. The prosecutor, not the prisoner, must have the benefit of the doubt. And then the Old Bailey trial before Mr. Justice Lopes drags its weary length along for twelve days, ending in the triumphant acquittal of Mr. Bramwell Booth and Mrs. Combe, and in the conviction and imprisonment of Mr. Stead, Jarrett, and the three other accused.

Mr.
Vaughan
has
doubts.

Before the trial was concluded Mrs. Booth sent to Her Majesty the Queen the following telegram:

"To HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN:—May it please your Majesty to allow me to state that I know W. T. Stead, whose prosecution has been instigated by the hate and revenge of bad men, to be one of the bravest and most righteous men in your Majesty's dominions, and if tomorrow he should be sentenced to imprisonment it will shock and arouse millions of your best and most loyal subjects to the highest indignation. I pray by all the love I bear your Majesty, and by all the pity I feel for your outraged infant subjects, that you will, if possible, interfere to avert such a national calamity. May God endue your Majesty with wisdom and strength to ignore all evil counsellors, and to exert your royal prerogative for the deliverance of those who are persecuted only for righteousness' sake, prays your loyal and devoted servant in Jesus,

Telegram
to the
Queen.

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

**1885.
Age 56.** To this Mrs. Booth received from Her Majesty the following telegram in reply:

The reply. "The Queen has received your telegram. It is well understood that Her Majesty cannot interfere in the proceedings of any trial while it is going on. If necessary, an appeal through the Secretary of State can be made to the Queen for a remission of sentence."

Acting upon Her Majesty's reply, as soon as the case had been decided Mrs. Booth addressed the following letter to Sir Richard Cross:

Mrs. Booth appeals for remission of sentence. "SIR:—Having appealed to Her Majesty the Queen on behalf of Mr. Stead and Rebecca Jarrett, prior to the passing of their sentences, Her Majesty graciously wired me in reply, stating that she could not interfere while the trial was going on, but instructing me to appeal through the Secretary of State for a remission of sentence if desired; accordingly I pray, on behalf of the Salvation Army, and also of thousands of the most virtuous, loyal, and religious of Her Majesty's subjects, that you will present our most humble and earnest appeal to Her Majesty for the immediate release of these prisoners, who, although they may have been guilty of a technical breach of the law, have been actuated by the highest and most patriotic motives, and have by their action procured an unspeakable and lasting boon to the most helpless and pitiable of the subjects of this realm, in the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill.

"I have the honour to be,
"Yours faithfully,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Upon the Ministers rests the blame. There can be little doubt that Her Majesty would have gladly granted the countless petitions which poured in upon her from all parts of the country for Mr. Stead's, if not for Jarrett's, release by exercising her prerogative. But, in regard to this, precedent and the Constitution left her powerless to follow out her own convictions without the dismissal of her Min-

isters. This it was hardly to be expected that Her Majesty would contemplate. And hence upon the Ministers must rest the blame of the shameful prosecution from first to last.

1885.
Age 56.

Writing to one of her children at the conclusion of the trial, Mrs. Booth says:

" Well, thank God! the iniquitous farce of the trial is over and Bramwell is acquitted; no case against him, after all the suspense, anxiety, and loss of time inflicted on us; it has put five years on to his life. Stead is imprisoned for three months. Infamous! And there is going to be a great upheaval over it, or I am mistaken. Ah, this has revealed some rottenness behind the scenes; truly we are far sunk as a nation. But touching this evil is like bearding hell itself."

*"Infam-
ous."*

How deeply the iron of these revelations had entered into the soul of Mr. Bramwell Booth may be realized from the following extract from a letter addressed by him to the soldiers of the Salvation Army at the beginning of the trial:

*The iron
in his
soul.*

" Now that consequences which I little anticipated have come upon me I shall not flinch. I am aware that those who expose the doings of immoral men must expect to be attacked in return, and that those who snatch the prey from the destroyer must suffer as well as their Lord and Master.

*Mr.
Bramwell
to the
soldiers.*

" And so to-day, though I am sorrowful, I am rejoicing amidst slander, and hatred, and misunderstanding—nay, I will rejoice even if bonds and imprisonment await me, conscious that all I have done has been done for the rescue and deliverance of the poor, and the oppressed, and those who were ready to perish—for the glory of God and the good of the people.

" Pray for me and for Madame Combe, whose noble and disinterested efforts to save the lost are known to many. Above all, go on rescuing the girls and children."

*"Above
all, go
on."*

Thanking his comrades at the conclusion of the trial for their prayers and sympathy, and rejoicing with them over the acquittal, he condemns the action

**1885,
Age 56.** of the Government toward Mr. Stead, Mr. Jacques, and Jarrett, and concludes as follows:

*"Live to
seek and
to save."*

"Let us live with the Judgment Seat continually before us! Let us live so that if any day or hour's transactions should be scrutinized, even by the most bitterly hostile eyes, it shall be impossible for them to find that we have been doing anything else than to seek and save that which was lost, and to seek and to save them by the purest and best of means, too. God bless you!"

*From the
dock.*

From the dock of the Old Bailey Mr. Booth wrote some touching letters to his mother, while the issue of the trial was yet hanging in uncertainty:

*Russell's
splendid
speech.*

"MY DEAREST MOTHER:—This morning we are here again, and the enemy is all in array against us. Just got your kind, brave telegram. It has cheered me. I confess last night I felt very much distressed indeed. I think of the Army, of course, and it seems so hard to have all this sort of thing twisted against us. I care very little about myself, but others do and will suffer through me. Russell is making a most splendid speech for Jarrett. Many people in the court cried when he spoke of her desire to do something to make amends for her former life. I cannot tell what effect he is making on the jury.

*The first
for a
thousand
years.*

"Only think how we are making history! We are the first prisoners put into the box to give evidence for ourselves for a thousand years! The thing is quite new. I expect I shall go into the box about noon to-morrow, or perhaps later. I know you will pray for me. I am so nervous about the most ordinary things that I am certain to be extremely shaky. The strain has been very great since we began, and I am all of a tremble before I go in. However, God will be with me and give me what I 'shall answer."

*"I am not
ashamed."^{ed.}*

"In any case, and no matter what the result, I am not ashamed to be here. I did all I did because the wail of the oppressed and the imprisoned had come up into my ears and gone down into my heart, and because I could not help it; and if I had done any other I should have gone against my conscience.

Afternoon.

1885,
Age 56.

"Russell has spoken for two hours. A simply splendid address. Flo sent me word when he finished that she did not care how the case ended after that speech. I cannot, of course, estimate the effect on the jury. They look on largely unmoved.

"Stead is now speaking. Very fairly. Dear fellow, he is so poorly and worn, and has an awful cold. Still, God is with him, and I feel it."

During the summing up of the Judge he writes as follows:

"Yesterday and to-day I have been better and in better spirits. It seems to me almost a good thing that some mistakes have been made, if the result is seen in that defence of Stead's and its publication in those saintly newspapers which had covenanted to remain silent!"

"Almost
a good
thing."

"The Judge is clearly against us; the jury will have hard work not to convict, unless, indeed, God deal with them. I cannot say which I think would be best for the cause—that we should be convicted or brought in not guilty. I leave it in God's hands; He sees ahead and I do not.

God only
sees
ahead!

"I do hope you are not overdone. We must live and fight. If I had not the infinitely more important work of saving souls to do I would dedicate myself to the life-work of exposing the scoundrels who attack virtue and cover up vice."

Infinitely
more im-
portant.

In a subsequent letter, anticipating a conviction and sentence from the evident animus of the Judge, Mr. Bramwell Booth writes:

"The Judge is summing up very much against us indeed. He is doing it very ably and I can see that he has produced a great impression on the jury, so that it is quite possible that before many hours are past I may be convicted and sentenced. If I am, I do beg you not to fret. I am sure we shall not come to any harm; I have a conviction that we shall not. Of course, God can, and may, altogether over-rule for good what the Judge is saying. It seems hard to have to hear one's good evil-spoken of to the extent we have to-day and Thursday, the more so when we know what we know about the set

An
adverse
Judge.

1885, who are pushing all this on. However, God is over all, and if we are convicted I am of opinion good will come even of that. I promise you, as I promised Flo, that I will take every possible care and use all the opportunities I have for preserving my health.

*"No
regrets."* "As to the case, I have no regrets as to what I did. The mistakes and accidents all through have only been such as are usually attached to all human enterprises. I regret them but I could not prevent them, glad as I would have been to do so. It is painful to have all regard for motive shut out of what they think it well to shut it out from, and yet to imply all sorts of bad motives in connection with the smallest incidents of the affair. But I do beg you not to be distressed in any way about me personally. God will take care of me!

"Then another thing: I do hope that no efforts will be made on my behalf, if we go to prison, that are not made on behalf of Stead. Do please let me beg this of you.

*"I love
and look
up to
you."* "We have now got to three o'clock, and so far as I can see the Judge may be another hour. I shall give this letter to some one for you before the verdict is announced. The result will be telegraphed to you as soon as it is known. Your brave words have helped me many a time in all this, and will help me to the end. You do not know how I love and look up to you more and more every day I live. And I want you to live and fight far more than in the past. God will strengthen you."

*Adjourn-
ment.*

And thus ended the great legal comedy. Nay, it did not end. It was adjourned to the final Assizes of the Universe, when the position of the actors will be reversed and the accusers take the place of the accused. "The mills of God move slow, but they grind exceeding small."

*A strange
Nemesis.*

A strange Nemesis has already followed some of the actors. Armstrong is in an asylum; the solicitors who took him under their wing were struck off the rolls for three years; Mrs. Broughton, the chief witness for the prosecution, is dead; one of the most bitter editors has since collapsed; the Armstrongs'

house in Charles Street was afterwards made into a slum post of the Salvation Army and Eliza's sister's child was the first to be brought into its crèche—while thousands of the very class whom the agitation was intended to reach and save have gladly accepted the shelter of the Rescue Homes and have been restored to lives of virtue and of usefulness.

1885,
Age 56.

CHAPTER CI.

LIFE AND LETTERS. 1885.

*Progress
of the
Army.* As has been already remarked, the spiritual work of the Salvation Army was not allowed to be interrupted during the year. Indeed it was a time of special progress. The foreign corps had increased from 273 to 520, being an addition of 247. Those in Great Britain had risen from 637 to 802, making an increase of 165. The total number of corps had thus multiplied from 910 to 1,322, an increase of 412. There had been proportionate progress in regard to officers. The year 1884 had closed with a grand total of 2,164. At Christmas, 1885, there were no less than 3,076, being an increase of close upon 1,000 for the year.

*A remark-
able con-
version.* Among other remarkable conversions of the year was that of a nihilist in Switzerland, where the persecutions continued to be so severe that on more than one occasion the officers were fired upon with revolvers by the roughs. His story runs as follows: Commissioned by his companions to blow up the Government Palace at Berne, he had in his possession at the time of his conversion three bombs of dynamite. Armed with a dagger and revolver he attended one of the meetings, intent on mischief. God's strong hand was, however, upon him; the shaft of conviction entered his soul before the day ended, and the radiance of his face soon gave evidence of the change which had taken place. Having sworn never to surrender his

deadly weapons save into the hands of those from whom he had received them, he took them back to the desperate band, telling them bravely what had happened. They pointed a revolver at him, threatening to shoot him, when he calmly answered, "Do it. I am ready to meet my God." He is still ready, and though his old companions have sworn to take his life he goes on fearlessly, faithfully, and triumphantly.

1885,
Age 56.

A new departure that was initiated during the year "*Cavalry forts.*" consisted in the establishment of what were called "cavalry forts." These were large vans, capable of accommodating a dozen cadets, intended for the spread of the work among the villages. The first of these was named the Victory, and was publicly dedicated by Mrs. Booth. Others quickly followed in its track, and much good was thus accomplished in places which it would have been difficult otherwise to reach.

The publication of "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers," the General's book of instructions for the officers of the Salvation Army, marked another important advance in the direction of consolidation. We question whether any religious organization possesses a code of regulations at the same time so minute and yet so comprehensive, so practical and yet so spiritual.

"The
Field
Officer."

The first number of the monthly missionary magazine of the Army, *All the World*, was now issued. The foreign work of the Salvation Army had attained such proportions that it required representation to an extent that was not possible in the British *War Cry*. Moreover, there was a continually increasing circle of influential friends to whom the popular, rough-and-ready style of the *War Cry* was not suited, and yet who desired to be kept in touch with the

"All the
World."

**1885,
Age 56.** progress of the work. It so happened that at the very moment of the need an American lady of literary capacity and experience had offered herself for Army work. This happy concurrence of circumstances led to the establishment of *All the World*, which under the skilful editorship of Miss Swift has now attained a world-wide circulation, and has the character of being the most spirited missionary magazine of modern times.

**Mrs.
Booth ill
again.** The intense excitement of the Purity movement and its subsequent developments had carried Mrs. Booth for a time entirely beyond her strength. This was followed by a proportionate relapse, when her overtaxed strength once more gave way, and for several months she was confined to home and unable to take part in public meetings. But, Paul-like, Mrs. Booth was enabled to utilize the enforced leisure by contributing to the *War Cry* a series of letters on a great variety of subjects, embodying her answers to correspondents who wrote, seeking her counsel, from all parts of the world. A few quotations from these letters may be added here.

**Letters to
the
War Cry.** Writing to a father who was in despair regarding the misconduct of his grown-up sons, Mrs. Booth says:

**Degener-
ate soul.** "MY DEAR SIR:—I have read yours with sincere concern, but its contents, alas! are no novelty. I have listened to similar experiences. It is doubtless, as you say, 'very hard, after parents have toiled and sacrificed all their lives for their children, that those children should turn round and set at naught their wishes, and act entirely contrary to their principles.' But what you say as to the cause for this sad state of things quite accounts for it. You see, dear sir, human nature is degenerate soil; and it is not necessary to sow in it directly the seeds of self-will, rebellion, and worldliness, but only to leave it to itself, unsubdued, unpruned, and unrenewed by the

grace of God, and the harvest is sure to be one of bitterness and sorrow.

1885,
Age 56.

"I feel deeply for you. But as it is too late now to alter the past I can only advise you as to what seems to me the best way to act under the circumstances, both for your sons and for yourself.

"First. Let me say that it appears to me you are going on a false principle. You assume that you cannot help yourself, but that you must continue to allow your sons to live in your house, find them money, and shield them from disgrace while they are rebelling against both you and God, and thus sacrificing their own present and eternal interests. Herein I think you are quite mistaken. You are their father and the master of your own house and means. God has given you the responsibility and authority of determining how your household should be regulated and what means shall be supplied to those dependent on you, and it seems to me that you are making yourself a partaker in their sins by allowing your children to act as they are doing, and by finding the money without which such conduct would be impossible. Nothing astonishes me more than the passive way in which parents submit to be robbed and made wretched by their own children.

*Submis-
sive
parents.*

"I have often listened in wonder to stories from parents of the way in which their children, especially their sons, set at naught their most reasonable requests, break all their domestic rules, almost mock them at their own tables, trample on the feelings and rights of the younger members of the family, stop out at night, and run into debt for all manner of extravagances, as though they (the parents) were perfectly helpless in the matter, and only to be pitied and condoled with! Sometimes I have ventured to say, 'Well, but whose fault is all this? Who finds the money and the home which renders all this possible?'

*Who is to
blame?*

"It never seems to have dawned on such parents that they are really the most blameworthy parties in the matter, and that God regards them as abetting their children's ruin! You say, 'What can I do?' I will tell you what I should do, and what I believe God requires of you.

"I should have an interview with the two youths together, and should review the situation of things from first to last. I should show them that I had awakened to my own responsi-

*Plain
talk.*

1885,
Age 56. bility and also to my past folly. I should tell them that I perceived that I was only helping them further into sin and ruin, and that I had made up my mind that our relations must be entirely altered; that unless they were prepared to submit to my regulations, and to conduct themselves at least decently and honourably, they could no longer live under my roof or be partakers of my substance.

Three rules. "I should give the young men unmistakable evidence that I intended to be as good as my word by instituting two or three rules straight off, such as the following:

"First. That they should not be out after half-past ten at night.

"Second. That they should render to me an account of what they did with the money I allowed them; at any rate, with the bulk of it.

"Third. That they should under no pretence whatever again go into debt.

The penalty. "I should tell them that the first time they broke these rules I should compel them to leave my house, and should publish in the local papers that I would not be responsible for their debts!

"'Ah, but,' you say, 'if I shut my door on my sons what will become of them?' I answer, No worse, and nine chances to one not half as bad as will become of them if you go on making the path of the transgressor *easy* to them. God's way is that the rebellious shall suffer. You try to come between God's rod and your children's sins, consequently you help them down the incline of evil faster than they could otherwise go.

From personal observation. "I verily believe, from personal observation, that hundreds of young men are hurried to ruin by thus having matters made easy for them, when a short and sharp discipline would pull them up and help them to face the consequences.

"I presume that your sons don't know much of hardship or toil. Think of the effect of having to face the world without a home, or without a pound in their pockets! It would then be *their turn* to ask, 'What am I to do?' and the answer might suggest itself to them that discretion, in this case, would be the better part of valour. Rebels and spend-thrifts are not generally very courageous, and it would have a remarkably cooling effect on their zeal in evil doing to realise that starvation was just on ahead.

"The prodigal would probably never have gone the lengths he did if there had been no goods to take off with him, nor would he have come to himself so soon if cash had lasted longer! Fortunately, there is no law in this country by which your sons can compel you to divide unto them your living, either now or hereafter. Don't make such a law to yourself by weakly allowing them to play on your paternal fears in order to extort from you the means for their deeper ruin. Let God's plan have fair play and you will see it will end best.

"You say, 'I could not bear the disgrace of the exposure of their conduct.' Ah, there is the joint in *your* harness! You see you really care more about the disgrace than you do about their sin.

"My dear sir, your sons see this, and so take advantage of your fears to lead you this weary life. God sees it also, and perhaps here is the reason your prayers have been of no avail. The right state of mind for you to come to is: 'I will stop my boys in this evil course if I can, no matter what happens. If I can't do it without exposure, then I'll suffer it. But be a party to their wickedness and ruin I will not any longer.' When you come to this decision perchance God will take pity on you, notwithstanding the past folly which you so bitterly bemoan.

"I would like to publish your story, and that of some others, as a warning to parents, though I must say I am greatly disheartened in trying to help them. I cannot but think from what I have seen that ninety-nine out of every hundred parents, called Christians, would rather risk their children's damnation than sacrifice their gentility. I don't mean by this the true politeness which is the result of a generous regard for the feelings and rights of others. But I mean the education and polish and hollow etiquette of worldly society. They will have this, and verily they have their reward! Oh, my dear sir, use your sad experience to warn all with whom you come in contact of the rocks on which your happiness has been wrecked!

"May the Lord give you wisdom and firmness to do what is still possible in order to save your sons, prays

"Yours, in true sympathy,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

1885,
Age 56.

*No law to
compel
you.*

*Your
weak spot.*

*No mat-
ter what
hap-
pens."*

*Damna-
tion
versus
gentility.*

*"Use your
experi-
ence."*

**1885,
Age 56.** The following letter, to a lady contemplating marriage with an unconverted lover, speaks for itself:

*"Given up
to help
others."*

"DEAR MISS ——:—The importance of the subject on which you write is quite a sufficient apology for 'troubling' me, seeing that my time, as well as all else that I possess, is given up to helping others.

"If, as I gather from yours, you sincerely desire to be guided aright, I pray the Lord to use my pen for such guidance, for unquestionably your future happiness is at stake and probably the salvation of your soul, as well as that of many others.

*Obey the
light.*

"1. Let me ask you—What was the first utterance of your conscience when the question was broached to you? Evidently not in favour of the step, or you would not have felt it necessary to write to me for advice; and I almost dare venture to assume that if you had not allowed yourself to reason and be reasoned with as to the advantages involved you never would have written either to me or any one else. You say that you were walking in the light of God at the time. Then I am sure the Spirit warned you off the track which has since looked so tempting. But I fear you have erred, where, alas! so many do, in looking at the forbidden fruit until now it looks good, and to be desired. Is this not so? If it is, let me entreat you to go back in spirit to the first hour when this step was proposed to you, and at once act on the light in which you then saw it. It is vain to ask God to guide us while we are disobeying the light He has already given. His answer is, 'I have told you already and you did not hear; wherefore would you hear it again?'

*Don't
listen to
the
tempter.*

"2. Let me ask—Are you now walking in the light as you were when this controversy began? If not, why not? You say you 'have gone through great conflict over it.' No doubt, because God will not let His children go wrong without remonstrance and rebuke. But has this conflict not been the result of resistance to the inward voice rather than inability to interpret it? And if you were now to decide against the step don't you think this conflict would immediately cease? With respect to the temporal advantages or disadvantages depending on the step, I beseech you, listen not to the voice of the tempter, for, however great he may make these to appear

beforehand, they will turn out as the apples of Sodom in the end.

"As to this individual meeting your natural taste, if he were a child of God you would be at liberty to consider this, but, as he is not, what right have you to indulge your natural taste in this more than you would have in contemplation of any other act of disobedience to the law of God? If you are saved you have risen above the level of mere nature on to the heights of grace, and your law henceforth must be, 'whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do'—marry or remain unmarried—'do ALL to the glory of God.'

"You say that you could not lay aside your natural preferences in favour of any one who could not meet them. I answer, I do not think God requires you to do this; but He certainly does require you to wait till they can be met 'in the Lord' or to allow them to remain ungratified and seek happiness in fulfilling His will and serving your generation.

"Again: you say that although he is not a saved man he is 'honourable, moral, and amiable,' and you believe you should 'win him!' As I read these fatal words I could not but think of the numbers of broken-hearted wives who, in telling me their heart-rending stories, had used almost the same words. Ah! how often they have said, 'I hoped to win him, but instead of that he has dragged me down to spiritual death and misery,' and sometimes it has been added, 'to poverty and disgrace.' I only remember one instance, in all my experience, in which a saved woman, marrying an unsaved man, succeeded in winning him, and in that case the girl's light was very small before the step was taken. It seems as though a special curse were attached to disobedience in this direction; or it may be the consequences are more noticeable than in other kinds of disobedience.

"With respect to the opinions of Christian friends, I am ashamed of such traitors to the very first principles of the teachings of Jesus Christ! But, alas! there are very few professed Christians in these days who can see it necessary for any one to forego or abandon anything that looks promising for this world because of any words of His. But God has not left Himself without a witness in your soul, and to your own Master you will have to render an account. Remember, also, that these miserable advisers will not be able to bear the

1885,
Age 56.

*"You
have
risen."*

*Only one
instance.*

*To your
own
Master.*

1885,
Age 56. sorrows which your disobedience will bring on you. You will have to contend with the avenging rod, and perhaps without one to whom you will dare to fly for comfort. Oh, let me entreat you not to risk your present and eternal happiness on a rock where so many have made shipwreck! Don't be beguiled by the smoothness of the water on which you are invited to launch your boat, or by the sunshine and flowers on its banks! God's frown is behind the gilded clouds, and the rapids of sorrow and despair are on ahead.

Remember. "Obey the Lord, thy God, and it shall be well with thee. Disobey, and it shall be ill with thee and with thy seed forever. And remember that Jesus is the Author of eternal salvation only to them that *obey* Him.

"May He give you grace to reject this gilded bait, preferring to suffer (if His will) loneliness and sorrow rather than ally yourself with one who neither knows nor loves Him,

"Prays yours, in faithful love,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Spiritualism. Another letter deals equally incisively with the moot question of Spiritualism:

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter is by no means a novelty. I have had many similar enquiries with respect to what is called Spiritualism.

"I think few persons of intelligence, who know anything of the question, will now attempt to deny that, although much which passes under the name is mere trickery and falsehood, yet there are many well-attested facts which cannot be accounted for on any known scientific principle.

Undeniable. "That many persons of good reputation and reliable testimony have declared that they have held communion with their departed friends, and, in some instances, seen and conversed with them, cannot be denied. The case to which you refer may be such a one. I cannot say. If so, the more is your poor friend to be pitied; for the fact, if it be a fact, that he has been told things with which only himself and his departed friend were acquainted is no proof whatever either that he is right in seeking such communion or that the spirit giving such information is the spirit of his friend.

"The great question is, *What kind of spirits* are they who thus communicate?

"That there are such beings as familiar spirits still visiting the earth, and acting through human beings, is quite clear to those who receive the testimony of Scripture; see I. Tim. iv. 1-3; II. Tim. iii. 13, where the word rendered 'seducers' means in the original 'sorcerers'; also Gal. v. 20; Rev. xxi. 8; and II. Thess. ii. 9. You will see that these and many other passages clearly teach, or infer, that down to the end of the world evil spirits will continue to influence and act through human agents, in many instances giving them power to work signs and lying wonders in order to deceive and seduce those who neglect the claims of God, and prefer darkness to light. (Rev. xiii. 13-15; xv. 13, 14, and xix. 20.)

"Therefore the fact of spirits making communications to those who seek unto them is no proof whatever that such communications are lawful or right.

"But of what character are these spirits? Your friend thinks the spirit he communicated through is a good spirit because it combines some good advice with its evil practice. But he should bear in mind that the peculiar characteristic of evil spirits is their 'seducing and deceiving power;' and just as human seducers never speak the truth, except first to gain the confidence of their victims by the 'deceivableness of unrighteousness,' often giving much good advice in order to hide their hellish designs, so evil spirits, being no less intelligent than men, often hide their diabolical designs under good advice. But we must judge of Spiritualism as we are to judge of all other systems and agencies—by its *fruits*, and not by its *professions*. We find amongst the publicly recognised doctrines of this system such as these, selected by an able witness after fifteen years' knowledge and investigation: that 'we must not expose iniquity, as it will harden the guilty:' that 'man is a machine, and not to be blamed for his conduct, and, consequently, none are to be punished.' That 'there is no good, no bad, but that sin is a lesser degree of righteousness.' That 'lying is right, slavery is right, adultery is right, and free or indiscriminate love is right.'

"These doctrines have led,' says the same writer, 'to the most awful results the world over. Hundreds of families have been broken up, wives and children deserted by affinity-seeking husbands, and numbers of wives have been induced to leave good husbands and helpless children to follow some

1885,
Age 56.

*Evil
spirits do
act.*

*By its
fruits
only.*

*Awful re-
sults.*

**1885,
Age 56.** "high attraction." Many simple-minded girls have been deluded by affinity notions, and led off by affinity-hunters, to be deserted in a few months with blasted reputations, or led to deeds still more dark and criminal to hide their shame.'

The Philadelphia convention.

"The late National Convention of Spiritualists, at Philadelphia, through its committee, refused to even read a proposition to dis-fellowship known libertines, but formed a national organisation from which the lowest and most beastly licentiousness shall not exclude any one."

Such being the doctrines and practices of Spiritualism in general, the fact that some of its mediums occasionally utter sound doctrines and give good advice, or that some good people have been deceived by such mediums and led to believe they have held communion with good spirits, proves nothing more than that the spirits in question are lying spirits and able to deceive all but the very elect, or true saints.

"You say, 'How is it that things are communicated absolutely unknown to any but the spirits of departed friends?'

An easy matter.

"I answer, Because, doubtless, the spirits of demons act on the mind and memory in the same way as a powerful mesmeriser acts on his subject. If, then, one human spirit can thus act on another, how much more may a demon or evil angel act on and through a human spirit, if the latter yield itself up to the influence of the former? And seeing that an evil spirit has the power to stimulate the memory, to call up the form and tone and mutual intercourse and information of departed friends, what can be easier than to make the subject of Satanic influence believe that he sees and hears and converses with the spirits of the dead?

With Christ in paradise.

"It is highly probable that this is the way in which demons personate departed human friends, both amongst the saved and the lost, for we can never believe that lost souls are allowed to cross the impassable gulf, which is fixed between them and the living, at the call of a power any less than that which fixed that gulf; much less can we believe that the saved who are already with Christ in paradise are subject to be ordered about by either men or demons.

"The fact that such great numbers have been led to believe in and seek unto familiar spirits is to me only a sign that the world, having forsaken God and turned a deaf ear to the voice of the 'eternal Spirit,' whose office is to enlighten, reprove,

convince, and renew the human soul, and finding itself unable to do without a spirit, has *turned to demons!*

"Man must have a spirit, and when he turns from the Divine he seeks, with poor Saul, to the demoniacal!"

"There is but one spirit, however, allowed us wherewith to commune, and from which to seek light and help, namely, the blessed Spirit of God, and I should advise you, as you value your happiness, your usefulness, and your soul, not to seek to know any other, or to have fellowship with those who do. (See Isaiah vii. 19.) Remember it is not the character of the communication with familiar spirits which constitutes the sin, but the seeking of them at all. This is strictly forbidden all through the word of God, and the most disastrous consequences are always attached to it.

"I have known of one or two sad instances of entire spiritual shipwreck through adopting a contrary course; in fact, I have never known anything but evil to come of it. Therefore I warn everybody with whom I have any influence against it.

"Praying that you may be filled with the one Spirit, which is enough for all our needs,

"Yours faithfully,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

1885,
Age 56.

*The Spirit
of God.*

CHAPTER CII.

DEMONSTRATIONS. 1886-87.

*Uninter-
mitting
work.*

FROM Midsummer, 1886, to Christmas, 1887, Mrs. Booth was enabled to resume and continue her public work, almost without intermission. During the former year, besides holding meetings in most of the large Salvation Army halls in London, she delivered several addresses at Exeter Hall. She also visited Cambridge, Derby, Leamington, Portsmouth, Castleford, Norwich, and Tunbridge Wells, where large and enthusiastic audiences greeted her. In 1887 her activities were interrupted by the serious illness of her daughters, Miss Emma and Miss Eva Booth. Nevertheless, besides her numerous London engagements, she visited Birmingham, Coventry, Rugby, Leicester, Peterboro', Luton, Doncaster, Bridlington, Scarboro', Kettering, Eastbourne, and Worthing.

*Speaking
to crowds.*

Mrs. Booth was at this time in the very zenith of her success and popularity as a preacher. The prophetic severity of her denunciations of evil in no way diminished the crowds who everywhere flocked to her meetings. Realising increasingly, as life advanced, the necessity of speaking plainly in regard to sin and the conditions of salvation, she allowed no false sentiment to induce her to "do the work of the Lord deceitfully," or to earn the "curse" of "keeping back her sword from blood." The following extract from one of her sermons must serve as an example of the many others which it is impossible here to reproduce.

The text on which she spoke was "Not this man, but Barabbas:"

1886,
Age 57.

"I have often tried to picture to myself that astounding miracle of sin, the crucifixion of the Son of God. I have placed myself, in imagination, amongst that crowd; I have cowered down by the side of Mary, His mother; I have watched the surging mob which was mocking Him; I have seen the soldier passing up the vinegar, and have looked, as it were, into the dying eyes of the Son of God.

From one sermon.

"The attempt to realise the scene has always reminded me of the saying of the Apocalypse, that there was 'silence in heaven for the space of half an hour.'

*"Silence
in
heaven."*

"I have felt there must have been silence then—as though every heart and every voice of the Celestial City had been hushed, and as though all the inhabitants of the glorious New Jerusalem were standing looking over its battlements and watching that dying sufferer. Ah, I have felt that there must have been silence in hell itself; as if the shock of the dying of the Son of God must have reverberated to the very deepest caverns of the bottomless pit and shaken hell to its centre.

"Heaven and hell sat watching that event, and wondered what would be the ultimate result. It was only earth—only poor, fallen, darkened man—who could afford to pass the ribald joke and scorn the suffering Son of God; neither angels nor devils could do either one or the other. Oh, what a sight it must have been, as He who was the embodiment of His Father's glory and the express image of His person, the very personification of the righteousness of His character and the righteousness of His law, hung between earth and heaven dying, a Sacrifice for the sons of men!"

*"What a
sight!"*

"In that dark hour where would *you* have been? Perhaps you would have been among the crowd of mockers; or, perchance, you might have been among those who were trying to make a penny by casting lots for his coat; or you might have been among the Roman soldiers; or you might have been, like Nicodemus, hiding back in the crowd; or you might have been like the few—two or three feeble women—who stuck to Him to the last. Which would you have been?

"You say, 'Ah! it is hard to tell.' I do not know that.

**1886,
Age 57.** What you are *now* you would have been *then*. Where are you now when the Son of God is crucified? Where are you now when the interests of truth, righteousness, benevolence, and holiness are trembling in the balance? Have you courage now to stand up for right? If not, you would not have had it then, for 'he that is faithful in little will be faithful in much.' Are you *to-day* for Jesus, or Barabbas?

*Where
are you to-
day?*

**Frater-
nity.** "Note this world's principle of selection. 'And they cried out, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas.' On what principle did they cry out for Barabbas instead of Jesus? He was confessed by His enemies to be a good man. He had done them many good turns. He had healed their sick, cleansed their lepers, fed their hungry ones, and borne their sorrows and their sicknesses, while Barabbas was a robber and murderer. On what principle did they cry out, 'Not this man, but Barabbas'? On the most natural of principles; that which influences us all—that which is the ruling principle in every man's mind, be he good or evil. The world made its selection on the ruling principle of human nature—fraternity. Barabbas was *its own*. Jesus was not of it. He was of another world. His spirit and the world's spirit were antagonistic. They knew it, and the world will condone any kind or amount of evil in its own. Barabbas was a robber; but what of that? So were they, in a small degree. Fellow-feeling made them 'wondrous kind.' Many of them were rogues, thieves, extortioners, whoremongers, and adulterers.

**"Not this
man."** "'Is not Barabbas my brother? As for this man, He is not my brother. He is of another spirit; Citizen of another city. His very existence is an anger to me, a reflection on me. His very goodness points out my evil. He is not of me.'

"Yes, the world knows whom to hate. It never makes a mistake in its selection. It knows who are not of it. If you are of the world you have nothing to fear from the world. If you are not of it, look out! It will do you all the despite it can. The sin of the good, in the eyes of the world, is simply *being good*. The world's attitude towards holiness, towards goodness, has been, all the way down through history, that of antagonism. It hates righteousness.

**Not for
these.** "Have you ever listened to the sound of that almost pathetic wail of Jesus, when He said, 'I have shown you many good works of My Father; for which of these do you stone

me? It was not for the good works they stoned Him. They were glad to have His bread when He multiplied the loaves and fishes. They were glad to have any advantages poured upon them. It was because He was good.

1886,
Age 57.

"And again, 'They hated me without a cause.' This has been the secret of all the martyrdoms and persecutions for righteousness' sake from that day to this. You look at the martyrs; you read of them, and look at them as they stand amid the Smithfield fires. You wonder what could have been the inspiring motive of their murderers. You wonder, as you read of some of their sinless lives, their beautiful, meek bearing, their lovely attitude—even to their very murderers—you wonder what could have been the inspiring cause of this cruelty. It was that they were good, and the world was evil! Remember the question of Pilate to the Jews when he urged, 'What evil hath He done?' But they cried so much the more, saying, 'Away with Him,' evil or no evil. All the worse that He had not done any evil.

*Because
He was
good.*

"Can you find out where you are by this text? Do you love righteousness? I do not mean in the abstract. I suppose the devil does that; at least, he admires it. I do not think God has made a single intelligence that does not admire righteousness in somebody else. But do you love righteousness in the essence of it? When it clashes with your own interests? In these people round about you whose very presence is a reproof to you?

*Can you
find out?*

"Do you say, 'Barabbas rather than this man. I cannot stand His eye, it is too keen. I cannot stand His face, it is too clear in its reproof and rebuke of iniquity. I cannot come up to His standard, it is too high'? Do you love righteousness in its bearings upon yourself? Do you love it in aspiring after it, in being willing to sacrifice for it, in desiring it above anything on earth or in heaven? If you do, then you are on the side of Jesus Christ. If not, you are crying 'Barabbas!' just as truly as if you had stood with the mocking crowd.

"Again, saviours must be sufferers. He was counted among the *transgressors*. He was not a transgressor, for He was the very embodiment of His Father's law; but they made him a transgressor. He was a *technical transgressor*! He trans-

*A techni-
cal trans-
gressor.*

**1886,
Age 57.** gressed their technicalities; He broke their Sabbath but He did not break His Father's Sabbath. He said He was a King and they called Him a traitor, and made it out that He was an enemy to Caesar; but He did not sin in God's estimation. He broke their traditional law by setting aside their washings and their ordinances; but He needed no washing in his Father's sight. He was the very embodiment of righteousness yet He was numbered amongst the transgressors. What for? For me and you.

Will you follow him? "He voluntarily gave Himself up to be numbered among them. It would have been unrighteous in His Father to give Him up against His will. He voluntarily bore the cross, enduring the shame; submitted to the verdict of their law when they said, 'We have a law, and by our law He ought to die.' There was no other way of saving the transgressor. It was necessary that He should personify the transgressor in order to save the transgressor. It was necessary that He should go among the transgressors in order to save the transgressors. It was necessary that He should die under the penalty of the technical law in order that He might help to fulfil the everlasting law of righteousness and benevolence. He did it. Will you follow Him, or will you choose the technical and sacrifice the spiritual righteousness?"

*Progress
of the
Army.* The respective figures for 1886 and 1887 showed no decline in the rate of onward progress. At the end of the latter year the corps had increased from 1,786 to 2,262 and the officers from 4,192 to 5,684, while in the United Kingdom alone no less than 148,905 persons had sought salvation during the year. Amongst other things, the Training operations had been so much extended that 848 cadets had been sent into the field during the year, while as many as 2,776 of the rank and file were candidates for the post of officers.

*Rescue
work.* The Rescue Work had been greatly extended both at home and abroad. Through the twelve British Homes 839 girls had passed during the year. Of these only 115 were reported as unsatisfactory, the remainder having given evidence of a change of heart,

and being either in situations or sent home to their friends.

1886,
Age 57.

In 1886 the General visited Canada and the United States, travelling 15,000 miles and holding 200 meetings during the three months he was absent from England. In the following year he visited the Continent, devoting special time and attention to Denmark, Sweden and Norway. The reception with which he everywhere met proved that the Salvation Army was striking its roots deeply into the foreign soil, while the General's keen eye enabled him to detect the peculiarities of the various nationalities, and the nature and degree of adaptation necessary for the overcoming of existing difficulties.

*The
General's
journeys.*

In the autumn of 1886 was held the first great International Council, when representatives from all parts of the world were summoned to take part in a week of united demonstrations. Some 2,000 British officers were also gathered to meet the foreign contingents. It need hardly be said that no single building would have sufficed to accommodate the crowds who desired to attend these gatherings. Nor was it thought advisable, as on a previous occasion, to engage the Alexandra Palace, as for a series of meetings covering several days it would have been too great an expense, and there was the serious drawback that it was out of the reach of the poor people. The only way of overcoming the difficulty was to arrange for simultaneous meetings in the largest London halls, so dividing the forces as to ensure the greatest possible amount of good from so unique an opportunity. Exeter Hall was engaged for five days, and at the same time meetings were arranged to be carried on in the Congress Hall, Clapton, the Great Western Hall, Marylebone, and the Grecian, City Road; the

*International
Council.*

*Four halls
occupied.*

1886,
Age 57. four halls accommodating some fifteen or sixteen thousand people.

Love, harmony, enthusiasm. The highest expectations cherished with regard to these meetings were more than realised. No less than 1,700 billets were gratuitously offered by London friends for the incoming officers. This in itself marked not only the general interest felt in the occasion, but the extent of the Army's hold upon the metropolis. Sixteen nationalities were represented, including America, Canada, Sweden, Norway, France, Switzerland, and India. Never was the cosmopolitan character of the movement more clearly demonstrated. The love, the harmony, the enthusiasm, savoured of heaven rather than earth. National differences were forgotten while officers and soldiers met each other under the one universal flag, and vowed themselves freshly away to God and the Army for the salvation of their countrymen. The thirty public meetings held, with their total audiences of 120,000 people, offered a marvellous opportunity for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and doubtless an ineffaceable landmark was created in the spiritual experience of multitudes.

A provincial tour. It was suggested, by some of the provincial friends who had come to London for the occasion, that similar meetings should be held in other towns. The General was pleased with the idea, and arranged immediately for a tour, in company with fifty of the foreigners. Not only were the expenses of this party entirely covered by the collections, but upwards of £2,700 profits were realised for the prosecution of the Army's missionary work.

Strong reinforcements sent out. It was during this tour that the idea occurred to the General of sending out strong reinforcements to foreign countries in place of the driblets which had

hitherto been despatched. If with so little effort such glorious results had already been accomplished it seemed likely that a campaign on a larger scale would be accompanied by some sweeping advances. The plan was therefore put into operation, and before the new year had commenced 186 officers were on their way to foreign lands—probably the greatest effort any single missionary body has ever made in so brief a space of time. The largest of the detachments numbered forty, and was sent to reinforce the work in

1886,
Age 57.



ARNOLIS WEERISOORIYE, OF INDIA.

India and Ceylon. Within a few weeks of their arrival 200 natives sought salvation, and an impetus was given to the work which proved a turning-point in its history. In the following year an unexpected donation of £5,000, from a warm friend of the Army in China, enabled the General to despatch to India another party of fifty officers. As a result of these

*Native
officers in
India.*

1886,
Age 57. reinforcements a large staff of native officers was quickly organised, who have developed such ability and devotion that they give promise of soon being able to step into the places of their European comrades, and thus render the solution of climatic and linguistic difficulties comparatively easy. Indeed, for some time the entire command of the Indian work was vested, during the absence of the writer, in a native officer, Colonel Arnolis Weerisooriye. The unparalleled spectacle was afforded of a native bishop in charge not only of native ministers but of European missionaries! And yet there was not a murmur. With ready alacrity the European received his orders from his native leader. And when the Colonel was prematurely removed to heaven by an attack of cholera the passionate grief of his European subordinates exceeded even that of his fellow-countrymen.

Increasing enthusiasm.

Great, however, as was the success of the International Council of 1886, and although the necessary outlay had been more than covered by the offerings, it was not deemed advisable to repeat it annually, owing to the fact that it necessitated the absence of the foreign commanders from their various posts. The anniversary of 1887 was therefore confined to Great Britain, the Alexandra Palace being engaged for the day. Although, with the exception of a few Continental representatives, the foreigners were not present on this occasion, more than fifty thousand passed the turnstiles, and the hearty enthusiasm of the occasion showed how groundless were the fears entertained by some that it would not maintain the interest of the previous seasons. Almost unsought, Providence has placed within our leaders' reach the means of not only preserving but increasing, from year to year, the early attractiveness and enthusiasm of the movement.

Although these popular demonstrations are entirely distinct from the regular efforts of the various corps we are aware that not a few Christians object to them. In this we cannot but think that they are seriously mistaken.

In the first place, such demonstrations are in thorough harmony with the teaching and practice of the Bible. Under the old dispensation it was an absolute law that every Israelite should at least three times a year repair to Jerusalem to worship. This must have entailed enormous expense and inconvenience, but who can doubt that the compensating gain amply repaid the outlay? Similarly we find our Lord Himself gathering vast crowds, leading them into the wilderness, away from all their family associations, and conducting meetings among them which frequently lasted for several days. The Apostles also attracted multitudes wherever they went, their power for working miracles being evidently granted to them for this purpose. Moreover, every prophecy of heaven presents pictures of countless myriads.

But, leaving out of consideration for the moment the Scriptural aspect of the question, it is evident to any student of human nature that wherever man exists there man will congregate, if not for a good purpose then for an evil, or at least a useless one. The racecourse, the circus, athletic sports, and military reviews are all so many object-lessons to the Christian, as to the possibility and desirability of dealing with the masses in a mass by substituting counter-attractions of such a character as will remove the temptation to frequent the pleasure-haunts of worldliness and sin.

As for the cost of these demonstrations, the funds contributed for spiritual objects have rarely been

1886,
Age 57.

*Popular demon-
strations.*

*New Testa-
ment gather-
ings.*

*The
masses in
a mass.*

1886,
Age 57.

*A source
of
income.*

*Man's in-
fluence on
man.*

*Emotions
give life
to reason.*

*Like a
field of
ripened
corn.*

trenched upon by such gatherings. On the contrary, they have usually been a considerable source of income. The people gladly pay, as they would have done had they been going to the Derby or Ascot instead of to the anniversary of the Salvation Army.

Man's influence on man none but fools would ignore, and not even fools can abrogate. It is an element which must of necessity be included in the calculations of all thoughtful persons who desire to counteract the agencies of evil in this world. If man were only a rational being it would be sufficient to appeal to his reason alone. But he is emotional as well. God has made him so. Some of the most exquisite touches of the Creator's hand are seen in the capacity to smile and weep. And those capacities are never so powerfully wrought upon as when man is brought into contact with his fellow-man. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." There is a divine philosophy in this. Reason unassisted carries the soul up to the barriers which divide it from its God; the emotions sweep it across, and leave it—heaving, panting, quivering, throbbing, and confessing—at the mercy-seat. A tearless repentance is no repentance at all, and a joyless salvation is scarcely worthy of the name. Stripped of the emotions reason is a cold statue, without life. Robed with them, its every argument becomes a living power.

And even as solitude—needful, no doubt, at times—gives reason scope for reflection—so upon the emotions the effect of numbers is magical. True, solitude has its influence upon the emotions too, but where the one strikes a single note the other unites a harmony of swelling sound. It is as the ripple of a fountain compared to the roar of Niagara—the beauty of a dewdrop compared to the grandeur of an

ocean. When the Divine Spirit sweeps over a single soul, and brings the tear of penitence to a single eye, it is doubtless beautiful. How much more so when He sweeps over a forest of hearts, and the simultaneous tear springs to a thousand eyes, and all are bowed in one harmonious whole before the Eternal Throne like a field of ripened corn before the wind! The individuality of an individual soul is wonderful, but it cannot equal the individual quality of a multitude whose souls for the moment are knit in one, whether it be the union of penitence or peace—of prayer or praise —when it seems for the moment as though the whole congregation were transported from their surroundings and could hear unspeakable things; things for which it is not possible for human tongue to find expression. Mistaken, indeed, is the penny-wisdom and pound-folly of those who would deny to man these supreme spasms of Divine influence and who would spend their time in reckoning how many shillings it had cost.

There is a class of critics whom we might almost imagine charging the architects of the New Jerusalem with extravagance for having used such costly materials in the construction of its pearly gates and golden streets. “Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?”

1886,
Age 57.

*These
supreme
spasms.*

*One class
of critics.*

CHAPTER CIII.

THE THREE WEDDINGS—BALLINGTON, KATIE, EMMA. 1886–88.

What God meant it to be. THREE weddings! Not all on the same day, or even in the same year, it is true. But, as in each of them bride or bridegroom was a daughter or son of General and Mrs. Booth, they may be telescoped into a single chapter. The same capacious hall—our largest in London, yet never large enough for such occasions—contained in each instance the same enthusiastic crowds, who flocked to witness the ceremony and to shower their felicitations upon their beloved leaders. Each union seemed to compete with the other in possessing the elements of true happiness, and in manifesting to the Army and to the world what God had meant the marriage tie to be.

No finery. There was not a stitch of finery about the bridal attire—no veil, no wreath, no jewelry. Countess Von Moltke's Continental society for plain dressing would surely have been charmed, and taken heart of hope, at the severe simplicity which trampled fashion's laws beneath its feet at the one moment of life when her sway is usually the most complete.

Butterflies and beetles. To a Salvationist the uniform is truly a blessing. It settles everything in this direction. There is no need to take a mental photograph of all the gay butterflies or solemn-coated beetles that fashion chooses to let loose upon the world. None require to spend

hours of precious time in gazing into windows, coveting what they cannot have, or leading themselves into the temptation of buying what they really do not want, thus wasting what might so much better be given to the poor. The birds can sing their songs of gratitude, delivered from their lady-slaughterers. Fathers and husbands can sleep peacefully without being disturbed by nightmares of milliners' and jewellers' bills. They can fling purse and cheque-book into the mother's lap, and know beforehand that if there should be an extravagance it will be for them and not for herself, and that the little pile will have been eking out on necessaries, not on luxuries. Like the virtuous woman in the book of Proverbs, "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Strange as it may seem to outsiders, the women of the Salvation Army lose all desire for the gewgaws of the world. They will not accept them even as a gift, since their conscience would not permit them to wear what would contradict their professions. Whilst society is criticising the measures of the Salvation Army, the latter are despising the practices of society. True, in the first instance it may have cost something to forsake what modern Christianity has taught to be "no harm." To cross the Rubicon, to fling into its waters the mandates of fashion, to leave on the other side considerations of appearance and the opinions of friends—has not been done without a struggle. But the joy that comes from victory, that noblest form of victory, the victory over self; the intoxication of world-conquests, the realisation of the plaudits of the skies, the smile of God—these have been ample com-

1886,
Age 57.

"*And he
praiseth
her.*"

*It may
have cost.*

1886,
Age 57. pensation to the hearts of our women warriors for any sacrifices they have made.

Compensation. And yet even in this world the loss has met with compensating gain. How many young men now prefer a life of bachelorhood, or even of sin, to a holy, happy marriage, because they "cannot afford" to marry! The very extravagances with which the women of the world have thought to lure them have frightened them. The simplicity of the Salvationist has removed this unnatural dread, and has rendered it possible for those who have small means to marry without risk of running into debt.

What a mercy! On the other hand, it has banished the temptation to put money in the place of love, or of those other considerations without which a happy union is impossible. When will the world realise that the links that bind two hearts need to be made of finer material than position, title, bricks and mortar, "oof," or a few square yards or miles of mingled mud and grass? What a mercy that the best of God's gifts cannot be monopolised! The joy, the peace, the mirror of heaven's felicity, which were intended to flow from the union of two kindred souls, are, after all, oftener found in the cottage than the palace, and are the universal inheritance of poor as well as rich!

One of its missions. One of the most important missions of the Salvation Army has doubtless been to lead man back from art, with its many hollow superficialities and trivialities, to nature and to nature's God. Art is a good servant but a cruel master to humanity. In the present age, instead of art obeying man, man obeys art. The Consul of the Republic has become its Emperor. The usurper sits upon the throne, and complacent parents bow to his authority and deliver up their children to his will; selling them into semi-slavery, lashing their

bodies into fantastic shapes, sacrificing health for appearances, the substance for the shadow, and, as a matter of course, usually losing both. But quietly and unostentatiously a revolution is being wrought beneath the surface, the effects of which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

The three weddings could not but leave their mark upon the 15,000 people who witnessed them and upon the tens of thousands more who read about the services, and who had been familiar for years with the lives of toil and sacrifice in a common cause which had endeared to each other those who were now linked in still more sacred bonds. It is the spirit of a leader that inspires his followers, and that spirit speaks more loudly and eloquently in his actions than in his words. Man reads man not by his professions but by his deeds—except where the professions tally with the deeds. Otherwise the professions count for little. And this is why the majority of reformers fail. They seek to make others not what they themselves are, but according to an ideal which they do not themselves attain. But the power of a reformer is in his life, not in his theories; his practice, not in his precepts. Placed by Providence upon a pinnacle, it was inevitable that the example of General and Mrs. Booth and of their children should be closely scanned, and it is not too much to say that these occasions have been some of the most powerful factors in making the Army what it is to-day. They were object-lessons none could fail to see and comprehend.

It was on the 17th of September, 1886, that Commander Ballington Booth, the General's second son, was married to Miss Maud Charlesworth. If Switzerland had done nothing else for the Salvation Army it had served as a training-ground for some of its best

1886,
Age 57.

*Placed
on a
pinnacle.*

*The Com-
mander's
marriage*

1886.
Age 57. officers. With decrees of expulsion flying around her head, and with the inevitable *gensd'armes* and a pack of ruffians at her heels, the Maréchale's lieutenant had developed into one of the most courageous and successful officers in the ranks. If she had not, like her husband, actually served an apprenticeship in jail, she had more than once faced the exasperated officials whose decrees she had disregarded, and when carried across the frontiers of the Canton it was only to return again, at the risk of imprisonment, on a future day.

The wedding, like the others, took place in the Congress Hall at Clapton, which was, of course, crowded with thousands of enthusiastic Salvationists. The General performed the ceremony.

Miss Charlesworth in Sweden. One of the most interesting incidents in Miss Charlesworth's history had occurred during the year previous to her marriage, when visiting Sweden. The following is her own account of it:

The flower and hope of Sweden. "During my stay in Sweden I visited the university of Upsala, and as I went home from my meeting late at night I met troops of young students, many of whom were drunk and singing ribald songs. As I passed the large saloons I heard glasses clinking on the counters, the balls rolling upon the billiard-tables, and looking at the large lighted windows above I was told that those who were in before eleven were allowed to remain all night. Further, I heard that these young men were the flower and hope of Sweden; for in that city there were two thousand college students. Upon asking whether any special effort had been made by the churches to reach them, I was told that they had been considered unreachable. We therefore determined to make an attempt in this direction. To have placarded the city with posters in the Swedish language, inviting these students to our meeting, would have been to have brought them, insulted and disgusted, to break the windows, and probably even to attempt to wreck the building. We therefore published the following bill."

CIVES ACADEMICI!
CRAS, DOMINICA,

1886,
Age 57.

HORA IV POST MERIDIANA,
IN "SALVATIONEM"
VOS OMNES VENITE!

The bill.

"MAUD CHARLESWORTH,"

Britanna illa, quæ gloria belli Helvetici floruit, publice loquetur.

NEMO NISI CIVIS ACADEMICUS IN "ARCAM"
*aditum habebit.**

"What was the result? That evening the one topic in the saloons of the city was the Salvation Army's new departure.

"Swedes looked at the bill in open-mouthed wonder; whereas, the students were flattered with the idea of this meeting being exclusively for them and of the Swedish populace being ignorant of the purport of the invitation.

"At three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, with, I must confess, a little trembling and fear as to results, I stepped upon the platform to look down upon a sea of faces, for the newspapers estimated that, out of the two thousand students, sixteen hundred were present. Nor was this the only meeting; for others as successful and as large were held later, and the interest and change manifested in many of those young men was not only an intense joy to the Salvationists but was also the comment of the whole religious and secular press of the country."

*Interest
and
change
manifested.*

But Miss Charlesworth's warfare, extending over some four years, had not been confined to the Continent. Having sacrificed a home of ease and luxury she travelled the length and breadth of the English field, winning thousands of souls and gaining a permanent place in the esteem and affection of her comrades.

*A permanent
place.*

Soon after the wedding, Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth were appointed to take charge of the

*In the
United
States.*

* Citizen students! To-morrow, Sunday, at 4 P.M., in the Salvation (barracks), do ye all come! Maud Charlesworth, the British lady so well known through the Swiss war, will speak. None but citizen students will be admitted to the barracks.

1887,
Age 58.

work in the United States, where under their able leadership rapid advances have been made.

*Marriage
of the
Maré-
chale.*

The second wedding was that of the Maréchale and Commissioner Booth-Clibborn. The former needs but little introduction to our readers. She had been engaged, as we have seen, in public work from her very girlhood, meeting with a success in winning souls which but few ministers could claim. If apostles are to be judged by their "seals," and not by their sex, then she was an apostle indeed, for she had many seals. If "afflictions, necessities, distresses, imprisonment, tumults," nights of prayer and days of toil were proofs of ministry, then through God's grace she had become a minister indeed.

*The
Quaker
bride-
groom.*

*No "soft
snap."*

And when on the 8th of February, 1887, the Maréchale gave her hand to Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, who had for six years faithfully seconded her in her efforts on behalf of France and Switzerland, the entire Salvation Army rose up to call them blessed, and showered upon the union their heartfelt prayers and congratulations. The Quaker bridegroom, who had resigned excellent business prospects and cast in his lot so unreservedly with the Salvation Army, had proved himself a staunch and faithful officer. The knowledge of French and German which he had gained during his youthful studies in Switzerland had been turned to good account. Those who imagine that an army leader's post is a sinecure should have stood beside Commissioner Clibborn and shared with him his baptism of kicks and blows, of mud and stones, of persecution, prosecution and imprisonment! They should have been pursued by the police, or abandoned by them to bloodthirsty ruffians. And probably after a week of such experiences they would

have fled, like the American reporter who had enlisted in New York as a cadet to get a peep behind the scenes, and who was overheard saying in his sleep, "If anybody thinks he is going to join the Salvation Army for the sake of a 'soft snap' he's mighty much mistaken."

1888,
Age 59.

The redeeming feature of the disturbances which seem inseparable from Army work is that without doubt they deliver us from hypocrites. The few who from unworthy motives enter the fold are generally glad to beat a speedy retreat through the always open door. But to the sincere it is far otherwise. The time to see "the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," is now, as of old, while the stones are flying thick around your head, and you march on in the consciousness that each moment may be your last. Does it appear incredible that on such occasions as these men and women should be found who go out, time after time, with a Hallelujah on their lips, a smile upon their face, and a prayer for their persecutors in their hearts, defying the powers of hell to do their worst? Not a few of our people have been killed by furious mobs and others maimed for life—but hundreds have risen up to fill the vacant place. And the very cursing Sauls, at whose judicial feet the witnesses have laid their clothes, have not seldom been converted into praying Pauls.

*Is it in-
credible?*

And thus with the marriage of the Maréchale; six years of fellowship in war and suffering had fitly paved the way for the closer and holier bonds which were to cement two faithful hearts to Heaven, to each other, and to the Army's work.

*Six years
of fellow-
ship.*

Any of the many outsiders who were present on the 10th of April, 1888, at the wedding of the Gen-

1888,
Age 59.

*Some
hearts
touched.*

eral's second daughter, Miss Emma Booth, might have been tempted to doubt the applicability of some, at least, of the foregoing remarks, and to question the wisdom, or even sanity, of the bride's parents in sanctioning a union with the barefooted, Indian-robed, beturbaned figure who occupied the bridegroom's place. If, however, the visitor had paid the orthodox five shillings for his reserved seat he would have been able to discover from his coign of vantage that the latter's face was white, and would in consequence, perhaps, have breathed a little more freely. And had he been able to secure a seat at the wedding banquet, and seen £5,000 subscribed by those present, not as a personal gift, but for the carrying on of the foreign work of the Salvation Army, he would have guessed that some hearts had been deeply touched.

*An out-
rageous
extreme.*

Still, it certainly did look like going too far, and carrying things to an outrageous extreme, for the General's daughter to marry a native-dressed, calico-enveloped beggar; for beggar he looked and beggar he was, his very begging-bowl lying on the platform. And when the Army-badged auxiliary who sat next to the stranger enlightened his evident perplexity, and explained that the bride herself was to don the native garb and share the beggar's lot, dipping her unaccustomed fingers into the currie-dish and walking barefooted through the Indian streets, he would have fancied, perhaps, that these Salvationists could not love their daughters as he loved his, or how could they consent to such a thing? But when the mother rose, and with tear-filled eyes and a pathos that could not be misunderstood told how her child had been to her "more than a daughter," the surprise of the visitor would have been still greater. And then if he could have seen and spoken to those troops of bright-

*Officers
and
cadets.*

faced women-officers and girl-cadets whom the bride had not only trained but practically "mothered" during the past eight years, it would have appeared impossible that she should be spared from a position of such usefulness. And he would but have voiced the feelings of the congregation and of every British Salvationist.

But the little group of dark-complexioned Indians seated on the platform, representing thousands more across the seas, thought far otherwise, and were happy indeed to claim the treasure that Great Britain was about to lose. They at least realised that England was not the world, and that it was just those who could least be spared who would soonest win their heathen countrymen for Christ. If for the moment the flood rolled eastward, bearing on its crest the choicest that the West could give, might it not, in course of time, return with gathered impetus, and the Apostles of the East once more evangelise the West, as in days gone by?

None felt the sacrifice more profoundly than did Mrs. Booth, as may be judged from the following extracts from her remarks.

Speaking at the wedding she said:

"I feel sure, dear friends, that you are not expecting me to say much this morning. The few words I do say I should like to be as the first words I think I said twenty-five years ago, when I opened my public commission. I should like them to tend to the same result: that they should reach your hearts, and inspire every father and mother here present so to present their children to God that they may live to see consummated their wishes and desires in the experience of their children as I have lived to see mine fulfilled in the experience of mine."

"As I listened to these articles of marriage of the Salvation Army, and remembered, as I did, that some persons

1888,
Age 59.

*India's
gain.*

*Whose
was the
sacrifice?*

*Desires
fulfilled.*

**1888,
Age 59.**

*A retro-
spect.*

*All to
God's
glory.*

*"His in-
terests
first."*

thought them rather too strict—too severe—I looked back upon my own wedding-day. I am very sorry that there was no marriage service to voice the desires, and purposes, and aspirations of my soul on that occasion, as those desires and aspirations have been voiced this morning; for God is my witness that these have not one whit exceeded those which swelled in my own heart that day, though I had no outward method of expressing them. For, before I was fifteen years of age, God had, in an especial manner, taught me what I consider the first and fundamental and all-comprehensive principle of Christ's salvation: that every act of our lives, every relationship into which we enter, every object at which we aim, every purpose that inspires our souls, should be centred and bounded by God and His glory, and that, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do—whether we marry or are given in marriage, do business, or become Salvation Army officers—we should do all to the glory of God.

"I embraced that idea of Christianity early, and I can say before God and in my own conscience that I sought to carry out that principle, and by His grace—His wonderful grace—though I have in many minor matters been unfaithful to Him, and have not always come up to my own ideal of that consecration, yet my husband can bear me out in saying that in all the great emergencies of life, at times when God's interests have seemed to cross my own, when, to all appearance, I was going to lose my life, I have been enabled to carry out that consecration and have kept His interests first—as I do now, this morning, in this marriage. I believe my precious child will do the same, and that in the great changes and emergencies of life she will put God first.

"And God has honoured me; He has given me in this, as in other instances, the desire of my heart—to see these purposes accomplished in my children, and to see what I could scarcely have dared to believe, if any angel from heaven had told me, in the extension of His Kingdom and in the salvation of men.

*"Make a
like
choice."*

"Let my experience, and I only refer to it for this reason, encourage you to make a like choice. For when we come to stand on the threshold of eternity what else will bear looking at? Any of you here who have ever stood there can bear me out in saying that there is nothing else that looms up in our

spiritual vision; nothing else which will bear review, of all that we have done or dared in the past, but that which has tended to the exaltation and sanctification of our own natures and the extension of the Kingdom of God.

1888,
Age 59.

"Even before we cross the River all merely earthly things are lighter than the dust in the balance; they do not bear looking at. Therefore I beseech you to let this occasion be the means of your uttermost consecration. Oh, that there might rise up from amongst you others who shall go to India's millions to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have, as you know, been wounded and worsted in the fight, and I have felt it hard, sometimes, not to be able to answer the bugle's call and jump to the front, as has been my custom for the last twenty-six years.

*"Lighter
than
dust."*

"But what a comfort and consolation to feel that my children and others, perhaps hundreds of spiritual children, around me, inspired with the same purposes, aiming at the same ends, are following me in the fight; and that as I am compelled to lay down the weapons of this warfare they will take them up, and go forward to propagate these principles, and to seek to spread that Divine love and that brotherhood of mankind that we have proclaimed during all these years.

*"Follow-
ing in the
fight."*

"O mothers and fathers! O you young men and young women! this is the way to realise the fulfilment of your highest hopes and aims, to be made blessings to your generation; this is the way for your memories to be held in everlasting remembrance; for succeeding generations to rise up and call you blessed: to give yourselves up to the highest and holiest and grandest purposes which Jesus Christ has called His people to follow and to embrace!"

*Highest
and
holiest.*

"There are plenty of people about all other kinds of work, and I am always glad to hear of anybody doing good to humanity; whether it is feeding the poor, or enlightening the ignorant, or building hospitals, or anything else, so long as they are doing more good than harm, I say 'Amen. God bless you!' But that is not the particular work Jesus Christ has set His people to do. The great characteristic of His people in the world was that they were to be saviours of men—Salvationists. Their work was to be to enlighten men with respect to God's claims upon them, and with respect to what God is willing to do for them, and with respect to what God

*To be sav-
iours of
men.*

1888,
Age 59. wants to do by them in the salvation of others; therefore, I ask you to give yourselves up to this work.

*Mother
and
soldier.* "When the contemplation of this union was first put before me I confess I found more of the *mother* left in me than I had imagined. I thought the mother was almost swallowed up in the *soldier*. I found, however, that there was much of the mother left. There was a great deal of that natural clinging to my precious child, who has been to me more than a daughter; who in time of sickness, and during the absence of her beloved father, and in seasons of family affliction, has been to me as a husband and friend. When this marriage came before me, and I saw at a glance what it involved, and as I thought of her value to the war in this country, and especially to those who are so dear to me and to my principles—our female officers all over the world—I staggered. The first impulse was to resist, and say, 'No; it cannot be.' Then I remembered: 'But she is not yours; you gave her at her birth, and you have given her ever since. You have kept her on the altar, and now God wants to go a step in advance of your notions of what you think will be for her physical well-being. Are you going to draw back?' I looked up to heaven and said: 'No, Lord; she is Thine. Whatever it may cost, Thou shalt have her for this particular service, if Thou dost want her.'

"I want you all to do the same, not only for your children but for yourselves. Oh, may God help you! Pray for them, for they will need your prayers very much."

*The Lord
knew.* Verily the Lord must have appreciated Mrs. Booth's sacrifice. Her last terrible illness had just declared itself. Never had she more needed the comfort and the care of the daughter, one of whose earliest utterances had been "Me woves oo a million miles," and who had proved it by a rarely equalled life of fond devotion. Just as the Maréchale's light had shone peculiarly abroad, so Emma's light had shone at home. From childhood she had been the counsellor and burden-bearer, or, rather, burden-remover, of the family; for none knew better how to

illuminate sorrow's cloud with the rainbow hues of hope, and with the alchemy of tenderest sympathy convert leaden-winged trouble into golden-pinioned peace.

But oh! me fears the reader smiles, for he has discovered that the beggar-bridegroom is the writer of these lines, and he fancies that he can trace fond partiality in the description of the bride. Well, after all, who so fit to judge as those who see and know? and why should not a husband claim the Scripture privilege of praising her, and of asserting that, though "many daughters have done virtuously," yet "thou excellest them all"?

1888,
Age 59.

"*And he praiseth her.*"

CHAPTER CIV.

CORRESPONDENCE. 1886-89.

Carnarvon and Oldham.

THE following are some further gleanings from Mrs. Booth's private correspondence. Describing her visit to Carnarvon and Oldham during the General's absence in America, Mrs. Booth gives an interesting sketch of the typical "Hallelujah Lass:"

Testimony of the sheriff.

"I held two meetings in Carnarvon at which the high sheriff of the county presided. He said he had known the town well for forty years, and had tried to do good in it, but that he had never witnessed anything approaching the work that had been accomplished during the last four months, and that he felt it a duty and privilege to take the chair.

"There have been five hundred penitents, many of whom have joined the different churches, but over two hundred are soldiers of the Salvation Army, some of them having previously been the most drunken reprobates.

A Hallelujah lass.

"It happened that, the day I left, the Captain, a sweet girl of twenty-two, was leaving by the same train to go to the Home of Rest at Brighton. I never saw such a sight as met my eyes at that station. Through the kindness of the station-master the people were allowed to go on the platform, and there were between three and four hundred men and women pressing over one another to get a last shake of the hand and a last look at that girl, many of them sobbing as though their hearts would break. Great strong men clung to the carriage side as though they were parting with a cherished child, and old women were so overcome with grief that they could scarcely walk. Oh, how my heart praised God for floating a scheme whereby such lasses could become benefactors of their generation!

"It was a touching scene, but my heart was no less moved

by the aspect of the Captain herself. Carnarvon was her fifth Station, in all of which she has been very successful, but there was neither in her words or manner a vestige of self-elation or ostentation, and my Secretary, one of the Training Home Staff, who rode with her as far as Chester, told me that she was just as humble and sweet as when, to use her own words, she left the 'dear old Training Home.'

1886,
Age 57.

No self-elation.

"From there I went to Oldham to open a new hall. I held two meetings, one for the respectables and one for our own people. I wish you could have been at the latter and seen the crowd of factory hands, men and women, squeezed into that building, some of them having been the worst characters in the town, while the majority of them were of the more decent stamp.

Two meetings.

"The Army has been at work there about three years and we have some four hundred soldiers, although we have had untold difficulties as to a building and other matters. We have also reaped several officers, both men and women, from this corps. I should like to tell you some of their stories, but it would take too long."

Untold difficulties.

Writing about the same time to Mr. Denny, Mrs. Booth makes an interesting reference both to the General's tour and to Mr. Morley's death, the news of which had just reached her:

To Mr. Denny.

"DEAR MR. DENNY:—I am glad to say, in answer to your kind enquiries, that I am getting along better than I expected, so far. I have an hereditary dread of the sea, and was proportionately relieved on hearing of my husband's safe arrival, not only because of his value to me, but far more because of his importance to the work for a few more years at least. There is laid out for him ten thousand miles of travel and much exhausting work before he returns, but prayer is being offered for strength and grace equal to the emergency.

Work planned for the General.

"I am glad that you are pleased with, though my heart aches for the necessity for, our resolution to abstain for the present from incurring further expenditure. However, we are quite sincere in it, and shall persevere till the needs-be is removed. I don't think I ever was so nearly heart-broken as on hearing a discussion as to ways and means just before the General left,

He will not fail us.

1886, The devil said, 'You are beaten at last, and will go to your grave with a broken heart.' I answered, 'If I do, it won't be over my own sorrows, and I cast the responsibility on God.' In a few hours the promise of deliverance came and, I trust, also fresh courage and faith. 'The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' He cannot fail those who trust Him. Neither will He fail in requiting love. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' He who is so faithful in time will not fail us in eternity! Nor in the dark valley that lies between.

*Dear Mr.
Morley!* " Dear Mr. Morley! I should like to know how he finished. I wrote Mrs. Morley during his illness recommending them to try some hydropathy. I have felt the world poorer since he left it; he was so kind and hearty on my two last interviews. I know he believed in and loved us, and if he had not been influenced he would have helped us a great deal more. Well, he has discovered ere now that forms, genteel or vulgar, are nothing, but substance everything.

" Yours, in eternal gratitude and love,

" CATHERINE BOOTH."

*How to
get free-
dom.*

To a lady who had written to her for advice as to how she might get freedom from the secret craving for drink, Mrs. Booth writes thus tenderly:

" DEAR MISS ——:—I have carefully read your sad story; it is by no means a novel one to me. I have known several similar cases, some of which, thank the Lord, have been fully delivered and have walked in liberty for years.

*You
grived
the
Spirit."*

" First: I think the reason you have lost that blessed experience, which you say you had for twelve months, was because you grieved the Spirit in not entering the work when He evidently called you to it. I wonder you did not see that your reasons were only the old ones over again: 'Suffer me first to go and bury my father,' which means that some earthly relationship is deemed of more consequence than obeying the Lord; and He never has and never will continue His presence and power to those who esteem any thing or person more than His will.

" You see, the one unalterable condition of keeping His fellowship is 'walking in the light,' which means walking in

obedience. The exercise of that faith which is necessary for the realisation of power is impossible until we fully embrace the Lord's will. If the young ruler had obeyed, and sold his possessions, he would have won the companionship and presence of Jesus; he disobeyed, and consequently they parted.

"Second: When any soul complies with His condition the next step is trust; that is, believing and expecting that God is going to be as good as His word and really save from the besetment—that is, from the inward craving for whatever form of sin constitutes the temptation. A dear man, who has been for six years one of our most devoted and successful officers, had signed the abstinence pledge twenty-one times, and fallen each time. After this he sank into despair and utterly gave himself up. My second son visited him, put it before him that God was able and willing there and then absolutely to deliver him from the appetite; and making the man get out of bed at ten o'clock at night, in a half-drunken condition, he got him onto his knees and prayed with him in faith, encouraging him to believe and expect that God would that hour deliver him from the appetite. The man was enabled to do so, and his testimony has been ever since that he could now pass twenty public-houses in a row, and that the very presence of the drink would not beget a single physical desire for it.

"We have many similar examples, with respect to drink, tobacco, morphia, and sundry habits of uncleanness, though not all, of course, having experienced equal previous failures. You see, with God there is no such thing as small and great, easy and difficult! It is just as easy for God to save from these appetites as from any others; and almost all the incidents given in the New Testament, such as the leper, the man possessed of a legion, the woman with an issue of blood, and many others, were, humanly speaking, utterly hopeless cases.

"Third: There can be no question as to God's *ability* and *willingness* to deliver you from the craving; the very question, you will see, is absurd. The only difficulty is your trusting Him to do it, and you cannot trust Him till you give yourself up absolutely to obey the light of His Spirit. I take it as one of the most remarkable evidences of the blinding power of Satan, that persons reading, as you say you do, our teachings every week can get into such fogs.

"My soul goes out to God for you, and I am quite sure there

1886,
Age 57.

*His fel-
lowship
forfeited.*

Trust.

*He is
delivered.*

*Mighty to
save.*

*Only trust
Him.*

1886,
Age 57. is no obstacle to your perfect deliverance but your own unwillingness to obey, and unbelief. May the Lord show you this, and enable you at once, without risking another hour's delay (for you are on a slippery path), to yield to His Spirit's teaching and cast yourself on His boundless love and power, prays

“Yours, in deepest sympathy,

“CATHERINE BOOTH.”

*Proved
true.*

It is cheering to know that more than a year afterwards this lady was able to write and tell Mrs. Booth that she had acted upon the advice contained in her letter, and that from the moment she did so the power of God had been manifested in removing entirely the besetting appetite, nor had it once returned.

*The Puri-
ty move-
ment.*

In criticising a pamphlet which had been sent to her with reference to the Purity movement, and the duty of parents to place their children on their guard in reference to the evil that is in the world, Mrs. Booth says:

*Our
schools.*

“I agree with you in the main all through, but as you so condescendingly ask for any suggestions that may occur to me I venture to send two or three, in case you bring out a second edition. First: What I know of the state of the youth of our generation fully corroborates the testimony of the doctor and others at your meeting. I could, alas, give some even worse illustrations than those advanced. I believe few people have any conception of the foul condition of our schools of all classes; it is simply awful. Well do I understand your feelings of discouragement as you left that meeting. This has been the devil's favourite mode of attack on us for years; the only way to conquer is by rushing on to Jerusalem with crucifixion full in view; on to the rescue!

*“There
are
ways.”*

“Second: I agree with your remarks as far as adults and young people arrived at maturity are concerned, but I cannot see their applicability to children. It seems to me that there are ways of warning and forewarning children without enlightening them so far as to let in temptation. I brought up my own children in positive ignorance on these subjects, the

girls till they were sixteen and seventeen years old, and the boys till fifteen and sixteen, when they had to mix more or less with others, and it has answered. I believe that I succeeded in inspiring them with a positive dread and hatred of anything rude or immodest, and this without their knowing my reasons, and I consider they were thus spared much unnecessary conflict till they were sufficiently established in the fear and love of God to enable them to bear it. Satan is so quick to take advantage of the youthful imagination that I consider with children ignorance is bliss. I am sorry to be obliged to differ with some of the friends of purity on this point, but I should like to give you my reasons some day, if permitted to meet again.

"Third: I relish immensely the last paragraph, but how are we to put 'heart' into people? Even grace seems to fail to do so in many instances. I think it needs mothers to do this from infancy upwards."

The following letter contains a defence of some of the subsidiary details of the Army vocabulary and methods:

"With respect to the matters to which you refer, be assured that we regard your anxiety as born of real sympathy and desire to help us, and therefore we would gladly forego any or all methods to which you take exception, if we dare.

"You know, doubtless, how difficult it may be to demonstrate on paper the utility of methods which experience has proved to be of greatest value. Nevertheless I feel sure that if you were practically acquainted with the Army you would see as we do the use of every one of our peculiar measures, and I believe you will one day. Taking the points as they occur in yours:

"First, 'Barracks.' This term appeared not only to answer to our idea of what a house of God should be, but seemed to meet a great difficulty with us at one time; *i.e.*, what name to give our buildings. You see, they are not churches, or chapels, nor, in many instances, halls or theatres, but comprise every imaginable class of building from a church to a pig-sty. In addressing three or four hundred of our soldiers the other day I explained to them that Barraeks meant a place where

1886,
Age 57.

"It has
answered."

For
mothers
to do.

Details
defended.

"Bar-
racks."

1886,
Age 57. real soldiers were to be fed, taught, and equipped for war, not a place to settle down in as a comfortable snuggerie in which to enjoy themselves, and that I hoped if ever they did settle down God would burn their new Barracks over their heads.

"Knee-drill." " 'Knee-drill' is only another name for prayer-meeting, and really, if you bottom the idea, it is far more expressive of the purpose of a prayer-meeting; for surely that should be to get armed with the whole armour of God and qualified to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"Fix bayonets!" " 'Fix bayonets' is only another term for holding up the hand, or showing one's colours, and the novelty gives it an attraction which saying 'Hold up hands' would not possess. By-the-bye, I think the power of novelty, or what Bishop Taylor calls the 'surprise power,' is very much overlooked in estimating our measures. I think it is Ruskin who says that 'the enormous influence of novelty is not half enough taken note of by us:' which to him is a very sorrowful matter.

"Fire a volley!" " 'Fire a volley.' This, again, is only another way of saying, 'Let all the people say, Amen,' to which the same argument applies. You see, we are aiming at the rough, untutored, undisciplined multitudes, and we find as a matter of fact that the further we can keep away from religious phraseology and old-fashioned modes the better we can reach them and influence them.

To meet the needs. " I am quite sure that, if you could only have been with me on my last short tour, your own observation would have convinced you that we are not yet unconventional and vulgar enough in our measures to meet the needs of great numbers of the population. I am sure we do not cling to any of these things for their own sake, but for their utility.

"We are content." " As to such details affecting the continuance of the movement, it does not appear to me that they will do so in the least, seeing that the real power is the life and Spirit of God, but even if they did it must be our concern to serve our generation according to what we conceive to be the will of God, leaving the future with Him. We have no ambition for this work to live any longer than He desires, therefore if it ever loses its spirit and life we are content for it to die."

The Holiness question. Referring to the question of holiness, Mrs. Booth says to the same friend:

"I note what you say on the doctrinal aspect of the glorious truth which you have espoused, and agree with you exactly; it seems to me that the error of our friends of the opposite view is just that of separating the consequences from the cause. I had a long argument with Webb-Peploe on this same point. He admitted the indwelling of Christ, but he would not admit the consequent cleansing and power. As you say, this of course makes an excuse for sin. It seems as though they could not detach the idea of creature merit from the state of being cleansed, whereas it is only while in this experience that we realise the entire nothingness of self and self-efforts."

1886,
Age 57.

The following letter to a Presbyterian friend contains a fuller exposition of Mrs. Booth's teachings on this subject:

"With respect to the subject of holiness, I fear you very much over-estimate my knowledge and experience, but as far as the Lord has taught me I will try to answer your difficulty. It seems to me, dear sir, that nearly all the difficulties on the subject take their rise from just the point you have indicated; namely, to what law are we amenable: Adamic law, Jewish law, or Christian law—the law of love? As I understand the Gospel, we are under the last. It seems to me that if I am placed under a law which I can never fulfil, even by the power of Christ in me, then I must for ever be under a measure of condemnation, for my conscience can never be satisfied without a sense of conformity to the Divine requirements. I can rejoice that I am accepted in the Beloved, but this is justification, not sanctification, and my soul can never rest till it realises that it is not only accepted, but transformed into the same image, and is going on from glory to glory.

*The law
of love.*

"This seems to me to be the great distinguishing characteristic of the Gospel over the Jewish economy. Under the Jewish law the struggling soul found itself without power to meet the Divine requirements, but when married to Christ then it receives power to bring forth fruit unto God. The question is, Can a soul receive as much light, life, and power from Him as will enable it to love the Lord its God with all its heart and soul and strength?

*It receives
power.*

1886,
Age 57.

"While I walk in light."

"True, I may drop out of this blessed state any moment by disobedience to my Divine Guide, but certainly while I walk in His light to the utmost extent of my capacity my fellowship will be perfect and unbroken with the Father and the Son; nay, that they will come and take up their abode with me. To say that a person walking in this liberty may present infirmities and defects according to man's judgment seems to me no argument against it, seeing that no man can judge such a person, and men misjudged our Lord on the same principle. If a soul consciously fulfils the law of love, and knows that it loves God, so that everything else is loved and held in Him and everything hated and kept out that is offensive to Him; if it so loves its neighbour as to suffer and sacrifice and toil for him, if necessary, even unto death, is it not robbing that soul of a precious joy of God's own ordaining to tell it that it can never fulfil the Divine law, and never be, through the transforming power of Christ, wholly pleasing to God? I think so, and as the joy of the Lord is the soul's strength, it seems to me most injurious to rob it of this greatest joy of all, the realisation of a full conformity to the will of its heavenly Bridegroom."

On Faith

Writing to a friend on the subject of faith, Mrs. Booth says:

"Hereunto."

"I am so glad if my last was any comfort to you, but I grieve to see that you still allow unbelief to rob you of the comfort which belongs to you. Trust makes you the heir of every promise. Unbelief destroys your claim to any. I cast myself on His love and faithfulness, and, as someone has said, though He hold a drawn sword in His hand He will not strike, if I confide. Try Him. I got such a beautiful view of the use of trial on Saturday from those words, 'for hereunto ye were called' unto trial, suffering, persecution. 'Called!' Then how useless to try to shun them, and what an honour to bear them! Lord, help us to be willing to suffer!"

"Satan says."

"I am much tried just now by perplexities of every kind; uncertainty, from a human standpoint, hedges me in on every side. Satan says it is useless trying to steer straight through such a labyrinth, but I am determined to hold on to the promises, come what will. Will you join me, dearest friend? Shall we two dare to go all lengths with God in everything? Our

God is the living God. He sees me, knows me, loves me, cares for me, wants to have me with Him in glory, as much as He did Abraham, or Paul, or John. If this be true, what have I to fear? Because all the world have broken off from Him, forgotten Him, and will not trust in Him, is that any reason why I should? Lord, help us to be witnesses for Jesus as a living, ever-present, almighty Saviour. Help me and my beloved friend. Amen."

In a letter to one of her children on the same subject Mrs. Booth writes:

1886,
Age 57.

*To one of
her
children.*

"Perhaps this is the 'Why?' you so earnestly ask, but, my child, this is the very question that human reason has been asking ever since David's day and a long while before: 'Oh, why am I thus?' Here is the patience of the saints! Hypocrites rise up and say, 'I will not be thus.' They 'break His bands asunder and cast away His cords from them,' but the saint says, 'I will trust and not be afraid.' 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' 'Yea, I will quietly wait for the light.'

"If we could see the why and the wherefore there would be no room for faith, for then we should walk by sight. It is a great lesson, but it is the lesson of the Divine life. Oh, may the Lord help you to master it better than your mother has done!"

*"No room
for
faith."*

In a wealth-worshipping age it is refreshing to find that there are some who do not wait for death or the Judgment Day to divest themselves of their riches. If it is rare to find one who realises his stewardship to God and man, and strives honestly to fulfil it, there are some who need no forcing hand to compel them to obey the dictates of conscience and the Word of God. Writing to one such, who does not wish his name mentioned, but whose generous benefactions helped largely to make the more recent and extensive advances of the Army possible, Mrs. Booth says:

*Fulfilling
his stew-
ardship.*

"Your letter this morning has rejoiced our hearts more than I can express. The General will be sure to write to you, so I will content myself amidst a hurricane of work and confusion

**1886,
Age 57.** by just writing 'Hallelujah!' I feel I could go on to fill the page with Hallelujahs! But you will understand what this one means better now than ever before. You know now what the Lord's hundredfold means! Bless His holy name!

"You do well, however, to discriminate between the joy and the Giver, so that if the former should abate you may still hold on to Him as your Sanctifier.

"If!" "We are filled with joy and gratitude by your wonderful gift, but the gift would be just as real if our joy were less. So your Saviour's gift of purity and love will be just as much yours, if you hold it fast by faith, should your joy abate, as now. May the dear Lord make you stronger and stronger in faith and courage!

"We did not realise your unprecedented kindness until we read your letter, and then I could only weep my gratitude before the Lord. I will only say, The Lord bless you a hundred thousand times, and give you more and more of His best gifts, till we all sit down together to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb."

In a second letter Mrs. Booth writes:

*"Who
will re-
ward you
openly."* "I feel that I must write, whether I can or not, but what to say I don't know! Your beautiful, noble, unprecedented generosity is too great for acknowledgment in mere words, and my heart longs for some better channel through which to convey the gratitude and appreciation which burden it. Well, I can pour out my desires for you and yours into the ears of Him who will reward you openly for all the love and kindness which you have shown to His poor and despised ones.

*"The
'whys' of
life."* "During my recent trials I have suffered much from depression and have been much assailed by the enemy—only just able to keep my hold of God and of His promises. The mystery of Providence is one of Satan's most potent temptations for me; the 'whys' of life. And yet I know that each one is only a re-echo of that 'Why?' uttered 1800 years ago by the Father's best Beloved. I know also that if there were no mystery there would be no need for faith. And yet, when the fire waxes hotter or the darkness thickens, Satan will whisper, 'Why?' Oh for a faith that quails not before any of the 'whys' of feeling, of reason, or of the devil, but that goes calmly on through the darkest Calvary unmoved! Pray for me sometimes."

CHAPTER CV.

DECLARATION OF LAST ILLNESS. 1888.

THE interest of a race-course centres round its winning-post. It is here that the grand stand is erected, that the spectators cluster most thickly, and that every eye is strained to watch the result of the race. It is not always those who start well who end the best. Sometimes those who have led grandly all the way, unequal to the final spurt, are beaten at the last; whilst others, leading from the first, are never neared, and win by many lengths amid the plaudits of the crowd.

The winning-post.

The winning-post of life—to those who win—is death. It is here that humanity gathers to watch the last hours of the handful of swift-footed spirits who in each age outrun their fellows, whether in the realm of war, or politics—of thought, of doubt, or piety; and a grand career is either illumined by the radiance of its final triumph or enveloped in a sombre pall by its defeat. The finishing touch is put to an already perfect picture, or the artist's own hand mars the landscape with a dingy daub.

Humanity gathers here.

The *last* of anything, if bad, we welcome with a sigh of relief—if good, we follow with a sigh of pain. The involuntary, and often unmerited, tribute of a tear drops unbidden on the grave of what is *last* because it *is* last. And when that last is a pure, holy, blameless, and unselfish last—when it is linked to the heart of humanity by golden chains of faithful service

Relief or pain.

1888,
Age 59.

*Hushed
for once.*

and (it may be) unrequited affection, then the solitary tear becomes the tear of all; and even those who have chidden in times past feel their eyes fill and their hearts choke as they bow in mute, sincere acknowledgement before the shrine of worth. The shrill voice of envy and the strident notes of criticism are hushed for once beside the grave. The mistakes of the past, if mistakes there have been, are buried or forgotten, and the good lives on. We realise the chances gone, and stand wistfully gazing up after them into heaven till time pulls us by the sleeve, reminding us of those that still are ours and bidding us prove the sincerity of our good desires by treading in the steps of those we mourn.

*The
common
end.*

Death is to all alike, the common end of life's probation. Saint and sinner pass through its portals carrying with them nothing but their character: the panorama of their every deed and the phonogram of every word, with which and with which alone to appear before the Judgment Throne. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," does not mean that the righteous are free from the physical sufferings entailed by death, but that the righteous when placed under precisely the same physical circumstances as the wicked behave quite differently. There is neither the apathy of indifference nor the terror of despair.

*Revealing
the
contents.*

For both the casket breaks, and breaks with pain; revealing the contents that have been gathering there for years—the storage of a life. The broken casket of the sinner's soul reveals the sin, the selfishness, the indifference of the irrevocable past, while through the shattered fragments of the casket of the saint there shines the glory of a blood-washed, ransomed being, whose ended life is only life begun, enveloped

in the folds of love, peace, confidence, and joy unspeakable.

1888,
Age 59.

Alike in life and death, it is only by exposing the evil and the good to the same circumstances that the character of each can be discerned. The sun shines and the rain falls upon both, but with very different result. The wicked take without a "Thank you!" the best that Providence bestows and spend it on themselves. The good look up with grateful hearts to the Divine Giver, and plan how to make others the participants of their joy. Surround the former with wealth, and they will hoard it in a bank, or squander it on wasteful excesses. But the latter "hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor."

*In the
same
circum-
stances.*

Endow the sinner with genius and he will utilise it in self-aggrandisement, in piling up a fortune, in manufacturing explosives with which to destroy his inoffensive neighbour or a liquor that will damn his soul, and this without a twinge of conscience. But the saint will lay every talent at the feet of God for the service of his fellow-man, trampling on the bribes the world may offer.

*Every
talent.*

And thus with sorrow, losses, sickness, death. Unless the same tests were applied to both the Divine Judge might be charged with partiality. "Doth Job serve God for naught?" has always been the language of "the accuser of the brethren" in regard to those who have stood in Job's place, and who have resisted the dangerous blandishments and flatteries that attend prosperity. Nowhere does the contrast between saint and sinner stand out more clearly than when both are placed, side by side, in the furnace of affliction. While the sinner "curses God and dies," the Jobs of every age have been enabled to respond, "What! Shall we receive good at the hands of God and shall

"*Yet will
I trust.*"

1888, we not receive evil? Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." The trial of the sinner, manifesting his wickedness, becomes the commencement of his punishment. The trial of the saint reveals his character to all the world, proves that he is genuine, and measures the "how much" of his love to God and man.

From the tree of suffering. The pillars of the narrow gate are hewn from the tree of suffering in order that no hypocrite may find his way to heaven and mar its harmony. The sinner desires the crown without the cross—the saint is willing for the cross without the crown. The one serves God for what he can get out of Him. The other loves God for what He is, "serves Him for naught," and would be willing to accept hell itself as his deserved due. The one says, "Why should I be punished?" the other, "Why should I be saved?" The one blames God in the vain attempt to whitewash himself. The other condemns himself that God may be justified. The one is ever contriving to do for God as little as possible—the other will do his utmost and wish that it were more.

And thus the character of each is manifest by exposing both to the same test. What wonder, then, that "the name of the wicked rots" and "their desire perishes," while "the memory of the just is blessed" and the righteous are "in everlasting remembrance"?

Precursors. February, 1888, followed a year of unusual suffering and depression, the precursors, doubtless, of the dire malady which was to overshadow the remaining years of Mrs. Booth's life. And yet such had been the courageous stand which she had maintained in the battle that few outside the immediate home circle knew anything of the hand-to-hand struggle with weakness and weariness. During this month, however, symptoms appeared which could not be disregarded.

It had been arranged for Mrs. Booth to assist the General in Bristol at the celebration of a "Two Days with God." The meetings were among the most successful and powerful ever held. The Colston Hall, a vast cathedral-like structure, estimated to hold nearly five thousand people, was engaged for the occasion. But as the time neared the outlook was by no means encouraging. Snow had fallen, and still it was falling. The very atmosphere seemed laden with it. In fact, many said that such severe weather had been unknown for twenty years past. The prospect of being able to collect a crowd under such adverse circumstances seemed so hopeless that some urged a postponement of the gatherings.

But a Bristol audience is not easily daunted. Through the blinding snow they flocked in thousands till even the distant galleries were filled, and a dense throng, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, waited on God for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

The difficulties in face of which they met served but to fire the speakers and to increase the readiness on the hearers' part to receive the message. During the six consecutive meetings the interest and influences steadily heightened, and when, on the second evening, Mrs. Booth rose to speak the vast hall was crowded from floor to ceiling.

Perhaps the shadowy presentiment that the remaining sands of her life were numbered, and that there might be awaiting her the dreadful and protracted anguish through which, twenty years previously, she had nursed her own mother, lent an added inspiration to her heart and clothed her words with even more than their usual pungency and power. Certainly the mingled faithfulness, directness, and yet pathos of her appeals upon this memorable night had never

1888,
Age 59.

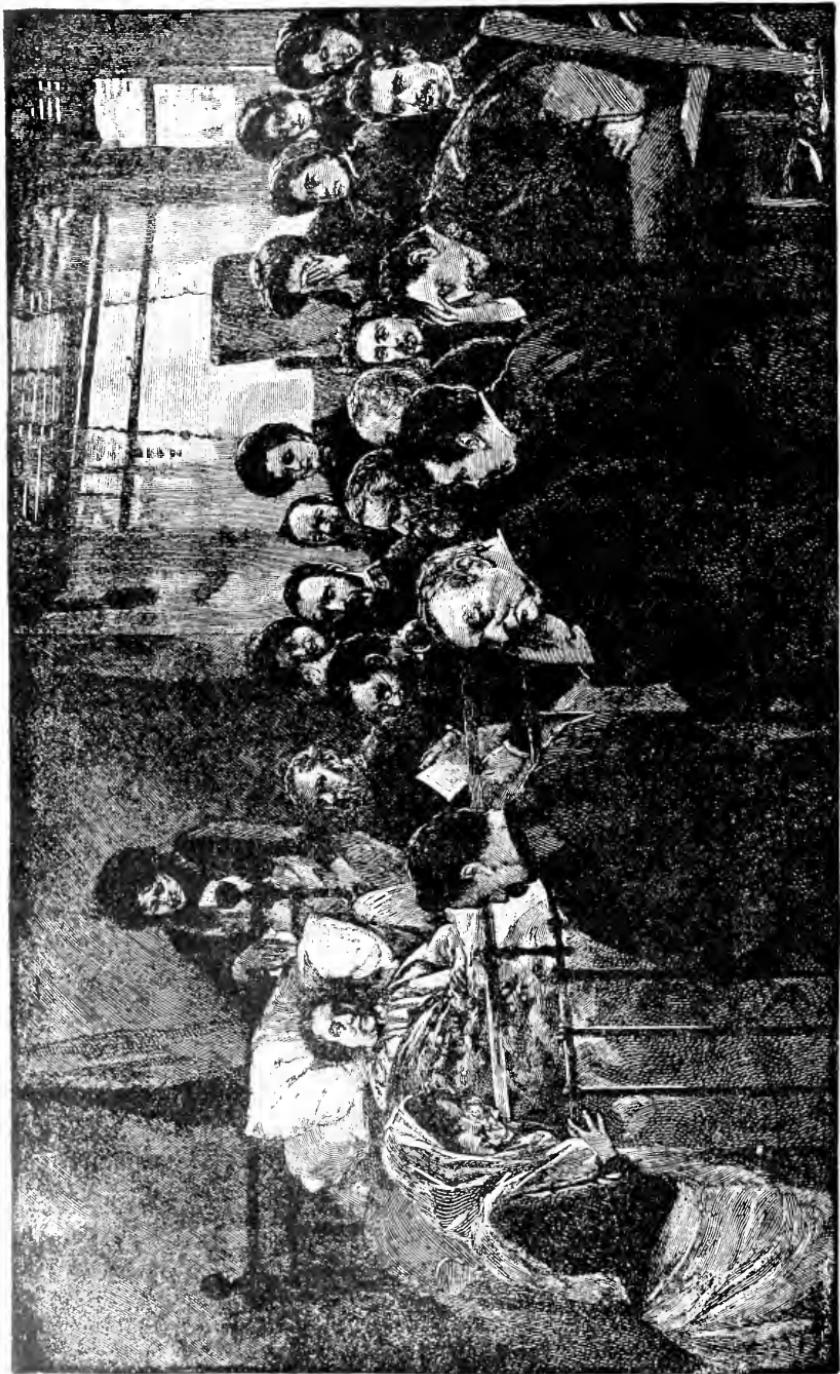
"Two
days with
God."

*Filling
the hall.*

*Uncondi-
tional
surrender
a duty.*

See p. 995.

BESTSIDE DEPARTMENT.



been surpassed. She seemed to fear lest she should fail to include every individual present in the message she had brought to them from God. Unflinchingly she gripped each conscience and nailed it to the duty of the hour—immediate and unconditional surrender to the claims of Heaven. Nor was it in vain. Hundreds responded to the call, and rising to their feet willed away their all for a life of holiness and sacrifice. The following is the substance of the imperfectly reported address, which, alas! but poorly represents the impassioned fervor of the appeal.

It would be difficult to imagine a more triumphant culmination to the provincial labours which had commenced in Gateshead twenty-eight years previously, and which had included in their scope nearly every important town in the United Kingdom.

Taking for her text the words which the General had just been reading, "Advise and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent us," Mrs. Booth said:

"Now, dear friends, God wants the ANSWER. What is the response which you, individually, will make to the VOICE which has been sounding in your ears during the last two days? The voice which some of you have heard for months and years has been renewed and intensified, and it is ringing in your soul to-night as distinctly as it ever rang in the soul of any prophet: *the voice of God in your soul.*

"To begin with, you know it is the voice of God. It matters not what human instrument it has come through. If God had used a sparrow or some inanimate instrument to convey His message, that would not take away for a moment the importance of the message, or render it optional as to whether you would return an answer.

"I am confident that many here have recognised the voice of God. You know that no mere human words could have made you feel as you have felt—could have forced you to face the past and listen to its voice—to look onward into the future and to realise its possibilities as you have done. Now,

1888,
Age 59.

*Nearing
the end.*

*What
answer?*

*God's
voice.*

*"They are
waiting
your
ansuer."*

1888,
Age 59. as the prophet said, I say to you, 'Advise and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent us.' What answer shall we, who have brought you these messages of truth, and mercy, and deliverance, and salvation, return to Him who has sent us? The Holy Spirit wants an answer. Jesus Christ wants an answer. God the Father wants an answer. The perishing, suffering world around you wants an answer. They are waiting for your answer in heaven, and they are waiting, depend upon it, in hell; and it may be that your destiny to the one place or to the other depends upon your answer to-night. I believe I have been in many meetings where the everlasting destiny of souls has been fixed by the answer they have sent back to the truth delivered by my feeble lips.

"It is not optional." "What is the answer to be? Perhaps some of you say, 'I do not choose to return an answer.' But it is not optional with you whether you will or not. The Jews thought it was optional whether they should return an answer to the messages of Jesus Christ, but they were utterly mistaken. The disobedient, gainsaying world has thought so from the beginning, but they have been grievously mistaken, as many of them have found out when they were dying, and as all will find out at the Judgment Bar.

"All truth coming from God demands, nay, receives, an answer from every soul who listens to it; that very refusal to return an answer is an answer of defiance. It is saying back to God, 'Mind your own business. I don't want Your will. I have chosen my path. I am busy about other matters. I shall not return any answer to Your messages.' That very attitude is an answer of defiance. You cannot help yourself; your soul *must* respond to the truth one way or the other. You have heard that inward voice; you have seen that inward light. Now you must say, 'Yes' or 'No.' You can never go back to where you stood before—never!

What the Lord wants. "Now, what does the Lord want with you? He wants, first, to do something *in* you. Then He wants you to present yourselves that He may do something *by* you. He wants some of you to present yourselves for this purification of which we have been hearing. The Voice in you is saying, 'Come to Me; bring that poor, stained, wretched, up-and-down, in-and-out, unbelieving, doubting soul of yours to Me. I will

cleanse it from all unrighteousness and fill you with My Spirit. I will empower you henceforth to live in obedience to My commands, to fulfil all righteousness, and to walk before Me, as My beloved child, in holiness and righteousness all your days.'

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Age 59.

"The end of this meeting to you is that the works of the devil may be destroyed out of your heart, that the citadel may be taken for your King, that He may possess you wholly."

"*Let Him come in.*"

"How often have you groaned in your closet: 'If it was not for this cursed thing, I might be of some use! What a power I might be in my workshop, or warehouse, or wherever I am! What I might do, if it were not for this besetting sin!' Now, bring your poor heart with its besetting sin to Jesus! only be willing to let Him turn it out. Let Him snap the fetters which have bound you to it. Let Him come in and take possession, and prove whether He cannot keep you clean and give you victory over all the power of the enemy."

"But for some of you He has done this already, and you are living in the enjoyment of this blessing. Now He calls you to service. He wants to take hold of and fill you with the power of His Spirit, that you may go and be saviours of men. Some people don't like the term 'saviours,' but I think it is beautiful. He came as an example, that we should walk in His footsteps; and as He gave Himself for the poor, sinful world so He has redeemed us that we may give ourselves to fill up that which is behind in the measure of His sufferings for the salvation of those for whom He died."

"*So He has redeemed us.*"

"Will you thus present yourselves to Him, and enter into that definite partnership with the Son of God of which the General spoke this morning? Will you cease to have any separate interests from those of Jesus Christ? Will you make wife, husband, children, friends, home, means, business, and everything else, subservient to Him? What doth hinder?"

"*Will you?*"

"Do you suppose He cannot return you a hundredfold? 'Oh!' said a gentleman who was led to give a good sum of money to the Lord's work lately, 'I understand the meaning of forsaking houses and lands and having the hundredfold in return. I have a hundredfold already.' If you want to understand how much the Lord will give you, kneel down. Come and give your all first. He never shows us the light until we have gone through the tunnel. He didn't show

"*Do you suppose?*"

**1888,
Age 59.** Abraham the ram until he had taken the knife to slay his son. Then He said, 'Now I know that thou lovest Me, seeing thou hast not withheld thine only son, whom thou lovest.' There must be no mere profession of surrender, no mere singing, 'All I have I bring to Thee,' while you are taking care of it for yourself all the time. You have been contemplating this field; you have been hearing about this priceless pearl, turning it over, and thinking what it would be worth. Now, then, sell all you have to purchase it! I can tell you, from experience, that you will have made the best bargain of your life.

"If I had time, I could give you some wonderful illustrations in the case of people who have sacrificed what they thought was their very living, and twelve months after they have told me that they had done better, and been able to give away more money than ever before in their lives. Trust God. What a hollow faith it is that cannot trust God for bread and cheese!

*"You will
have to
obey."* "God wants some of you here to-night for Salvation officers. I know He does. You say, 'Ah, you have come to it at last! You are touching *me* now.' Thank God! I hope He will use me to give you the final push, and enable you to decide on giving up yourself to Him for whatever He wants you to be. If God is calling you to be a Salvation Army officer, you will never get any rest for the sole of your foot till you are one. Never! You will have to obey the inward Voice, and come and present yourselves to be saviours. Will you come? Will you rise and present yourselves to the Lord for this—each man, each woman, answering to the call of God only?

"I may not have spoken of your particular call. I may not have hit your particular difficulty. Never mind. Apply the truth to yourself. Whatever the particular call is, the particular sacrifice God asks you to make, the particular cross He wishes you to embrace; whatever the particular path He wants you to tread, will you rise up and say, in your heart, 'Yes, Lord; I accept it; I submit; I yield. I pledge myself to walk in that path, and to follow that Voice, and to trust Thee with the consequences'?

*Safe in
His
hands.* "'Oh,' but you say, 'I don't know what He will want next.' No, we none of us know that, but we know that we shall be safe in His hands. He wants all we are, all we acquire, and

all we can do to the end of our days. He has asked me for something lately that I would love to keep close to me all my life, but I have given it to Him for the salvation of the lost.

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Age 59.

"We are in God's hands. A dear man in the North came to shake hands with us, his daughter by his side, and when the General spoke to her about the work, the father said, with the tears streaming down his face: 'You shall have her. I withstood you last year about Maggie, and God has taken her.' Maggie was in God's hands. Perhaps if he had given her up twelve months before she would have been spared. Your Maggies, your influence, money, houses, lands, your life, are all in His hands, and He can take any of them in an instant without your leave. Therefore come and offer yourself voluntarily and willingly.

"That is the best way to keep anything you have—give it to God or use it for God. The only way to find your life is to abandon it to Him. Who will say: 'O Lord, I present myself, in this way, in this degree, for Thy service'? Do it thoughtfully and intelligently; do it solemnly and for ever. Let the language of your heart be: 'I present myself; I consecrate myself, this hour, for Thee, to live or to die for the salvation of men. I put away from me and abjure all other objects and motives as the end of my existence. I will only engage myself in secular matters in order to help me to carry this, the great primary object of my life, into execution. Thou shalt have every hour and every faculty I possess. Thou shalt have all. I present myself.' Who will? Those who will, stand up before the Lord."

*The best
way to
keep it.*

It was a kindly Providence which granted to Mrs. Booth the spiritual stimulus of such a victory, for the news which awaited her on her return to London was of the saddest character. Dr. Heywood Smith, a generous and unswerving friend of the Salvation Army, had kindly arranged an interview with Sir James Paget. It was with some fluttering of heart, and after a fresh and definite committal of herself for life or death into the hands of the Lord, that Mrs. Booth started on her sorrowful errand. Sir James

1888,
Age 59.

*No hope
of cure.*

Paget, after making a careful examination, unhesitatingly pronounced the small tumour which had then appeared to be of a cancerous type and advised an immediate operation, an opinion which was afterwards confirmed by another eminent surgeon, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. Mrs. Booth then stated her objections to an operation, asking what would be the probable duration of life if the disease were allowed to pursue its ordinary course. Sir James Paget seemed desirous to evade the question, saying that he could not speak with certainty, but upon Mrs. Booth courageously pressing him as to what was the usual limit of life in such cases, he replied that it would probably be from eighteen months to two years at the utmost. Mrs. Booth received the melancholy tidings with the calmness of a Christian and the fortitude of a saint. Not that she failed to grasp the terrible nature of the situation, as the following passage from the General's pen will serve to show:

*Reaching
home.*

"After hearing the verdict of the doctors she drove home alone. That journey can better be imagined than described. She afterwards told me how as she looked upon the various scenes through the cab windows it seemed that the sentence of death had been passed upon everything; how she had knelt upon the cab floor and wrestled in prayer with God; of the unutterable yearnings over me and the children that filled her heart; how the realisation of our grief swept over her, and the uncertainties of the near future, when she would be no longer with us.

*"She tried
to smile."*

"I shall never forget in this world, or the next, that meeting. I had been watching for the cab and had run out to meet and help her up the steps. She tried to smile upon me through her tears, but drawing me into the room she unfolded gradually to me the result of the interviews. I sat down speechless. She rose from her seat and came and knelt beside me, saying, 'Do you know what was my first thought? That I should not be there to nurse you at your last hour.'

*Utterly
unselfish.*

"I was stunned. I felt as if the whole world were coming to a standstill. Opposite me on the wall was a picture of Christ on the cross. I thought I could understand it then as never before. She talked like a heroine, like an angel, to me: she talked as she had never talked before. I could say little or nothing. It seemed as though a hand were laid upon my very heart-strings. I could only kneel with her and try to pray.

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Age 59.

"I was due in Holland for some large meetings. I had arranged to travel that very night. She would not hear of my remaining at home for her sake. Never shall I forget starting out that evening, with the mournful tidings weighing like lead upon my heart. Oh, the conflict of that night journey! I faced two large congregations, and did my best, although it seemed I spoke as one in a dream. Leaving the meetings to be continued by others I returned to London the following evening.

*That
night
journey.*

"Then followed conferences and controversies interminable as to the course of treatment which it might be wisest to pursue. Her objections to an operation finally triumphed.

"And then followed for me the most painful experience of my life. To go home was anguish. To be away was worse. Life became a burden, almost too heavy to be borne, until God in a very definite manner visited me in a measure, and comforted my heart."

*"Life be-
came a
burden—
until."*

The painful tidings fell upon every heart in the family with crushing force. The household was indeed a vale of tears. They loved their mother with a passionate tenderness rarely seen. Their life still centred itself in hers almost as much as in nursery days. She was still the trusted repository of their every sorrow, their counsellor in every perplexity, the guardian angel of their lives. "We look at one another through our tears, and cannot speak," writes Emma to her mother a few days later, from Reading, where she had gone to attend a large council of officers. "But, loved one, you will know how we feel. So does the Lord, who will surely help us in this time

*In the
house-
hold.*

1888,
Age 59. of trouble. Every moment your dear face is before me. I want unspeakably to fly back to you. Only to help Herbert and to play a brave part for the Kingdom's sake could I stay even a few hours from your side. The dear Lord is, however, nearer than any of us can be, and, much as we love you, He loves you more."

*"He loves
you
more."* **From Mr.
Bram-
well** The following from the pen of Mr. Bramwell Booth describes his feelings at the news:

"That night the General was to leave for one of his Continental journeys. Important and long-expected meetings in Holland had been arranged, and Mrs. Booth would not hear of his remaining. On the way to the railway station he came to Headquarters in order to confer with me. I can never forget my feelings when I understood the report of the doctors. My heart stood still. She had been so much more than a mother—had been so much of a leader, adviser, and counsellor—that it seemed impossible to spare her. How could the war go on without her? The General desired me to make some enquiries for him of the doctors, and after praying with me for strength and courage he started for Amsterdam by the night train.

*A sorrow-
ful ride.* "I left at once for Notting Hill to lead a Half-Night of Prayer. I was deeply exercised. The long ride across the city was filled with the darkest and most sorrowful thoughts, and in the meeting I found it impossible to throw off my burden. I struggled hard to get hold of my audience—a large and interested one—but I fear in great part failed. In the second meeting, after inviting seekers for holiness to come to the penitent-form and several had responded, I spoke to one, from whose lips I received one of the great lessons of my life. She was a woman of middle life, apparently a Christian of many years' experience, but now deeply moved, and all she could say amidst her sobs, evidently with reference to some matter of controversy, was, 'O Lord, I *want* to be willing—make me willing—let me be willing.' I knelt down beside her; the gathering storm seemed already to be bursting over me; all that my beloved mother had been and was and could

*"I want
to be
willing."*

be to me, to us each, to this great war, and to the world, crowded itself on to the dark horizon of my soul.

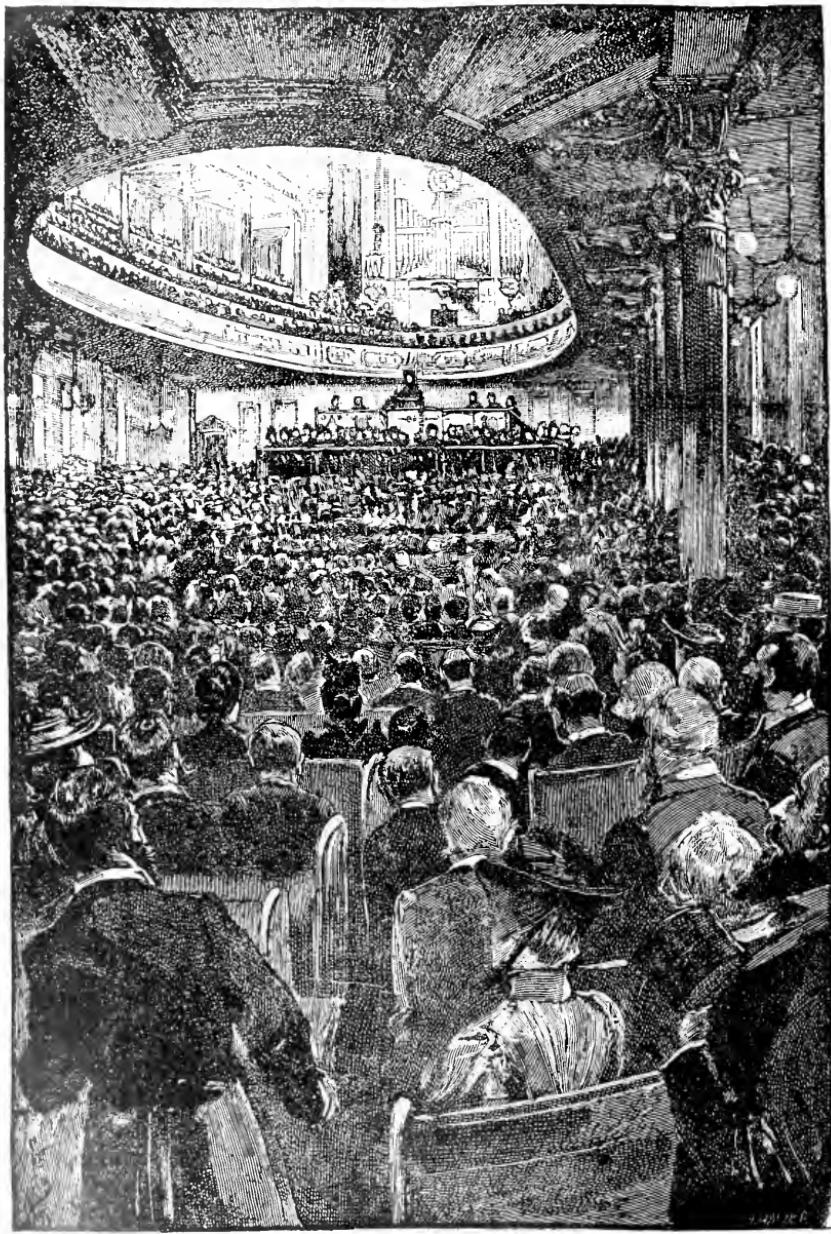
1888,
Age 59.

"I can never forget those moments. Could I for myself say: 'Not my will, but Thine be done'?—'Lord, *make* me willing! Let me say it!" went on praying and crying the seeker by my side; and at last I cried it also, and joined my prayer to hers. She knew perhaps nothing but that I seemed to meet her on her own level and helped her to a higher one; while to me her spoken distress and agony of soul were made a guide and beacon amid the storm and darkness of this terrible trial of my faith.

"Immediately on the General's return from Holland there was a consultation of the whole family with one or two of our most intimate friends at Stamford Hill, when a decision was taken as to the course we should adopt. In the mean time Dr. Kidd, who had attended Mrs. Booth's mother in her last illness, and who had long been a kind and consistent friend of the Army, had also seen her. Finally we communicated with the one or two medical men who strongly favoured the Mattei remedies, and who seemed very hopeful of at least alleviating the more severe suffering even if they could not effect a cure. Long and anxious consultations took place. Prayer and fasting, accompanied by deepest self-abasement and, I believe, truest resignation, preceded every one of these conferences, and, with the fullest concurrence of the dear sufferer herself, it was at last decided to finally abandon the idea of operating, and to give the Mattei remedies a trial. I have no sort of doubt that the decision as to the knife would have been the same had we never heard of the Mattei system, for, although Mrs. Booth had more faith in it than any others of us, she was so strongly and firmly opposed to the old-fashioned treatment that it is practically certain she would never have consented to be operated upon. To some extent we around her were also influenced by the risk of operation arising from the weak condition of her heart—always an element of the greatest concern where powerful anaesthetics must be used. We have never doubted—nor did she—that our decision was a right and wise one."

Treat-
ment de-
termined.

A right
decision.



MRS. BOOTH AT THE CITY TEMPLE.

CHAPTER CVI.

THE LAST PLATFORM UTTERANCES. 1888.

MRS. BOOTH's strength failed rapidly, and the progress of the disease enforced the early termination of her public labours. Her last words from the platform are therefore the more weighty.

Failing strength.

A few days previous to the Bristol meetings Mrs. Booth took part in a similar convention at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester. The occasion was one of more than ordinary enthusiasm and spiritual power. She spoke three times in the course of these meetings, one of her addresses being on the subject of Service. The following is a short summary of what she said:

Man-chester.

"I am to speak to you for a few minutes on the service that God requires of His people. I suppose there is not a professing Christian here who does not consider himself a servant of the Lord Most High. I presume this is implied in all Church creeds, on whatever minor points they may differ.

On Service.

"What texts we quote without comprehending their meaning! Now, think for a minute what this involves. A servant. What is it to be a servant even in this free country, where servants are only engaged by the term, and work for what they receive?

"But what of the word used in the original sense, which means a *slave*: given up to the will, bound to the objects, pledged to the purposes and convenience of his master? What is it to be a servant? I wonder what some of you business men would think of your servants—your managers or foremen—if they were to treat you and your interests as the great majority of professed servants of Jesus Christ treat His!

"The idea of a servant only doing what he likes, choosing

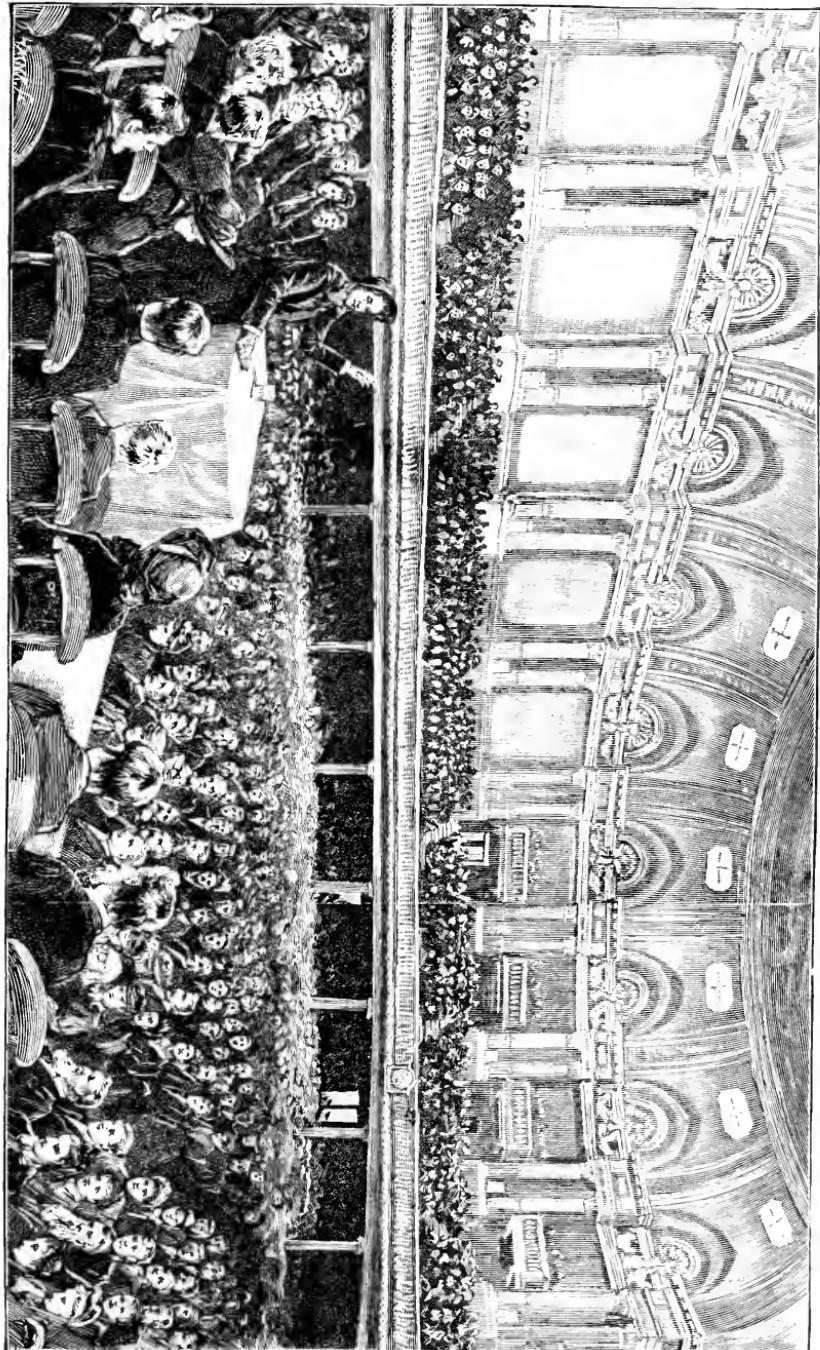
1888,
Age 59. when he shall come to business and when he shall go away, or what department of your work he shall do—a servant who carries out his own ideas, likes and dislikes in everything, without reference to his master's wishes or orders! You wouldn't keep such a man twenty-four hours. You would say to him, 'My friend, you have mistaken your vocation.' The very idea of service means the exchange of the will of the servant for the will of the master; the sacrifice, for the time being, of the personal freedom of the servant to the master; the consecrating of the servant's time and energy and interests to the promotion, not of his own, but the master's interests.

Missed his vocation. "The mistress expects this from her servants. Think of the servant that comes into your house and says: 'It is not my habit to rise early. I could not think of dressing without a fire. I must have such-and-such time to myself. I have to consider my comfort, my health, my circumstances, my wishes, and my feelings.' 'Oh!' you would say, 'my dear girl, you are not fitted to be a servant; you are no use to me.'

Does God require less? "Look at the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ! Is not this the common idea which they have of the service which God Almighty demands from them? And yet can it be imagined that he requires less than a man requires from His fellows? Is His service less comprehensive! Does it embrace less abandonment of self and less consecration to the interests of God than you require of your servants towards you?

Not their own. "If there was one truth more than another that Jesus Christ laboured persistently to inculcate into the minds of His disciples it was this: that they were not, in any sense, their own; that they absolutely belonged to Him, body, soul, and spirit. If they were stewards they were to hold their stewardships for Him. If they were husbandmen they were to cultivate their ground for Him. If they possessed talents they were to improve their talents for Him. If they possessed money they were to use it for His interests and not for their own. This is assumed in every single parable, and is implied in all His teaching. His people were to live henceforth on the earth to promote the interests of His kingdom and the glory of His name.

"What is the next thing service involves? Having renounced your will to your Master, and put yourself at His



MRS. BOOTH IN THE FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

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Age 59.

*Carry
out His
will.*

disposal, He expects you will practically carry out His will. You may sit in the counting-house complimenting Him from morning till night. You may even sing those words, with respect to Him, 'Here I bring my all to Thee,' but if you do not carry out His instructions and do His work He will be compelled to dismiss you.

"How people compliment the Lord! They compliment Him on loving and accepting them, while they are idle and unprofitable, and He is, all the time, angry with them. As He said to the Jews, 'Why cover ye Mine altar with your tears?' He neither wants your compliments nor your tears. 'Go and unloose the burdens; go and visit the fatherless and the widows; go and put the tithes you owe into My storehouse; go and bring that of which you have robbed Me; don't come whining about your devotion to Me; let Me see proof of it. Go and do what I command you.'

"Where are the tithes?"
I often think I see, as it were, the Lord sitting up in heaven, looking on our sanctuaries, with their mock performances and sham religion, saying, 'Where are the tithes?' The people pray, in some sort of way, I suppose, for God to pour out His Spirit and save men; and yet I think I can see the Lord Jesus almost weeping over them, and in an agony saying: 'Why do you cry to Me to do what you ought to be doing yourselves? Why don't you arise and do as I have told you? Why don't you send the Gospel to every creature?'

"What the Lord wants is that you shall go about the business to which He sets you, not asking for an easy post, nor grumbling at a hard one. Not saying, 'Lord, I never engaged to do this.' Like the servant we sometimes get into our houses; all goes smoothly till the child gets the whooping-cough, or the measles, then she comes to you and says, 'I didn't bargain for this.' She is not a servant for sickness. She is only a servant for fine weather. Are there not multitudes who act just the same towards the Lord Jesus? All goes smoothly till persecution arises; then they say: 'Lord, this is too much.' They say 'Good bye;' or, if they don't say good-bye, they pocket their profession, and betray Him in their hearts.

"The
Lord is
tired?"

"The Lord is tired of this mockery, this farce, and He says: 'I will provoke you to jealousy by a people who are not a people, and I will anger you with a foolish nation, seeing that

you will not be My servants in truth, and that the great mass of you will not follow Me in holiness; I will raise up a people from the gutters and slums, gin-palaces and public-houses. I will make a people for myself, who will follow me all lengths.' I want you to determine to be such a servant as this."

1888,
Age 59.

The next occasion on which Mrs. Booth spoke was at her daughter Emma's wedding, on the 10th of April, 1888. Fearing lest the development of the disease might prevent her from being present upon this much-looked-forward-to occasion she fixed for it the earliest possible date, telegraphing for the return of the writer, who was then in India. Her address on that occasion has been already reported in a previous chapter.

*At the
wedding.*

To Dr. Parker of the City Temple was reserved the privilege of affording to Mrs. Booth the opportunity of delivering her last message in the great metropolis. It was twenty-three years since she had addressed her first London congregation at a small chapel in Rotherhithe. From that day London had been the centre round which not only she herself but the Salvation Army had revolved.

*Dr.
Parker.*

London has usually appropriated the best preachers that the provinces have created, partly because it has known how to appreciate true worth, but principally because it has offered them so exceptional a field for the delivery of their message. What London listens to is listened to by the world. The great commercial capital is the most convenient speaking-trumpet through which any preacher ever yet addressed the nations of the earth. The audience of the Roman Coliseum dwindles into insignificance in comparison with the vast masses of humanity that fix their eyes upon the favoured few who have fought their way

*London a
speaking-
trumpet.*

**1888,
Age 59.**

into recognition as the acknowledged prophets of the metropolis.

*For
twenty-
three
years.*

For nearly a quarter of a century Mrs. Booth had occupied this world-wide rostrum with an ability and success which few had equalled, none surpassed. It was on Thursday, 21st June, 1888, that she brought her public ministrations to a close, with an address which could scarcely have been more appropriate and powerful had she known that it would be her last.

*Love for
the
heathen.*

Her heart had been deeply stirred in regard to the needs and claims of the heathen world by the great missionary convention then being held at Exeter Hall, attended by some two thousand delegates from all quarters of the globe. She had loved the heathen when but a child, and it was fitting that her last public appeal should be a plea on their behalf—a plea that was emphasised by the offering up of her own daughter for their salvation.

*Comple-
tely pros-
trated.*

For upwards of an hour Mrs. Booth spoke, forgetful of time, of place, of strength—in fact, of everything except her theme and opportunity. Every eye was rivetted and not a heart could sit unmoved. But when at length she concluded exhausted nature reasserted itself, and she was so completely prostrated that it was nearly an hour before she could be removed from the pulpit. On their way home she said that she feared it would prove to be her last address, and it afforded her no small consolation then and afterwards to realise that it had been an appeal on behalf of the heathen nations of the world. Being her last public utterance, we are constrained to report her words at length.

*Mr.
Denny.*

Mr. T. A. Denny read, before the address, II. Corinthians, 5th chapter, beginning at the 11th verse, and I. Corinthians, 9th chapter, 19th verse:

" My address this morning bears on the two passages that Mr. Denny has read. It appears to me that at the present moment, when the International Conference on Missionary Operations has just been convened, attended by delegates of almost every missionary society in existence, a few words with respect to the duty of spreading Christianity throughout the world might be helpful to many present.

" I dare say that if I were to take a census of my audience this morning there would be many persons who would dispute as to the possibility of the world being converted. I suppose a great many of these delegates who have recently been sitting at this Conference, and a great majority of the Christians all round the world, would dispute this. However this may be, I think there would be no division of opinion with respect to two or three facts relating to this subject.

" In the first place, I believe that most of those who dissent from the possibility of the world being converted would admit that Jesus Christ must have intended something more in that great commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' than has yet been generally recognised. Even if the word translated 'preach' were not capable of being rendered, 'Make disciples' of all nations, which you are aware it is, yet we must even then suppose that God intended more to be done than has generally been imagined. The same remark holds good with respect to the great commission of Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, who was sent 'to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith which is in me.'—Acts xxvi. 18. There must have been more intended by this than a mere proclamation of the Gospel.

" And, whether Christ contemplated or God desired the salvation of the world or not, there must be two or three facts regarding which there can be no dispute. The first is, we have made very poor progress so far, even in making known Christ as a Saviour from sin and hell. I have been appalled and amazed at the comparatively few whom I have met, of the thousands of people with whom I have conversed, who have understood that the realisation of the forgiveness of sins is possible, and I have been appalled at the comparatively small

1888,
Age 59.

Mrs.
Booth's
last
address.

Conversion of the world.

More was intended.

*Very poor
progress
so far.*

**1888,
Age 59.** number of professing Christians who enjoy this blessing. They do not appear to know that it is there for them, and that Jesus Christ is a positive, present Saviour.

Jesus has power to pardon and keep. "But supposing they do get pardoned from their past sins, they do not realise that Jesus has the power to deliver them from the sin reigning in their hearts; from their besetting sins; from that which constitutes their misery.

"Perhaps on no point has the Salvation Army suffered persecution more than on this one point of its teaching: that it proclaims a Saviour not only willing to pardon but who does pardon absolutely, and who communicates a sense of that pardon by His Holy Spirit to the hearts of those who truly repent and sincerely believe: and that He not only washes their past sins away but has the power to keep them from their sins, and will, if they trust in Him, enable them to live in righteousness and holiness all their lives, walking in obedience to His commands, keeping that inner law of which we have just heard—the law of Christ—which is the most perfect law and fulfils all others—loving the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself.

"Oh, for a trumpet voice!" "Oh, the hundreds of people I have seen open their eyes with astonishment at the mere propounding of such a doctrine! People who have sat under the Gospel for many years have never heard of such a thing, and do not understand it. They do not know it; much less does the poor world outside know it. Oh, as I have looked round our towns and cities, and observed the marks of misery depicted on thousands of faces I meet with, I feel, Oh, for a trumpet voice! Oh, for some mighty herald that would get up on every kerbstone, or every other available space, and proclaim to this poor world, full of hungry souls, that there is peace, pardon, purity for them, and power in a living Saviour to keep them from sin, and to enable them to walk before Him and to enjoy His presence and smile!

"God has spoken for it." "Even in a Christian land this is not known, and consequently we have professing Christians the most ready of all to persecute us when we announce such a doctrine. However, this teaching has spoken for itself, or, rather, God has spoken for it by the presence and power of His Holy Spirit, and there are to-day tens of thousands of people, the majority of them

raised from the very lowest condition of the earth's population, standing forth and testifying: 'We were once possessed of the devils of drink, debauchery, and crime of every description, but now here we are—the devils are cast out, our past sins are purged away, and we are kept by the power of His grace from the sins which did so easily beset us, and we are walking in the light and fellowship of the Triune Jehovah.' I say, Thank God that He has always testified of the truth of this teaching by the presence and power of His Holy Spirit whenever it has been put forth.

1888,
Age 59.

"Further: there can be no dispute, I suppose, as to the fact that we have made very poor progress in the *conversion* of the world. Not only has our progress been slow in making a Saviour known but in bringing people to Him where He has been made known. Out of fifteen hundred millions, which is said to be the number of the world's population, I suppose the great majority are, according to the teaching of Jesus Christ and the apostle Paul, still lying in the arms of the wicked one. Sin, and the outcome of sin, which is misery, are everywhere prevalent, just as much amongst the rich as amongst the poor, amongst the educated as amongst the illiterate. Sin and misery everywhere—changed in its outward forms since apostolic days; at any rate, to some extent, changed in its garb and speech and methods. Nay; I sometimes think it is not so much changed as some Christians imagine. If they would just come and take part in a Salvation Army march they would find it is much the same. But, however genteel and civilised evil may be, it is evil still, and whether an evil heart beats under a broadcloth coat or a fustian jacket it brings forth the same bitter fruits of sorrow. Alas! we see and hear it every day. One cannot take up a periodical or newspaper, or engage in conversation with a friend or neighbour for five minutes, but some record or other of the results of sin comes to us.

*Sin and
misery.*

"If you want to trace what Christianity has done in heathen lands, look carefully through what it has accomplished during the century of Christian missionary effort of which we have been hearing so much and I am afraid you will be very much disappointed—that is, if you seek Christ's Christianity. I grant that you will find these heathen nations advanced in civilisation; but civilisation is not Christianity. This is a distinction which, from the reports I have read, it appears

*To save,
not to
civilise.*

1888,
Age 59. to me some speakers at the late Conference have sadly overlooked. From the manner in which many speakers and writers arrogate all the civilisation in the world to Christianity one would imagine that they had forgotten there was a civilisation in existence long before Christ appeared on the scene. I grant that civilisation follows in the wake of Christianity; but Christ did not come to *civilise* the world but to *save* it, and to bring it back to God. Ah! it was not His mission to cover up its moral sores by putting a respectable covering outside, while it remained full of rottenness and corruption. It was His mission to cleanse away its vileness, to heal its moral wounds, and to restore soundness to its heart—the soundness which it had lost at the Fall.

"*Verily I say unto you,*" "If I understand the Bible rightly, it appeals alike to civilised and uncivilised. It makes no distinction between the sinfulness of civilised and uncivilised men, and it makes no difference between the conditions of salvation or the amount of salvation required by either. Jesus said to Nicodemus, who was one of the most highly civilised of his generation, 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God.' And when Nicodemus, with all his wisdom, like a great many of our philosophical teachers nowadays, expressed surprise at the enunciation of such a doctrine, instead of withdrawing it Jesus reiterated it, and said, 'Verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit'—except he experience a spiritual transformation, an inward renewal, a regeneration of heart—he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.'

Nothing short of this. "Let us, therefore, be careful to distinguish between civilisation and Christianity, and do not let us arrogate to ourselves all the civilisation of the world, for it does not belong to us. We have nothing to boast of short of salvation. We have not a single disciple, baptised person, or professing Christian to be thankful for who has not experienced a change of heart; who has not been made out of falsehood into truth, out of dishonesty into honesty, out of uncleanness into purity; who is not transformed in the spirit of his mind, and renewed again after the likeness of God. Oh, that God may use me to be the means of imprinting this on your minds, and of helping you, in future, not to be satisfied with or glory over anything short of this in connection with all your religious work!"

"Jesus Christ came, I say, to rectify men's hearts, and He persistently taught that this would rectify all man's outward sorrows. That is, when you have got man right with God you will soon get him right with humanity, with himself, and in all his relationships with the world. I mean morally right. He will be physically wrong—outwardly wrong—for the world will persecute him; but he will be right in his relationships to it, for he will only live in it to mend it, and only have communications with men in order to save them.

1888,
Age 59.

*Right
with God.*

"Then it follows that, if this be true, all missionary, ministerial, evangelistic, or Salvation Army effort that fails in accomplishing this is a farce and a failure. We regard it so. I am not preaching a standard to you which I have not adopted myself. We only value large congregations because of the opportunity we have to get at them with God's truth, and get them saved. We do not value large, respectable, or ignorant congregations in themselves. We do not value grand places or poor places, though I think now the Salvation Army occupy all sorts of buildings, from a cathedral, or, at any rate, a grand church, down to a pig-sty. But we do not value buildings. We do not value even collections, though people give us credit for thinking a great deal about the money. The reason is, we are engaged in a desperate war, and war is expensive, but we are anxious about getting money only to propagate the war. We value none of these advantageous surroundings in themselves, but we calculate everything by results—results in souls—in living men and women transformed from bad men into good men and true—pure and holy. That is our criterion. We never count anybody as a soldier unless we have reason to believe that he has gone through such a change, and is living in the experience of it.

*What we
value.*

"If this be true, how very important it is that we should have a clear and definite idea before our minds when we set out to preach the Gospel. We should also examine the results of the organisations which we give our money to sustain and maintain. A man is more bound to look after the interest he gets for God's money than he is for his own. How careful you men are about your own investments! Be as careful about your investments in the name of the Lord. See what you get for your money.

*Our
criterion.*

"Then, further, with those who have gone with me thus

1888,
Age 59.

*Shame
for the
past.*

*"I
believe."*

*The
genuine
thing.*

far there can be no dispute, I suppose, as to the fact that we ought to make *greater* progress. We must mend the future. If the past has been so unsatisfactory, if we have not done what we ought to have done, then there is only one way to mend it—that is, to do better in the future. As I look back at the miserable results of two thousand years of Christian profession and work my very soul blushes for shame. It looks to me an awfully poor state of things that there should be two hundred millions of Mohammedans and ten hundred millions of positive, actual heathen, whom Christianity does not touch; and the worst of all is that those who call themselves the Church of the living God, instead of having a convocation, with some fasting, prayer, weeping, and lamentation over the poor, paltry progress that Christianity has made in the world, they seem mostly (of course there are blessed exceptions) disposed to stroke themselves down, and to congratulate one another on the wonderful results of their missionary operations. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with shame; and if I did not believe that we were inaugurating a higher standard of devotion, and a greater and more comprehensive idea of self-abandonment and labour for God, I should die of grief. I believe God is stirring a few real people all over the world, and giving them to see the defects of the past.

"I suppose there will be no dispute that much greater progress is desired. All who know anything of the salvation of God must feel with me here: that if we cannot cover the earth with the knowledge of it then we should cover as much of it as we can. That we are bound, under obligation, to do this seems to be self-evident to those who believe Christianity to be for the benefit of the race. Putting aside the future life altogether, I think we are bound to do this for the peace, purity, good-will, beneficence, truth, and justice which always follow in the wake of true Christianity. 'Ah,' you say, 'these things do not follow in the wake of all Christianity.' But I am talking about the genuine thing, Christ's Christianity, and I say if these results do not follow it is a bastard Christianity; its fruits prove it to be so.

Its fruits. "Real Christianity is known by its fruits—peace, good-will, purity, justice, and truth. It inculcates and implants the love that worketh no ill of any kind to its neighbour; the love that seeks the good even of its enemies, and heaps the coals of fire

1888,
Age 59.

of benevolence on the heads of those who hate it. That is real Christianity, and wherever that goes peace and good-will are found. There can be no mistake about it. Therefore, for the happiness, deliverance, and emancipation of the slaves of the earth, for the rescue of the down-trodden women of the world, for the care and consideration it instils for the poor helpless children, for the ideas of justice which it brings wherever it goes—for these reasons we have found the spread of it to be a benefit to the whole race, both for this world and the next.

"Many people think they have done with a hereafter, but it is a premature verdict. I would like to visit them when they are *dying*. This indifference to a future life takes a deal of keeping up. Nay, it cannot be kept up in a dying hour without the aid of narcotics, and if you like to go narcotised out of time into eternity I do not envy you your choice. The intuition of a future state is too deeply ingrained in the very essence of our nature for any mere sophistries of scientists to destroy it. It has kept the world moving for all these thousands of years. It will keep it moving in spite of them or their sophistries and arguments. Therefore, those of us who do believe that man has a hereafter, are we not bound to try to prepare men for a future of blessedness and honour, instead of a future of misery and shame? Granting that it is only a short period (I believe it is a long one)—but, short or long, I say we are bound to help men, and to press them, if we can, to prepare for that hour. It is bad enough to spend this mortal life in misery, but it will be worse to spend a longer time in a similar or worse condition—even if it be not eternal!"

"Again: are not we who love the Lord Jesus Christ bound to do something for *His* sake? What would satisfy Him, think you, as the end of His living, suffering, and dying? Will He be satisfied with a paltry percentage of the human race, as the result of the travail of His soul who tasted death for every man, and who wills that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth? We cannot believe but that His great benevolent heart bounds with love for every son and daughter of Adam. O my brother, my sister, you may be nearing eternity, and just on ahead of you may be the Judgment Seat of Christ, where you will have to ren-

Here-
after."We who
love the
Lord."

1888,
Age 59.

der an account for the deeds done in the body, and receive according to that you have done, whether it be good or evil. That is not the Old Testament; that is not Salvation Army book. It is the New Testament; it is the Apostle Paul who is speaking to Christians. You will have to receive according to that you have done. We sing and talk about our mighty Saviour, who shed His blood for us. We sing:

“‘Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,’

and then we grudge Him a little self-denial—a little money, or effort, cross-carrying, or persecution, to secure that on which His heart is set. His heart is set on the salvation of men. ‘What temple will ye build Me?’ saith the Lord of Hosts. He doesn’t want your grand temples, organs, music, ceremonials, or other paraphernalia. He wants *souls*. He wants His prodigal children brought home. He won’t ask you where you worshipped, or what creed you professed; but He *will* ask for His prodigals—those whom you have won for Him. Will you not set to work to do something for His sake?

We are to do the work.

“But, in conclusion, a little thought will make us agreed, I am sure, that if greater progress is to be accomplished there must be a more efficient force to make it. I wish I had time and strength to enlarge on this. God has arranged to save men by *human* instrumentality, and if we have not succeeded in the past we are not to throw the blame on Him, as too many Christians do. A man who was sitting in his easy-chair with his feet on an ottoman said to me, the other day: ‘But the Lord will come presently and put all things right.’ I replied: ‘I am afraid you are expecting the Lord to do what He has called us to do.’

“The Lord does not say *He* will go and preach the Gospel to every creature; he says *you* are to go and do it. He does not say *He* is going to convert the world; He says *you* are going to do it. He has shown you the lines on which to go, and given you the resources, quite as much as, yes, more than He has the agriculturist to cultivate and gather the fruits of the earth. If Christians were only half as diligent as husbandmen the world would have been saved long ago. Here are the lines—use your common sense.

1888,
Age 59.

"There is no excuse for the ignorant and 'all-thumb' kind of work that Christians are doing all over the world. We must not allow our blunders to be thrown back upon God. I say, we must have a more efficient force to do it. The force we have had has been imperfect and inadequate; therefore the work has not been done. If we are to better the future we must disturb the present, which some people very much dislike. They would rather be let alone, though they know they are wrong. What is wanted, I say, is a force of spiritually equipped and determined men and women to take the world for God—men and women trained to the business. What a poor job people make at trying to do a business if they don't understand it! You know better, in your temporal affairs, than to allow such people to do your work. If a man goes to work for you, and you find he doesn't understand your business, you soon give him notice. It is not so with the Lord Jesus; people don't think He is worth a bit of trouble. They don't set before themselves the right models; they are not aiming at the right thing; therefore they are not likely to produce the right results.

*"Not
worth a
bit of
trouble."*

"Now, we want a force of men and women given up to this work, sworn to bring the world to the footstool of Jehovah, bound together spiritually to God and to each other, that will make it the business of their lives to subject the world to God; given up, as our British troops are just now—quelling what they call the rebellion in Burmah yonder. I don't call it so. Don't think I patronise such doings. I only use the illustration to show what I mean by the subjection of men and women to God.

*What we
want.*

"Look at the world again for a minute. Here are the millions of men entrenched in their wickedness; entrenched behind all manner of refuges of lies, enamoured of their sins—some gaiety, some drink, some impurity, some ambition, some money, some learning, some one thing and some another. There they are, satisfied with their sin so far, because, poor things, they won't allow themselves to think. They are not inclined to think. Oh, if a man would only shake himself up for an hour, and face God and eternity, he would not rest in his sins; but their great desire, and the great object of the devil, is to keep these things from them; so he keeps them always preoccupied—always busy. How are you

*Is this the
way?*

1888,
Age 59. going to get them down from their tower of self-satisfaction, sin, and pleasure? Do you think they are coming down by your saying, 'Here, come along; hear me; let me preach to you. Come and be converted'? Oh, no! The Christian church has been trying that game too long. The people are *far too busy*. They turn round and tell you so. They say, 'I am doing a great work; I cannot come to you.'

*Listen to
the com-
mission.*

"Listen to what Jesus Christ commissioned His disciples to do. Not to ensconce themselves in comfortable buildings and invite the people to come, and then, if they would not come, leave them alone to be damned. No, no! He said: 'Go ye,' which means 'Go after them.' Where, Lord? 'Into all the world.' What to do? 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' Where, Lord? 'WHERE THE CREATURES ARE. Follow them!' If ever you are to get this work done it will be by *pressing* God's truth upon the attention of men and making them hear, and think, and feel; and it must be done by men and women who have themselves experienced and are living in the practice of what they preach. It must be done by men and women who are renewed—saved, converted; men and women who have given up the paltry gewgaws of time for the greater and more lasting rewards of eternity; men and women who practise it; who show in their modes of speech, manner of life, dress, business, and everything about them, that they have renounced the world, with its fleshly lusts, and that they are given up to God, to subdue the world to Him; men and women in whom, as a consequence of this consecration, the *Spirit of Christ dwells*, and who are therefore equal to the work, and who will never turn their back on any foe, nor scruple to suffer any difficulty or persecution. These are the sort of people that are wanted. If there are any here, and if there is no place where they will allow you to do such red-hot fanatical works as you feel called upon to do, come to the Salvation Army—we will be glad of you. We need men and women who are *trained* for the fight. Not only people who have experienced a change of heart, but who are drilled in knowing how to use the weapons of the Spirit—knowing how to handle God's truth. You would think, if you heard some people's representation of the truth of God, that it was all honey and soap; you would not think there was any 'cut' in it—any dividing asunder. A great deal of the truth preached nowa-

*Not any
"cut" in
it.*

days would not cut the wings off a fly, much less pierce asunder the soul and spirit.

" You must preach God's justice and vengeance against sin as well as His love for the sinner. You must preach hell as well as heaven. You must let your Gospel match the intuitions of humanity, or you may as well throw it into the sea, and thus save both trouble and money. A gospel of love never matched anybody's soul. The great want in this day is *truth that cuts*: convicting truth; truth that convicts and convinces the sinner and pulls off the bandages from his eyes. The Lord knew the order in which His truth ought to be preached better than we do. Hence His commission to Paul, to go and 'open the eyes' of sinners to their danger, and turn them round from the power of Satan unto God. This was to be done before they were converted. 'Oh!' says someone, 'don't talk to them about hell, death, and judgment; show them the love of Christ.' But we always get wrong when we reverse God's order. Tear the bandages off. Open their eyes, turn them round from the desire, the embrace and choice of evil to the embrace and choice of God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins.

" Tell them *the truth*; tell a man the truth about *himself*. Drive in the red-hot, convicting truth of God on to his conscience, and make him realise that he is a sinner. Never mind how he howls, even if he groans as loud as the Psalmist did when the pains of hell got hold of him. Until he has been made to feel himself a sinner he will never make anything of a saint. Then give him the Gospel. Say to him: 'Have you had enough of the devil? Will you give up your drink? Will you renounce that idol, or that unholy affection?' Herod would have been saved if it could have been done without his giving up his idol.

" Tell a man the truth about himself, then the truth about God, then the truth about his obligation to others. That is, if you believe the things I have been saying are true. If you do not, I would not go to chapel, I would not have the Bible. I would throw the whole thing overboard and live at peace; that is, as far as a man can, living a mere nominal existence. If it is not true, be done with it; if it is true, ACT UPON IT! Oh, may God help us!

" And those of us who have acted upon it so much as to give

1888,
Age 59.

"Open
their
eyes."

"Never
mind how
he howls."

"Act up-
on it!"

1888,
Age 59.

*"And
may we
meet."*

up the greater portion of our lives to the service of God, when we come to face eternity, and look back on the past, what will be our regret? That we have done so much? Oh, no! That we have done so little; that we have not acted upon it to a greater extent; that we have not let God and eternity be the all-absorbing theme of our lives; that we have wasted any energy, time, or strength on less important things. Friends, take these few words home to your closet, and ask the Spirit of God if they are so; lay them on your hearts, and go and bring forth fruit accordingly. May God bless and help you, and may we meet at the right hand of the Throne, for Jesus' sake! Amen!"

CHAPTER CVII.

MRS. BOOTH'S LAST LETTERS.

BUT though early incapacitated from public speaking Mrs. Booth continued to dictate letters, as well as to assist in the private councils of the General, almost to the very last, and this with an interest and vigour which were truly surprising. To write with her own hand had become impossible, as the disease almost immediately spread to the right arm, which became increasingly swelled, adding greatly to her subsequent sufferings. True, she was able to write legibly with her left hand, but this was slow and tedious at the best. Nor did she need to have recourse to it, since in her children she had always ready scribes who were eager to transcribe her every word.

*Eager
scribes.*

Writing to Captain Stirling, one of our Army girl-officers, whose imprisonment in Chillon Castle for one hundred days has already been referred to, Mrs. Booth says:

*Also a
prisoner.*

"ONE PRISONER TO ANOTHER."

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN:

"That I have not written to you earlier has not been because I have not thought and felt much about you; for being a prisoner myself, though after another fashion, my heart has gone out towards you in a special manner.

"Hearing of the difficulty of communicating with you I thought that in all probability a letter would not reach you; and, further, I desire that if necessary you should be able to show that your past action and present persistence were not the result of influence or pressure from Headquarters, but

*Not the
result of
pressure.*

**1888,
Age 59.** were the outcome of those principles and that love which have been begotten in your soul by the Spirit of God Himself.

"I congratulate you most warmly that you have so far been enabled to make this manifest alike to the friends and the enemies of God, and I pray continually that His grace may prove sufficient for you, not only till the end of this iniquitous imprisonment, but for a valiant and victorious fight with the powers of darkness to the end of your life.

"Not being acquainted with your immediate experience I feel somewhat at a loss to know what to say in order to comfort you, but there are two or three considerations I would suggest for your encouragement.

"If we suffer we shall also reign."

"I would especially warn you against allowing your present depressing circumstances to cast you down, or lead you to fear that this event has happened outside the Divine programme. I know how cunningly Satan can misrepresent our very highest blessings and honours, making them to appear as misfortunes or curses, and leading us, if we yield to unbelief, to exclaim, 'All these things are against me!' Remember, 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' and to those who endure His chastening the promise is, 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.'

An auspicious event.

"I feel sure that your imprisonment is one of the most auspicious events which could have happened for the furtherance of the Gospel in Switzerland, and not only in Switzerland but in all parts of the world where the Salvation Army is known. The record of your courageous consecration to the work of enlightening and saving the people, and of your faith and zeal in bearing this persecution, will fire hundreds of hearts with desire and determination to go and do likewise; and if you hold fast your faith and devotion this event will prove one of the most momentous in your personal history, vastly increasing your influence wherever you may subsequently be called to labour. The secular papers have carried the story of your persecution to the very ends of the earth, opening tens of thousands of ears to receive any messages of love and salvation you may hereafter be enabled to send them.

*Increase
of influence.*

"Call to mind how greatly your Maréchale's influence for good was increased by her imprisonment, and also that of my dear daughter—then Miss Charlesworth—by the persecution she endured in Switzerland. Depend upon it, the enemy has

over-reached himself as much in your case as he did in theirs, and that God will enable you to wreak a glorious and everlasting revenge through the word of your testimony.

1888,
Age 59.

"Let me urge you also to take advantage of this enforced solitude for rest of body and mind. Don't allow yourself to be on the stretch about anything outside your castle walls. Try to leave the interests of the war and the fate of your comrades in the hands of your Great Commander, and just roll your burdened heart on Him. Lay your head on His bosom, and draw by a closer communion precious secrets for future service. He has now called you to rest awhile. Rest under His shadow, and learn more and more to trust in His love.

"I would advise you, further, when realising—as I doubt not you will, in reviewing your past experience in the war-times when you have inwardly shrunk from the cross, or held back from that complete abandonment which your Saviour claimed at your hands, don't give place to discouragement, but ask Him to examine the breaches of your soul, and lay hold of Him with a bold and fearless faith for His repairing skill and power; *claim* all that He has promised to those who *leave* all, and who suffer persecution for His sake and the Kingdom's. Don't let Satan make you afraid that the great and most comprehensive promises are not for you.

"*Claim
all.*"

"Remember, God is no respecter of persons, and being in the circumstances of His persecuted saints you have a right to all that grace and strength which is promised to them, if you will only, with them, lay claim to these promises for yourself. That you may be able to do this shall be the continued prayer of

"Yours, in deepest sympathy,

"'As bound with you,'

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

To the soldiers of the Salvation Army Mrs. Booth dictated the following letter at the commencement of the Self-Denial week in October, 1888. In 1886 the General had devised a scheme for the establishment of a world-wide institution which should link the entire Army more closely together in prayer and praise,

Self-
Denial
week.

1888, and at the same time create a special effort for raising
Age 59. the necessary funds for the universal prosecution of
 the work. The proposal was taken up with alacrity
 by the Army all over the world. The first year
 £10,000 were raised, and the amount has gone on
 increasing year by year till in 1891 it reached the
 sum of £40,000. Mrs. Booth was deeply interested
 in the success of this effort, and during each year of
 her illness she addressed to the soldiers an earnest
 appeal, urging them to make the best of the opportu-
 nity in view of both spiritual and financial results.

In 1888 she wrote as follows:

*Mrs.
Booth's
letter to
the
soldiers.*

"MY DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

"To-day you will be fully launched in the great effort of self-denial and prayer, from which we are hoping the dear Army in which we fight, and the poor world for whose deliverance we labour, will derive a great and everlasting benefit.

"From the retirement into which my affliction has forced me I want to say a word of counsel and encouragement respecting this scheme.

*Still
hopeful.*

"Although not able to be at the front of the battle in person, my heart is there; and the greatest pain I suffer arises from my realisation of the vast opportunities of the hour, and of the desperate pressure to which many of my comrades are subject, while I am deprived of the ability to assist them as in days gone by. Nevertheless, I am not without hope that our God, in His own time and way, will yet answer the many and fervent prayers which you have sent up, on my behalf, by allowing me once more to join you in the fight. In the mean time I feel that I must send you a word to encourage you to enter with energy and devotion on this special opportunity for the practice of that self-denial which will enable us the more vigorously to prosecute the war both at home and abroad.

*"You
know the
aim."*

"However the object of the Army may be misunderstood by the world at large, you understand our work and aim. You know that we are seeking the highest happiness of the people both for this world and the next, and that, where we succeed,

quarrelling and drunkenness, blasphemy and impurity, and everything else that goes to make men and women wretched, fly away.

1888,
Age 59.

" You know the motive that drives us forward—that makes us struggle to extend our operations. You believe that the love with which the neglected masses of the East of London first inspired the General twenty-three years ago has gone on developing, until the same passion has spread into thousands of other hearts, embracing every soul of the unsaved millions who inhabit the four corners of the earth.

*The
motive.*

" You understand and approve the methods which have been taught us by the Spirit of God, by the traditions of the most useful men that have ever lived, and by our own experience. You believe in those methods, because they have been proved on yourselves with such wonderful success; because they have been made the means of changing your hearts and lives, filling you with love to God and man, and inspiring you with the hope of eternal life.

*The
methods.*

" You approve of these methods, moreover, because you have seen them tried with such success on your kindred and neighbours and friends. You cannot question that the plans are of God which have brought peace, purity, and gladness to your fathers, mothers, brethren, and children.

" You believe in the Army and love it because you see how full of life and activity it is, how it spreads and grows, much as early Christianity spread and grew, and because you see that it is likely to cover the whole earth, carrying with it blessings wherever it goes. The very difficulties it has to encounter—the enemies who oppose it, and the abuse that is everywhere heaped upon it, and the scandalous falsehoods circulated respecting it—only make you love it the more. You love the Army because it surmounts these difficulties, conquers these enemies, and succeeds in spite of these foes.

*" You love
the Army
be-
cause—"*

" But you know also that this work cannot be carried forward without a great outlay of money, and though a handful of friends have helped us most generously we cannot half meet the claims of the war without your help also, and I feel sure you will be proud to have the opportunity to have a share in this matter.

" The Week of Self-Denial has been arranged by the General in order to put this within your power. Here is a plan by

*Everyone
can help.*

**1888,
Age 59.** which everyone who cares anything at all for the progress of the Army and its extension through the world can help it without lessening any of his gifts to his corps or to any other Salvation purpose. All can deny themselves of something, great or small, and the money saved thereby, though it be only a trifle, when counted together with other like it, will make something substantial.

" Soldiers and friends, fathers, mothers, and children, let us join together in this holy enterprise.

" Our comrades, many of whom we know and love, some who are of our own flesh and blood, have gone to the front. They have given up all their earthly prospects, are fighting in the midst of great difficulties, denying themselves daily of many comforts which we enjoy. These must be supported, and we must help them.

*We must
make
haste.* " The nations of the earth—millions upon millions of men and women, living in darkness—wait for us to bring to them the light of life and the blessings of salvation. We must make haste or their eyes will grow dim while they wait, and they will perish, with help in sight, but out of reach.

" The command of Christ, urging us to go to all the nations of the earth with the knowledge of His mercy, rings in our ears and must be complied with; but this can only be done by each one making a sacrifice of something which flesh and blood would prefer to keep or to enjoy.

*" Who,
though
He was
rich."* " Comrades, let us ask ourselves not how little, but *how much* we can possibly spare for the glory of Him 'Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich,' and thus prove that we love in deed and not in word only.

" Yours, in loving sympathy,

" CATHERINE BOOTH."

In the following year Mrs. Booth wrote again:

" DEAR COMRADES:

*" How
easy in
compari-
son."* " When the General asked me if I could manage to send you a few lines in connection with the week of self-denial, commencing on 29th inst., it occurred to me that if the Lord were to ask me to deny myself of almost all I possess how easy it would be in comparison with what He requires from me just now. For I am now realising, as never before, how

much harder it is to suffer than to serve. Nevertheless my soul bows in submission to my Heavenly Father, and my heart says, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

1889,
Age 60.

"I need not say how happy I should have been to have taken part with you in the public demonstrations and private sacrifices which commence to-day, but as I am all but confined to my room by suffering I can only again assure you by letter that my heart is with you as much as ever, and how strongly I feel that, were it the Lord's good pleasure to restore me to health, I would gladly spend every moment added to my life in helping you to extend the Kingdom of God, and to save the souls of men.

"To my comrades all round the world I would say, above all else, Keep your own hearts right with God. Be real Salvationists in motive, in purpose, and in action; and, while you have health and strength, push the war with all your might. Heed not the temptations which will come to you from the world, the flesh, and the devil, which will urge you to follow after your own ease and comfort, and to live more or less to please yourselves.

*"Be real
Salva-
tionists."*

"Regard not opposition, persecution, or misrepresentation. Fear not what man can do unto you. Through tribulations and afflictions, and difficulties and deaths, you shall be brought off more than conquerors, and, with thousands and tens of thousands of sinners, saved through your self-denying labours, I shall meet you in the Heavenly City, where pain and parting shall be no more.

"Now, I want you to give all the practical effect you can to these feelings during this coming week.

"GIVE THANKS. Praise God for all that He has accomplished through the instrumentality of the Army since our last Self-Denial Week. While we have had many losses and defeats, yet what untold victories have been scored and what uncountable trophies of grace and salvation have been won!—multitudes of them unknown and unregarded here, but whose names are written in the Book of Life on high.

"Further, PRAY. Be encouraged by the blessings you have received in the past to ask for larger things in the future. I am sure that God is willing, and abundantly able, to do far greater things for every officer and soldier than has ever been done before, making even our afflictions and deaths subserve

**1889,
Age 60.** the interests of His cause. It is only a question of our devotion, prayer, and faith. Let us open our mouths wide that He may fill them.

*Replenish
the War
Chest.* "And lastly, GIVE. Crown your praises and prayers by bringing more abundantly into the Lord's storehouse such things as you possess, and by denying yourself of whatever you can do without, in order to replenish the War Chest, and hasten the speed of the Chariot of Salvation to the multitudes who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Thus shall your prayers be answered, and God, even our own God, shall abundantly bless us.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

"Believe me, dear comrades,

"Yours affectionately in the war,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

The last letter dictated by Mrs. Booth, at the return of the same season, will be found quoted in a later chapter.

*To the
Oldham
corps.* Writing to the officers and soldiers of Oldham during a time of special temptation, from slander and persecution, Mrs. Booth says:

"MY DEAR COMRADES:

"I have heard of the fiery trials through which you have been called to pass of late, and as I lie here, on the brink of the Eternal World, I want to tell you how much I have rejoiced in that grace that has kept you firm and unfaltering in your faithfulness to God and the Salvation Army.

"I want to tell you that you need have no fear for the integrity of those who have the direction of this great movement. God is with them. I know it. He will vindicate them, and 'He shall bring forth their righteousness as the light and their judgment as the noonday.'

*Truth in
God's
care.* "God has shown me more than ever that all truth is in His particular protection, and that all error and misrepresentation He will sweep away with the besom of destruction, and those who perpetrate it.

" My comrades, as I lie here just outside the Gates of the City, looking back on the path upon which I have been travelling for so many years gone by, I find nothing that gives me real satisfaction but what has been done in God and for God, and for the benefit and blessing of this poor dying world.

1889,
Age 60.

" Let me urge you to stand clear of every false and evil way, no matter what inducements of pleasure or gain or public opinion may lure you to it.

" Be sure and seek at all cost to maintain holiness of heart and life, and give yourselves up without reservation to the war with evil and to the rescue of your perishing fellow-men.

" Remember how short life is, how rapidly it passes away, how soon Eternity will be here, and oh! let me entreat of you to live as you will wish you had done when you come to stand, as I do now, with your feet in the River.

" God bless you! I would like to come and help you tomorrow. I would gladly have stayed here a little longer to have pushed forward the war, and to have taken part in the special effort for a hundred thousand souls just inaugurated by the General, but I shall hear of their ingathering as surely, and rejoice over it as fully, in the country whither I am going.

" Good-bye. 'I will meet you in the Morning.'

" Yours, washed in the Blood of the Lamb,

" CATHERINE BOOTH."

Though unable to take any public part in the anniversary celebration of 1888, Mrs. Booth was present for a few minutes in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace, where the gathering was held. It was the last great assemblage of officers and soldiers she was to witness. The succeeding year she could only send the following brief note of congratulation from her sick-chamber:

In Alexandra Palace grounds, 1888.

" MY DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

" I need not say what joy it would have given me to have been in your midst to-day, but this being impossible I send a word of greeting from my sick-bed.

" As I look back to our first celebration at the Alexandra Palace my heart is filled with wonder and thanksgiving, in re-

Note of greeting from Mrs. Booth, 1889.

1889,
Age 60. membrance of the mighty things God has done for us and by us as a people, and as I picture to myself your happy faces, and listen to your joyous songs, my soul goes out in fervent prayer that this day may prove the renewing of your inward strength and the buckling on afresh of your armour for the fight; and that, whether I am ever permitted to join you again on earth or not, I may meet you, every one, with tens of thousands more saved through your instrumentality, at the last great celebration of our Harvest Home.

"I would like to say many things, but am too ill at present.

"Yours, in unabated love and sympathy,

"C. BOOTH."

*Message
to Crystal
Palace,
1890.*

It did not seem probable, at the anniversary of 1889, that Mrs. Booth would survive to hear tidings of an-



HADLEY WOOD.
General and Mrs. Booth's residence, 1889.

other such celebration. Yet so it was. The Crystal Palace had been chosen for the occasion.

Upwards of fifty thousand persons were admitted to the grounds. For such an enormous number there was not even standing-room in the vast nave, where upwards of twenty thousand were gathered to receive what proved to be Mrs. Booth's dying message. It had required some ingenuity to present it to the people in such a manner that all could decipher the words. Finally two rollers had been fixed upon the dais of the orchestra at a considerable distance from each other. Between them stretched a broad sheet of calico, upon which the message had been written in letters so large that they could be read from the furthest corner. By means of a windlass the coil was unwound and sentence by sentence placed before the multitude, familiar songs of consecration being played upon the organ during the interval.

1890,
Age 61.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN AND FRIENDS:

"My place is empty, but my heart is with you. You are my joy and my crown. Your battles, sufferings and victories have been the chief interest of my life these past twenty-five years. They are so still. Go forward. Live holy lives. Be true to the Army. God is your strength. Love and seek the lost; bring them to the Blood. Make the people good, inspire them with the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Love one another; help your comrades in dark hours. I am dying under the Army flag, it is yours to live and fight under. God is my salvation and refuge in the storm. I send you my love and blessing.

"Dying under the flag."

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

The effect was electrical. The whole congregation was bathed in tears, and from thousands of hearts there went up fresh vows of consecration, recorded in heaven and since fulfilled on earth.

CHAPTER CVIII.

CLACTON-ON-SEA. 1888.

Charmed by the sea. DURING the autumn of 1888 Mrs. Booth went for a change to Clacton-on-Sea, returning to London in October. From the time when, as a girl-invalid, she had visited Brighton in search of health, the sea had always possessed a peculiar charm for her. She loved to gaze out across the boundless expanse of waters and to quaff the bracing breeze. The sense of its magnitude and power not only exercised a special fascination over her mind, but seemed to stimulate her nerves.

Nature's human mirror. The majesty of nature, while it must needs strike every eye and heart, strikes them in widely differing degree. That which will cause a pleasurable glow in one will stir another's being to its very centre; nature can never be fully appreciated except by nature's God. And similarly, though in proportion, it is in the hearts of humanity's master-minds that it creates its profoundest impressions, awakens its most moving melodies, and produces the most perfect echo of itself. It requires an ocean to reflect the sky, and so these ocean-souls are nature's human mirror, in which she reflects herself and finds language with which to voice her mute appeals—channels through which to pour forth her inspirations, prophets through whom to proclaim her unwritten gospel of good-will.

Clacton-on-Sea is a quiet little watering-place, about seventy miles east of London, not far from the mouth

of the Thames, but with a southerly aspect. The coast runs almost due east and west, and the low level cliffs which approach the water's edge afford a natural promenade of almost any length, without the ups and

1888,
Age 59.

Peculiar
attrac-
tion.



OCEAN VIEW, CLACTON-ON-SEA.

downs of intervening hills. The beach and a long level parade, sheltered by the cliff from northern winds, together with a handsome pier, add to the attractions of the locality for the invalid or visitor. To Mrs. Booth the fact that, after its brief season was over, the town was so quiet that it seemed almost uninhabited added greatly to its charms.

During a previous visit she had selected a house as a Home of Rest for the Staff officers of the Salvation Army. It was, but doubtless will not long continue to be, the last house on the East Cliff, and therefore the most secluded in the town, with a garden of its own, which added to its privacy. Only those whose

*A Home
of Rest.*

1888,
Age 59. lives are spent in the painful glare of a perpetual publicity can appreciate the character of such a boon to the often tired bodies and jaded spirits of our officers.

Wealth at its best. This is only one of many similar retreats possessed by the Army, each country supporting its own institutions, where our officers may rest and gather fresh strength and inspiration for their work. In most cases these homes have been bought or rented from the Sick and Wounded fund, which provides for the needs of our disabled officers. In other cases they have been the generous gift of friends. One of the most beautiful instances of the latter is in South Wales, where the liberality of Messrs. John and Richard Cory has placed at the disposal of our toil-worn workers a mansion and its grounds; a praiseworthy instance of riches ministering to poverty. The halls and rooms, once the scene of dance and gaiety, are now consecrated by ceaseless prayer and praise. The landscapes and portraits that adorned the walls have been replaced by striking texts and mottoes, the designing artists of which have graduated in Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Rescue Homes. The monopoly of one has become the inheritance of many. Truly, wealth—ever hideous as a tyrant—never looks more comely than when it stoops to be the servant of the poor.

The epitome of a life. It was some little time after Mrs. Booth's return to London that her attention was called by some medical friends to the report of a newly discovered cancer cure by means of an electrical operation, which consisted in transmitting what are called intermittent currents through needles inserted under the skin. The *British Medical Journal* had reported favorably on the experiment, and further enquiry showed that

there were several authenticated cases of apparent cure, although the discovery was still in so early a stage that it was difficult to judge as to the permanence of their character. The theory of the system commended itself to Mrs. Booth and to the General, and it was decided, after much prayer and deliberation, that the experiment should be made. The physician was deeply touched, when, previous to the operation, Mrs. Booth said to him, "Well, doctor, if you fail with me I shall not be altogether disappointed if you are only successful in obtaining some information which will help you to relieve similar sufferings in others!" It was but the epitome of a life of self-forgetfulness.

1889,
Age 60.

Owing to the weak action of Mrs. Booth's heart it was necessary to suspend the operation, and to renew it on two subsequent occasions. The return to consciousness from the anaesthetics used was followed by a period of intense suffering. It was encouraging, however, to notice that the tumour was at least reduced in size. But, as is usually the case with operations in cancer, after a brief interval of but a few weeks the malady seemed to regain more than its former virulence. Up to the time of the operations in May, 1889, although the disease had obviously continued to progress, nevertheless, with the use of the Mattei remedies, there had been a most remarkable absence of pain. Now, however, although these remedies were again resorted to, and indeed used to the very last, they seemed only to procure a temporary and partial mitigation of the anguish. The most remarkable effect of the remedies was in arresting the violent hemorrhages which set in from time to time, and in soothing the more violent spasms of pain. But the nausea which accompanied the later

*Progress
of the
disease.*

1889,
Age 60.

stages of the disease rendered it impossible to continue any but the external applications.

*All
remedies
failed.*

The failure of these and of the many other remedies suggested from all quarters of the globe was accepted by Mrs. Booth with the same unmurmuring resignation and courage with which she had received from the doctors the first announcement of the disease, and her greatest disappointment rested in the fact that no discovery had been made which would bring certain and speedy relief to her many fellow-sufferers from the same dire malady.

*Leaving
London.*

In August, 1889, Mrs. Booth returned to Clacton, leaving London, as it ultimately proved to be, for the last time. Previous to her departure she had consulted her medical advisers as to the length of her stay. From three to five weeks, had been their reply. But once there, receiving benefit to her general constitution from the change, her return was postponed until at length she became too ill to return.

*Retro-
spect.*

The journey down had been a very trying one. On her way from her home in Barnet to Liverpool Street Station she had expressed a conviction that she would never return. She spoke frequently and in the most touching manner regarding her memories of the great city, east and west, its rich and poor, its evil and its good. Few, if any, had seen accomplished in a twenty-four years' ministry the results which she had lived to witness. "In the morning," she had "sown" her West End "seed," and "in the evening" she had not "withheld her hand" from the East End multitudes, "not knowing" which should "prosper, either this or that," and truly it might be said that both had been "alike good."

The Home of Rest, which was rented from the Army by the General during the next fourteen

months, was peculiarly well adapted for the needs of the time, there being ample room for offices and secretaries as well as for the members of the household. To within the last few weeks of her death Mrs. Booth was made familiar with all the important events of the war, and little was done in the way of fresh advance which was not in the first place discussed with her. To the very end her mind continued to be as clear and powerful as of old, and even months of prolonged anguish failed to impair it, whilst the rest from public work afforded time for reflection between the severer intervals of pain.

During the first month or two of her stay Mrs. Booth was able to go out for a daily drive, a carriage having been kindly placed at her disposal by two friends. But such was the effect of the motion upon her that, some five weeks after her arrival, the morning of the last ride came. She had scarcely journeyed a few yards before she was compelled to return, saying to her daughter, as she alighted, "I fear this will be my last drive, Emma;" and the much-appreciated horse and carriage were returned. Then came the slow walks along the cliffs, when she might be seen leaning upon the arm of the General or of some member of the family, sometimes dictating letters to the secretary by her side. And then came the last walk round the garden, when she plucked the faded rose, comparing it to life—the opportunities of which all fade and fall save those which by grace have been garnered for heaven. Thus by degrees she became confined to the house. But even then she would come downstairs, as long as it was at all possible, to the sitting-room, of which, with its vacant chair, we give a sketch. And when at length she was unable to leave her room her bed was placed so that she

1889,
Age 60.

Fourteen
months at
Clacton.

The last
ride.

The last
walk.

1889,
Age 60. could still look out across the sea, and some of her most inspired messages were delivered while her eyes rested upon its ever-changing tide.

*Loring
ministra-
tions.* The General occupied a room upstairs opening on to the same landing, so that at any moment of the day or night he could readily go to the sufferer's side. Often through the long wakeful hours of the night he would watch by her, doing what he could to alleviate her sufferings, and pleading for heavenly grace on her behalf. Mrs. Booth's daughter Emma and her younger daughters also ministered to her wants, by day and night, with an eagerness and devotion rarely equalled. A faithful Army officer, Staff-Captain Carr, gladly abandoned her public work for the privilege of ministering to the beloved sufferer. She was installed as nurse at the commencement of the illness and remained with Mrs. Booth to the last, dressing the wounds with thoughtful skill and unwearying patience, and in every way manifesting the sympathy and devotion of a daughter.

"*Words
fitly
spoken."* Some persons can do more with the lifting of a finger than others can do with their whole being; a single word falling from their lips is so "fitly spoken" that it is indeed "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." In sickness, and even in death, they accomplish more than others in health and life. This was true in a singular degree of Mrs. Booth. Her sick-bed became an altar round which there gathered daily in spirit the great and growing Army of Salvationists scattered throughout the world. The intercessions which ascended on her behalf were mingled with countless vows of re-consecration, and the messages of love and wisdom that issued from that chamber sank into hearts prepared by the ploughshare of sorrow to receive the seed into good soil.

If we could legislate for ourselves, or for those we love, we would extract the bitter from every cup. The furrowless field of life should be given up to the buttercups and daisies, or any other harmless weeds that might grow of their own accord. The sun should always shine in a cloudless sky, although the earth

1889,
Age 60.

*His ways
are best.*



STAFF-CAPTAIN CARR.

blistered and dried up as a consequence. Heaven should be anticipated and the crosses of earth changed into crowns. But a higher Mind than ours and a deeper Love has planned otherwise, and we learn that His ways are indeed the best. The fertilising showers of sorrow and the painful plough of discipline destroy

1889,
Age 60.

for a moment the beauty of the scene, only to replace a little good by a great better. And the final harvest demonstrates the wisdom of the course.

A world-wide platform.

The sick-bed proved for Mrs. Booth a world-wide platform from which her very sufferings enabled her to preach the most eloquent and heart-appealing sermon of her life. With one foot planted, as it were, in the grave, she was permitted from that solemn position to review the past, and to repeat with renewed emphasis her trumpet-calls to service. Like Simon Stylites of old, she was lifted on a pinnacle of unsought, Providence-permitted, if not Providence-appointed, suffering, which served as a rallying-point for tens of thousands; lifted, as it were, between heaven and earth—lifted to the very threshold of eternity—yet pausing there, and lingering to reiterate her life-long testimony.

The dove would fain depart.

More than once the final summons seemed to have come, only to be postponed from time to time, as though, by the repetition of her death, the scene, the messages, the lessons of the hour might be indelibly engraven upon the hearts of the little circle that were privileged to stand around as representatives of the great spiritual family that watched in spirit by their side. The vision was repeated that it might be known to be doubly sure. The question was thrice asked that the attention might be riveted, the answer emphasised. The almost departed soul seemed to recollect some undelivered word and to flutter back for a while to its frail tabernacle. The dove would fain depart from the dismal, crowded ark, but it must first return to bear another olive-leaf of love, which should assure the still imprisoned occupants of abated floods, of cloudless skies, of Elysian fields, and of coming joys in which they too should, ere long, participate.

On several occasions Mrs. Booth was visited during the last months of her life by deputations of officers representing the various branches of the Salvation Army. At the conclusion of an important Council of several hundred officers held in London on the 27th and 28th November, 1889, it was suggested that, as Mrs. Booth had been unable to occupy her accustomed place at the General's side, representatives should be sent to Clacton who should convey to her the assurances of the sympathy and prayers of the Council, receiving from her lips the words of encouragement and counsel which it might be on her heart to give. The privilege was granted, and a number of leading officers were selected, the preference being given to those who had longest been Mrs. Booth's fellow-toilers in the field.

The dull, leaden November sky and desolate snow-covered fields fitly typified the grief which bowed the heart of each member of that delegation. All felt they were losing at a stroke a mother, leader, counsellor, and friend. And the sorrow, which is usually less because divided, was the keener because appearing to include so much.

Upon reaching the house the party was ushered into the sick-chamber. As their eyes rested upon the face of the Army Mother it seemed that uncontrollable grief smote every heart. Strong men wept like children. Kneeling round the bed, the delegation sang and prayed as well as the overpowering emotions of the moment would permit, and then Commissioner Howard and Colonel Dowdle on behalf of the recent Council expressed their sympathy, and the determination of all to abide by the first principles of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Booth was deeply affected. Faithfulness and affection were imprinted

1889,
Age 60.

*Deputa-
tion
from
Council.*

Keen
sorrow.

*Expres-
sion of
sympathy
and
loyalty.*

1889,
Age 60. on the tearful faces of the kneeling group. Ten thousand memories of past fellowship in faith and fight burst in upon her. At length, however, she was able to reply. The voice was weak and low, but it had lost none of its former music and penetration.

*Mrs.
Booth's
reply.* "Well, I can only say, my beloved comrades," she responded, "that I should have to be a great deal more stoical than I am not to be deeply touched by this manifestation of your affection and sympathy. Nevertheless I have had so long in which to look back on much that seems to me defective in my own life and service that I cannot but feel you much over-estimate both. But I am more glad than I can say, with a gladness which I shall take with me to the Throne of God, for these assurances of your loyalty to the first principles of this movement. I feel that, at this moment, I could put all my children into their graves, and go to a workhouse bed to die, sooner than I could see those first principles of the Salvation Army, for which I have lived and struggled, traduced, undermined, and sacrificed. I am surer than ever that they are the *right* principles; indeed, that they are the only principles by which to push successfully the salvation of the world.

*"No
better
way."* "During these two years of comparative isolation, I have reconsidered, from the standpoint of our enemies, of our critics, and in the light of Church history, the lines on which this movement has been made to run; and I have tried, I am sure, in all disinterestedness of heart, to see if there was any better way—for certainly there might be a much *easier* one. But I have been compelled to come to the conclusion that there is no better way, nor any nearly so good for the accomplishment of the great end we have in view.

*A very
clear
view.* "The Lord has also shown me very clearly of late that while in its essentials our organisation, even though there may be upon it excrescences and outward deformities, keeps itself pure all the forces of hell must be arrayed against it. If the forces of evil and the forces of good are, as all godly people agree, culminating for the last great struggle, then we must expect opposition. The wonder is that we do not meet with far more.

"I am not a stranger to the recent attacks of the enemy, and although I admit having felt in a special manner this blow which the devil has dealt you while I am laid aside I am not

in any way overwhelmed by it. You see there is no other movement in the present day that receives anything like the persecution we do. And the opposition and misrepresentation that we receive, rather than being any discouragement to us, should, on the contrary, be regarded as a glorious proof that God is with us and that we are on the right lines, doing the work to which Jesus Christ has called us, and for which we have been raised up.

1889,
Age 60.

*"God is
with us."*

"Without reflecting upon those of us who are older, I must say that, lying here on the brink of eternity, and realising that I must soon leave the battle, it has been a special joy to me to know that there are so many young in the ranks, who may have but acted as our armour-bearers hitherto, but who, when we have left the field, will leap into our places and go on with this war, and I congratulate you all a thousand times upon your remaining opportunities for usefulness.

*"Armour-
bearers
hitherto."*

"I value your expressions of affection to the General and my children, because I believe they are all wholly given up to God. I always said that not one of my children should ever go into the priest's office for bread. In the first place, there has been no necessity for it; and, in the second place, I should expect the curse of God upon their whole future lives, had I planned it to be so. I believe that their work will, in the future, speak for them. Neither am I unmindful of the sacrifices some of you have made in His service. God will not fail you. He is not like man, that He should forget our work and labour of love.

*"God will
not fail
you."*

"I thank God that, notwithstanding all the defects and imperfections I see in my life and work as I look back upon them from this bed, I can say that by His grace I have ever kept the interests of His Kingdom first, and have never withheld anything He required of me in order to help forward the salvation of the world. And my prayer for all of you is that you may be able, when you come as near the end, to say the same."

*His King-
dom first.*

Colonel Higgins expressed his personal sense of obligation to Mrs. Booth, since it was in listening to her words in a meeting in Reading that his prejudices against the Army had been removed, and that he had been led to cast in his lot with it.

*Colonel
Higgins.*

**1889,
Age 60.**

*Colonel
Barker.*

*Among
the
children.*

Through Colonel Barker Mrs. Booth sent a message to Australia. "Give the soldiers my love," she said, "and tell them that I look on them and care for them as I do my English children, and that I expect them to gather in many a sorrowing mother's prodigal who has wandered from his Father's house."

In replying to Major Mackenzie, who represented the children, Mrs. Booth said, "A very choice branch of the work. I have often told Emma that I hoped, when I was too old for public work, God would let me end where I began—with the children. But it seems it is not to be so!"

"Give the children my dear love, and tell them that if there had been a Salvation Army when I was ten I should have been as good a soldier then as I am to-day. Never allow yourself to be discouraged in your work, Major. I know you must meet with many difficulties, but I am convinced that the Spirit of God works mightily on little children—in fact, long before most people think they are able to understand."

CHAPTER CIX.

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

DURING December, 1889, Mrs. Booth passed through one of the most painful and prolonged crises of her malady, when it was evident that any moment might be her last and it appeared impossible for life's longest limit to exceed a few days. From December 15th until Christmas Eve she seemed to be treading the valley of death, and the absent members of her family were hastily summoned to her side. During this season her sick-bed became a Pisgah, from which, like Moses, she was able alike to review the past and look forward to the glorious future. The Army and the world, earth and heaven, seemed stretched before her in one vast panorama. And the pent-up feelings of her soul found utterance in words which seemed winged with divine inspiration and poetic fire. In one uninterrupted torrent her heart seemed literally to pour itself out. She spoke with the power of a Paul and in the language of another world. Much of what she said was written down by a confidential stenographer who, unknown to her, took notes behind the screen, though the rapidity with which she often spoke and the frequent interruptions which occurred rendered them imperfect. To an incident of thrilling interest, when the family had been summoned to her bedside in expectation of her immediate departure, the General's diary contains the following reference:

1889,
Age 60.

*From the
General's
diary.*

"Sunday, December 15th.—My darling had a night of agony. When I went into her room at 2 A.M., she had not closed her eyes. The breast was in an awful condition. They were endeavouring to staunch a fresh hemorrhage. Everything was saturated with the blood.

"To stand by the side of those you love and watch the ebbing tide of life, unable to stem it or to ease the anguish, while the stabs of pain make the eyes flash fire and every limb and nerve quiver, forcing cries of suffering from the courageous soul—is an experience of sorrow which words can but poorly describe.

*An agonizing
scene.*

"After a slight improvement another difficulty set in. There was a strange choking sensation in the throat which threatened suffocation. After several painful struggles there was a great calm, and we felt the end had come. The whole household gathered in the room. My darling thought herself to be dying, and we felt only too sadly certain that the end was at hand. Commissioner Booth-Clibborn had arrived from Paris during the morning and formed one of the group.

"Nothing more affecting, and at the same time agonising, has ever occurred within the range of my experience. The beautiful, heavenly expression on the countenance of the beloved sufferer, her marvellous calmness and self-possession, the words of semi-inspiration which she addressed to us, first collectively and then individually, made an impression on the hearts of all present such as could never be erased either in time or eternity."

*"Till the
Light
meets
me."*

The shorthand notes continue as follows:

"You are going to join hands with me. I cannot get hold of all your hands, so Emma will be one side and you, pa, the other, and you must take hands all round, like they do with the electric battery, and I shall feel I have got hold of you each till the Light meets me on the other side, and then you can let me drop safely into the arms of Jesus. There are some others whom I would so like to have been here: Darling Katie, and my brave Ballington and plucky little Maud (Mrs. Ballington). But they are with me in spirit."

Then fixing her gaze earnestly upwards, she cried, "O Lord, send the Divine galvanism upon us all!" And a deep "Amen!" sprang from every heart.

1889,
Age 60.

"And now," she continued, "you who have joined hands with me, I want you to promise me, as we stand in the middle of this Jordan—there are no stones that we can set up as an altar, but you can set up a memorial in your hearts—promise me that you will be faithful to the Salvation Army; faithful to those great principles on which it has been founded by God; faithful in hours of danger and temptation. Perhaps a time of great upheaval will come, when the world will do its utmost to injure you and the devil will tempt you to forsake those principles; and if ever he succeeds in *that* all will be lost. But you will promise me, one and all, to be faithful to those principles."

*One and
all."*

Breaking off suddenly she exclaimed:

"The Light is coming over the waters!"

Then resuming her exhortations, she said:

"Promise me that you will be *true*, TRUE, TRUE! "Promise me." That you will anchor on the Throne of God, and when the rocking comes you will be safe. You promise? All of you?"

Then came the reply, amid tears and sobs, that all would do as she had asked.

"Say it one at a time," the dying saint continued, "that I may know your voices."

Mr. Bramwell Booth was the first to promise. "Bramwell," she said, "I gave you up to God when you were younger than your baby downstairs, and consecrated you to be a preacher of holiness."

Mr.
Bram-
well.

Commissioner Railton was the next to promise. "I believe it," said the precious sufferer. "He will help you in the Army—anyhow, to make paper bullets

Mr.
Railton.

1889. for it. Give my love to your brother Launcelot.
Age 60. Tell him I did not under-estimate the faith-healing question. I think I understand it now. God did not want the Army to be taken up with it. That was not His way. He wanted them to stick to the saving of souls and to leave the bodies to Him, only doing them all the good we can. Do you see? You are the leaders of the Ark. You are the pioneers of the Army, and you have no right to kill yourselves."

*Mr.
Herbert.* Herbert then promised.

"I believe you will," she replied. "I never doubted that you would be a Salvationist to the backbone. I am fully satisfied—fully satisfied. When the trials come and the tempter approaches you, stick to Bramwell, and while there is love and unity the devil can curse away at the family as hard as he likes; and there will be some more families coming along and the generation will never end—never end! I see it! They will possess the gate of their enemies and be as the sand of the seashore. That was the promise given to Abraham, and it was only because Abraham was faithful, and all his house. God said, 'I know Abraham, that he will *command his children after him*.' He believed God, and not the fools who were around him. I shall have a talk with Abraham about it when I get to heaven. He *commanded* his children. And we are to do the same. You must make up your minds that your children shall not be wicked—that you will *pray them dead* rather than that they should be so. And God will honour you."

*To
Emma.* Turning to Emma she said: "Your brothers are going to be brothers indeed to you, and you are going to be a mighty woman."

Marie. "And, Marie, you are going to nurse the babies for the Lord. A very important work, Marie. See that

*"A talk
with
Abra-
ham."*

they get plenty to eat, and keep them warm and clean, and don't let them learn any bad ways, nor trust them with strangers."

1889,
Age 60.

Then drawing her daughter Eva down to her lips, *Eva.*
and smiling faintly, she whispered:

"My Christmas-box!" (referring to her being born on Christmas Day.) "Don't fret; you'll follow me. I will watch for you!"

"Love one another—oh, love one another! Stand fast together, and the devil can do his worst. You can afford his sneers while you stand together. Never mind what people say. What does it matter to me now what the world says about me? Not a bit; not an atom. Oh, I would not give a farthing for all their good opinions! I am comforted to think that I have never betrayed my Master at the tables of the rich. I have made their hearts ache many a time. I knew they would hate me, but I did not care. I never pandered to their opinions, nor stroked them down in their Pharisaism. Never!"

The General: "You never flattered the brewers."

Mrs. Booth: "No, no. I would not go to Mr. ——'s great gathering. I had an invitation, and I told them that I should expect to hear the wails of widows and orphans mingled with their songs, and that I should expect the grass under my feet to be red with blood. I would not go, and you know I would not have taken their money, even for the Lord's work, but you converted me over that. I used to want to send their donations back, but you said it was better to keep it to undo some of the mischief they had done."

*Money
from
brewers.*

Speaking again of heaven she said:

"Oh, I feel like flying! I don't believe I shall be fastened up in a corner playing a harp. I shall let the folks do it who like, but I shall travel about, if I

Perhaps!

1889,
Age 60.

can. I shall come and see you, if I can, and whisper things to you—some things I have not been able to say. Oh, I wish there were some way of getting a letter to you when I am gone! But perhaps I shall be able to visit you in dreams and visions of the night."

"*Not long.*" Then, tenderly stroking the General's gray head, bowed in sorrow at her side, she took his hand, weeping, and pressing it fervently to her lips said:

"And this I do find:
We two are so joined,
I shall not be long in glory and leave you behind!"—

"Not long, I am sure not long!"

Then turning again to her family, she added:

"Remember, divisions and schisms and distrust are of the devil; *of the devil*. I know him. He comes at me. He says, 'Ah, you are leaving all your children; and the world and the devil will be too much for them!' But they won't; will they?"

All the family: "No!"

Mrs. Booth: "Don't let him get an advantage.

*Wanting
in faith.*

"Oh, be not faithless!" she continued, her voice quivering with the love that animated her countenance. "I have been so wanting in faith. Oh, what I would give now to have had more faith and been more courageous! Have faith in God. Don't be afraid of the devil; don't be afraid of evil tidings; don't be afraid of them that can kill the body. Have faith, faith; mighty faith! I am going into the dark valley *believing*. I am ashamed of myself in many respects. I don't want you to publish what I have done. I am ashamed of the little I have achieved, and if I had only had more faith I might have achieved *so much!*"

Her daughter Emma, anxious for her mother to bless her absent brothers and sisters, brought the photograph of each and laid them on her bosom. Taking a letter from the Maréchale, just received, Mrs. Booth pressed it again and again to her lips, saying: "My darling first-born girl. She is a brave, beautiful soul, and if she is a bit too cautious never mind. She has raised up a beautiful people.

1889,
Age 60.

*The
absent
ones.*

"Though I think we ought to have a people with some gifts, because they cannot otherwise very well get the ear of the people; yet, oh, *goodness* is the great thing! Truth—sincerity—in the inward parts. And you cannot tell when it is there unless it comes out in the outward acts.

"Where's Fritz?" she said. "A transparent, saintly character," and after pressing his photograph fervently to her lips she handed it back to her daughter Emma. "I say they will have a copy of the *War Cry* up there in the celestial language, and I shall read it to Abraham, Noah, David, Job, and Paul, and the angels, and I shall make them listen to the stories, if they don't know them all, and we shall have an extra song! And, Eva," turning suddenly to her daughter, "don't you forget that criminal you spoke to with the handcuffs on. Find him. Go to Lancaster gaol. Let somebody go with you and find him. Tell him that your mother, when she was dying, prayed for him, and that she had a feeling in her heart that God would save him; and tell him, hard as the ten years of imprisonment may be, it will be easier with Christ than it would be without Him.

*The War
Cry.*

"I did wish to have done something for the prisons and for the asylums. O my God, if You will but come and burst up the wickedness of the world! Oh, the wickedness of the world!"

1889,
Age 60.

"Even an
errand to
hell."

"Those poor Indians!" she continued, turning to her daughter Emma. "I was going to sleep. No, I was not—for I was wide awake. But I was lying here the other night, and such a funny thing happened. I was lying here, and the gas shone on that brass knob" (pointing to the foot of the bedstead), "and there came up the most perfect African face. Two eyes. I shall never forget them! It looked like a woman's face, and there was a white bandage round the top of her head, like they wear, and her eyes seemed to come out to me. I had just been thinking of heaven, and how I should enjoy it, when that woman's face seemed to say to me, 'Won't you help us? Won't you help us?' And I said, 'Oh yes, Lord, I will go anywhere to help poor struggling people—struggling, many of them, after God, better than I have done.' I would go on an errand to hell, if the Lord would give me the assurance that the devil should not keep me there.

To her
nurse.

"Carr," she said, turning to her faithful nurse, "you have been good to me—more than a nurse. You have been a daughter. It is understood you are to have a post somewhere for training the girl-cadets. It wants divine discernment to do this. Keep out, oh, keep out the unfaithful ones! Then they say, 'The corps will talk.' I say you had better have trouble at one corps than allow an unfaithful officer to work destruction at half a dozen.

"You are delicate, Carr; but I was delicate, and if you are careful in little things you will live to do great things."

And the
servants.

Her eyes now rested on each of her family, who were closely gathered round her, and, picking out the two servants, she said, "Dutton, stand where I can see you, and you, too, Sarah. I am going to eat the

angels' food. I shall never be faint any more. Heaven will be a deal more like earth than we think, and we shall not be so much altered. It won't alter our souls. Poor, dear Sarah! faithful Sarah! You will try and do what you can for the family, won't you? I shall know all about it."

1889,
Age 60.

"And, Forward!"—addressing Staff-Captain Forward—"O, Forward, be like your name! Presume on God doing for you what He has promised, and then go forward!"

Staff-
Captain
Forward.

The sorrowing group around her sang:

"My God, I am Thine!
What a comfort Divine!"

What a blessing to know that the Saviour is mine!"

While singing, Mrs. Booth, turning to the General, said: "Don't you remember in Cornwall, how they used to sing it? I have not been able to sing, but I shall soon be able now."

"I shall soon be able to sing."

Commissioner Railton: "You have made many others sing."

Turning to the Chief she said: "I have had your little boy here. Mind how you train your children. What is it that Jesus said? 'I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.'" Then bursting out in prayer, she said, with her eyes raised to heaven: "Keep them! Keep them! Keep hold of them. Never let them go. Keep them from the evil. I have helped Thee to do it as long as I could, and now I trust them in Thy hands."

"Now I trust them."

Fearing Mrs. Booth might be over-exhausted the General begged her to rest a little, but she only answered, "What does it matter? I have done with my body now," and the little maid now coming in,

The little maid.

*1889,
Age 60.*

she beckoned her to her side, and said: "You will be finished with the dishes soon, and you are going to be a cadet. I have been very pleased with you while you have been here, because you have worked out of sight with a good will, and I think you will make a brave officer. You will promise me, will you?" she said, as she laid on her head her trembling hand.

"Yes," was the reply; "I will," amid stifled sobs.

"Give me a kiss, then," said Mrs. Booth. "Promise me that you will never get spoiled by any unfaithful officer. If you ever get mixed up with such, do not hide it from Headquarters, but let them know about it, and they will soon move the false away from you. I sha'n't be here; but, oh, may God help them to get rid of the wrong!"

*"It is
very nec-
essary."*

"Discernment of spirits! Oh, why should we not have that gift back? It is very necessary."

She released the maid from her motherly grasp reluctantly, as though she would like her warnings and counsel to this young officer to find their echo in the hearts of the women warriors all over the world. Then turning to the General, she said, "Let us have a song, my precious one—my dearest."

"Victory for me
Through the blood of Christ my Saviour!"

*"Am I
in the
valley."*

was chosen. But in the midst of the refrain she triumphantly exclaimed: "I shall have victory. I shall have it. I suppose this is 'the valley.' Cannot you tell? Am I in the valley?" she said questioningly.

Her son Bramwell, bending over her, said: "You are nearing the valley, anyway, and Jesus, I feel, is here, bearing you up in His blessed arms!"

Mrs. Booth: "Well, if it is the valley, then He will meet me; when you leave hold of my hand

then He will take me—He who bears the world and all things up. Blessed Jesus! Just now on Thy arm I lean! The Lord be with you and bless you, and make you mighty leaders. I trust Him. He will carry me through. Though my heart and my flesh fail—and mine is *such* a heart! Oh!" she said, with a sudden burst of tears and an emotion that made her whole frame quiver—"Oh, it seems as if my heart had got its roots all round the world, clutching on to one and to another, and as if it will not let them go! And yet You can take care of them, Lord, better than I could. I do—I do believe He is coming, walking on the waters!" Then fixing her eyes upwards, "I am to be taken from them," she said, communing with an invisible presence. "I have only been a poor reed, but they have leant upon me! And now I am a reed shaken by the wind—the winds that blow over the river of Jordan! They will be as sheep without a shepherd!" Here she paused. "O Eternal Father! Shepherd of the sheep!" she cried, "wilt Thou look after my little flock, and in the day of strife and struggle

1889,
Age 60.

"Blessed
Jesus."

*"My little
flock."*

"Cover their defenceless heads
With the shadow of Thy wing?"

"My children! My poor children! I leave you in His hands. He will keep and guide His own."

Just at this time, in accordance with Mrs. Booth's express wish, Mr. Herbert's wedding took place, that she might participate in it before her death. The bride was the daughter of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Schoch of Holland. Commandant Herbert Booth was thus the first in the family to link by these especial bonds the forces in England to those on the Continent. Miss Schoch's father, formerly an officer

1889,
Age 60. in the Dutch Army, had come over on a visit to England, where he had seen the work of the Salvationists. Thenceforth he gave the General no rest till the open door of Holland had been entered. Mrs. Schoch was no less hearty in seconding the invitation. And as soon as the work commenced, to the surprise of their aristocratic friends, Mr. and Mrs. Schoch, with several of their children, at once donned the Salvation Army



C. F. SCHOCH OF HOLLAND.

*In charge
of the
Dutch
work.*

uniform, joining its ranks with the spirit and enthusiasm of the soldier. One of the daughters, Miss Celestine Schoch, after spending some time in the English work, married Colonel Oliphant and was sent with her husband to take charge of the Dutch work. Another daughter, Miss Henriette Schoch, has served as a staff-captain in England, Germany, and France. The bride, though not having had the op-

portunity of long service in the ranks, early distinguished herself by her unqualified devotion, her largeness of heart, and her brilliant gifts of music and song.

To Mrs. Booth it was a source of deep regret that she could not herself be present at the ceremony. "Set my chair," she said to the General, "and put my portrait on it, so that I can be there in semblance

1889,
Age 60.

*Mrs.
Booth
absent.*



MRS. SCHOCH OF HOLLAND.

if not in reality. And I will send them a letter for you to read."

It was a touching scene, and few were able to restrain their tears, when the General read the following letter to the assembled crowds:

*Her letter
read.*

"OCEAN VIEW, CLACTON-ON-SEA.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN, COMRADES, AND FRIENDS:

"It will seem quite natural to you that I should be deeply and

**1889,
Age 60.** tenderly interested in the important ceremony which is taking place this morning in the dear old Congress Hall.

"And it is, I think, quite natural for me to desire to say a word of congratulation to my dear son and daughter, and to wish especially, in the presence of you all, to give them my best benediction, and to assure them of my fervent prayer that Heaven's richest blessing may rest upon them in their union, and in all the consequences that may flow out of it.

"I say it is quite natural that I should entertain this desire to be with you, and to express these feelings, of which my heart is full.

God's prisoner. "But this cannot be. God has willed it otherwise; I am His prisoner. His will be done. But as I cannot stand in my old place and say these words, I send them by my dear husband, who must speak them for me.

"I am pleased with this union. I have considered it well, and approve it in my most deliberate judgment.

"It is not only a satisfaction to me but a joy. It seems to be the fulfilment of all my many prayers and dreams on behalf of my dear Herbert.

"I believe he has for years desired that his marriage, if ever it should take place, should command the approbation of his father and mother—nay, he has declared that he would never marry unless it did. And knowing the integrity of our own hearts in relation to such an important transaction, and that God had given us some ability for judging what would be wisest for him, that decision of the young man pleased me.

A strong anchor. "But, more than this, I believe he was equally decided not to enter upon any union that did not, in his own estimation, promise the promotion of the highest interests of the Army and the glory of God. All these feelings, which I know he has cherished carefully for years, have been a great comfort to me. I have felt that such resolutions were a strong anchor to him, calculated to keep him from mistake.

"One likely to assist him." "And now it is a great pleasure for me to think—nay, believe—that he has met with a companion and comrade in every way suitable; one likely to assist him in walking closely with God, in maintaining the integrity of his soul, and in being true to the claims of a poor, dying world.

"I am reposing, therefore, on my bed this morning in the assurance that the beautiful sentiment embodied in the say-

ing that 'marriages are made in heaven,' will be verified in this particular instance.

1889,
Age 60.

"And now I ask you, dear comrades and friends, who have given your blessings to the marriages of my other dear children, which have been celebrated in my presence, to give your blessing with equal fervour and in equal faith to this one, which this morning takes place in my absence."

"So far as my poor blessing is of value, I send it to you all. I again thank you for your prayers and sympathy, and again repeat my oft-repeated hope to meet you in heaven."

"I am no less interested in this world because I am waiting here on the threshold of the other. Oh, believe me, its sorrows and its sin, its opportunities and its responsibilities, are realities which claim all your powers and all your influence for the service of Him who has redeemed it. God be with you!"

*"No less
interested."*

"Yours, till the Morning,
"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Through her daughter Emma Mrs. Booth also sent the following affecting message to the people:

*Mrs.
Booth-
Tucker's
remarks.*

"I don't know that by any words of mine I can add to the blessed impression that I believe those dictated words of my darling mother, read here this morning, have made upon every heart.

"I believe in eternity that letter will be found to have brought a real and deep blessing to many here present. And yet I do wish that you could have been with me the evening before I left my mother to attend this wedding. I was sitting with her in the gloaming, by the bedside. I thought she was dozing a little, and I was trying to read as well as the light would allow me, when she called me to her side. I hastened, and held my ear down that I might catch every word, and she said—oh, with such an expression lighting up her face and while tears came into her eyes:

"Emma, I should like you to let them understand at the Congress Hall to-morrow how great a comfort it is to me to know—now that I am lying on the banks of the Jordan, with life's opportunities for love and labour swiftly passing forever away—to know that with all my children I have sought

*"Let them
under-
stand."*

1889, *first*, all the way through, the interests of the Kingdom of Age 60. Christ, and now, when I am leaving you all to the storms and temptations and dangers of life, I have the realisation that the promise is being fulfilled, and will be fulfilled, that *all other things should be added!*"

"I prayed as she spoke that I might be able to deliver you that message so that it should lodge, with the Spirit's help, in the inmost recesses of every soul, and that we, one and all, who are called by Christ's name and know anything of His power to save, should go forth, determined that with our children, with our husbands or wives, with our friends, with our daily associates in the business or the counting-house, for us to live should be Christ, and that we would seek first, at every cost, the interests of His Kingdom.

"As my mother lifted the one hand that she can now move and said those words over and over, they seemed to write themselves in fresh desire upon my soul:

"'First,' she said; 'not among other things, but *first*. Since the hour that I first kissed Bramwell as he lay, a little babe, on my bosom, I said to the Lord, "In all my ambitions for this child and for any others that may follow, in all my dealings with them, and in the education that I may be able to give them, thy Kingdom shall be *first*.'" .

Enter into a new covenant. "And now comes the wondrous consolation that fills her heart when dying. On behalf of a perishing world let us freshly consecrate our all to God. I believe it shall be so with the bride and bridegroom; and here, in these closing moments, may we enter into a new covenant with the heavenly Bridegroom and go forth to put His interests first at every cost! The Lord bless you!"

CHAPTER CX.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

AGAIN and again, during the progress of the illness, it was thought that Mrs. Booth was dying. The doctor said that her hours were numbered. She believed so herself. And yet she rallied. Her farewell messages were therefore reiterated, and from these last experiences, conversations, and counsels we select the following.

Rallying often.

To the Army she sent the following brief but touching message on the 19th December:

“1.18 P.M.—The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over. Don’t be concerned about your dying; only go on living well, and the dying will be all right.”

Message to the Army.

Speaking to Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, Mrs. Booth said:

“One of the hardest lessons that I have had to learn in my career, and one that I think I have been learning more effectually the last few years, is to discern between faith and realisation. They are entirely distinct the one from the other, and if I have had to conquer all through life by naked faith, bringing afterwards, perhaps, very blessed realisations, I can only expect that it shall be the same now.

Conquering through faith,

“All our enemies have to be conquered by *faith*, not by *realisation*, and is it not so with the last enemy, death? Therefore, ought I not to be willing, if it be God’s will, even to go down into the dark valley

not by realisation.

**1889,
Age 60.** without any realisation, simply knowing that I am His and that He is mine, and thus repeat in the last great struggle my life-lesson? Yes, if it please the Lord to deal with me thus, I am quite willing. I can accept it. And however blessed it would be to see His face, if He deprives me of that sight I am willing it should be so. How can I conquer by faith, fully, unless I go on to the end without realisation, simply trusting in His eternal covenant? And if His precious blessed face does become visible to me, as to the martyr on the road, who shouted out, 'I see Him!' then I shall be grateful, and you will know that faith has overcome! But if He does not appear, it is all the same."

On another occasion, to Major Swift, editor of *All the World*, Mrs. Booth said:

A denouncer. "What joy there will be in the hearts of the enemies of righteousness and truth because another denouncer of iniquity has fallen! Thank God, I have been that! That is what is wanted in the world to-day—*denouncers; denouncers of iniquity!*"

"I might have lived longer," she added, "had I been more careful of my health; but I do not regret that I am dying a bit earlier, for I feel that I have not lived in vain, and if I had been more considerate of my body I might have been so at the expense of the work which God has enabled me to accomplish for Him.

The only consolation. "Tell the officers," she said thoughtfully, while she smothered a cry of anguish extorted by sudden pain, "tell them that the only consolation for a Salvationist on his dying bed is to feel he has been a soul-winner." She paused for breath. "And tell them, further," she said, "that, after all my labours, I feel I come far short of the prize of my high calling.

Beseech them to redeem their time, for we can do but little at our best."

1889,
Age 60.

The effort to say these few words brought on a fresh paroxysm of pain.

"I wish I could bear it for you," said Major Swift.

"Ah, but," replied Mrs. Booth, "perhaps then God's purposes towards me would not be answered."

"God's purposes towards me."

Some stranger having written to say that he hoped now Mrs. Booth was on a sick-bed she would have time to consider and renounce the errors of the Salvation Army, she remarked:

"That gentleman forgets that I am no stranger to the sick-room, and that I have had ample time to consider the wisdom of the measures we employ to gain our converts and the means we use to keep them when gained. I long ago said 'Amen' to all the human and Divine sides of the Army, and they are my glory now that I am dying."

"That gentleman forgets."

"Herbert," said Mrs. Booth one night to her son while he was watching by her side, "let the coffin be plain—such as will be in keeping with the life I have lived."

"In keeping."

"You need not hurry, Emma!" she said on another occasion, while her daughter and Staff-Captain Carr were busy dressing her wounds; "there is plenty of time. I have no train to catch. I have nothing to catch now—but the chariot!" And then, realising how near was the approach of that chariot, she whispered in her daughter's ear, as if to reiterate from the very river's brink one of the truths she had uttered with so powerful a voice: "You're drawing near the end with me, Emma! Don't you realise, as we approach it together, the immortality of the soul? The soul can never die! As this poor decaying body falls

"My soul will spring forth."

*1889,
Age 60.* off, I feel, I know, that my soul will spring forth into life still more abundant!"

And then, at another of those seasons when it seemed as though the hour had arrived, she asked:

*It won't
matter.* "When will the boys come, Eva?" And on being told that they would arrive at eight o'clock, she said: "Then I shall wait till they come, and afterwards I shall sleep with Him. It is only going to sleep, you know! I should like a quiet spot in some little corner for my last resting-place, though in the Morning it won't matter where we are buried!"

*Her only
brother.* "Eva," she said, alluding to her only brother, who was sceptical, fixing her eyes yearningly upon his portrait, "write to Uncle John. He must come; he MUST! I have tried hard for his soul, but he would not yield. He has made money, but what does that matter if he loses his soul? All his children—such beautiful children!—but worldlings. His mother won't be happy without him in heaven! Eva, you will write him? Tell him I kept his photograph on the mantelpiece until the last! Some men *won't* have God! But there has never been a man or woman who has not believed in Him when dying. They all want God when here!"

A little later, while waiting for a little refreshment, she said: "Never mind. I shall soon be drinking the wine of the Kingdom and eating the fruit of the Tree of Life."

*"I do
trust."* Whilst administering some restoratives her daughter hears her murmur: "Emma, I feel I am going through the dark river, but amid the billows I cast myself on God, and I do trust—I trust."

Again and again she asked for the favourite refrain:

"We will walk through the valley in peace."

"Have you peace in the valley, my darling?" asked the General.

1889,
Age 60.

And faintly, yet firmly, came the triumphant answer, "Yes!" Then the Chief, kissing his mother fervently, whispered:

"Jesus is here just now. His loving and everlasting arms are about and underneath you. They cannot fail you!"

"Jesus is here."

"No," she faintly replied, "they bear the world, and all things!"

Mrs. Colonel Oliphant having now come in, Mrs. Booth called her to her side, saying: "Celestine, you must do credit to your Dutch history, and be as brave as a brick for the Lord. They were a brave lot, those old Dutch. Strengthen your husband's hands. When he is weak, you must be strong. Don't go down before the smile or frown of the world. Fear not their faces. Ah, Celestine, you ought to meet us as a family! God has seen the sincerity of your father's heart, and He has brought you all as a family into the Salvation Army, and now He will make a kingdom of you! Tell your mother not to give way when the pressure comes. Tell her to hold on to God as by her teeth, and stand to it."

Then turning to her children Mrs. Booth said: "I gave you all to the Lord before I had any of you. I said, 'Lord, they shall be Thine, down to the third and fourth generation.' Ah, I remember—it comes up to me now—the covenant I made with the Lord long before I was married. My mother had gone out, and I used to like to get alone and pray aloud. Some object to our shouting, but if people cannot pray without shouting let them shout! And there were some prayers that I could not pray without shouting. I had to pour out all my soul. I made the covenant.

Her early covenant.

1889,
Age 60. I have not been faithful in it all, I am sorry to say, but I covenanted from the bottom of my heart that all mine should be His, and I pleaded with Him till I got the assurance, till He accepted, and told me that He would bring my sons from afar and my daughters from the ends of the earth; and I saw His face and I knew His voice. And He has been *faithful!*"

The colours. But perhaps one of the most affecting scenes occurred when Mrs. Booth, having changed rooms, asked for the Army colours to be brought from the former apartment and fastened above her head. Many and many a time had she presented the flag to officers and soldiers, inviting them to pledge themselves to eternal fidelity to the principles which it emblemised. And, as she had fought beneath its folds in life, so now in death she rejoiced to realise that the "banner of love" which had been the herald of salvation to multitudes was still waving over her.

"There," said the General; "the colours are over you now, my darling!"

"Let me feel them," said Mrs. Booth.

And as her poor worn left hand was guided to them she clasped them fondly, and traced the motto with her finger, "Blood and Fire."

"Blood and Fire!" she repeated. "Yes, that is very appropriate. It is just what my life has been—a constant and severe fight."

"It ought to be 'Blood and Fire and Victory,'" said the General.

"I'll fight on till I get it," replied Mrs. Booth. "I won't give in. Next time I see them I shall be looking down, instead of up, at them. I shall be above the smoke of pain and sorrow, there."

Farewell scenes. Describing some of these farewell scenes, her daughter Emma says:

"We were talking of the people the other evening, and she exclaimed, 'Oh, the poor, poor people! You see, they are like Job and David; they expect prosperity in this world. They don't understand!'

1889,
Age 60.

"I heard her say, while delirious: 'You see, the beginning of my life was much the same as theirs—striving and struggling to know, to find out God's way in dealing with the people.'

"Then again: 'It's not the machinery, but the *spirit*. Yet how foolish they are—the machinery is a necessary part of the engine.'"

Among the most appreciative and welcome visitors to Mrs. Booth's sick-room were her little grandchildren, Catherine, Mary, and Miriam, the daughters of the Chief of Staff.

The little
grand-
children.

"Well, ducky," said Mrs. Booth, addressing Catherine on one occasion, "I am going to heaven, and if you die while you are a little girl you will come to grandma, won't you?"

"Yes, grandma," replied the child, weeping.

"There will be a lot of children there," continued Mrs. Booth. "Crowds of them. More than you have seen at Exeter Hall. And I shall go among them and ask for little Cath. Do you know how to get there? You must pray to Jesus to take all the naughty out of your heart, and make you one of His little lambs. He will, ducky! He will!" Clasping the child to her for a last kiss, she prayed: "Lord, bless the child! My blessings are nothing, but, Jesus, bless the child! May the Angel which redeemed me and her father and mother bless the child—watch her, claim her, seal her, and make her a valiant soldier. Lord Jesus, I ask Thee for her, as I did for her father, to keep her from the evil that is in the world." The two sisters were kissed and blessed in turn, making

1889,
Age 60. their promises of love and faithfulness in touching
baby-language.

*Chris,
Dot, and
Jai.* No less interesting were the interviews with three of the little children from the Army Nursery, Chris, Dot, and Jai, in whom Mrs. Booth had been deeply interested for several years.

"I have thought about you, and prayed about you," said little five-year-old Chris, who had been rescued from a life of exceptional poverty and wretchedness, "and I hoped you would not die before I saw you. It will be nice for you to go to heaven and see Jesus, but"—and her voice trembled with emotion—"you see, down here we shall feel so lonely without you."

"Yes, darling," replied Mrs. Booth. "But I want you to live and grow up to fight for Jesus, and to win souls—that is, to make other people good and happy. And then the next time you see me I shall not be lying on a bed, sick. I shall be in a glorified body, with white and shining robes. I shall look out for you and Dot and Jai in heaven."

Dot was speechless with grief. During the earlier stages of Mrs. Booth's illness she had been allowed to wait on her, arranging her medicines, or running messages, and interesting her with her childish prattle. But now that she had come to say her last good-bye her little heart, usually so buoyant, seemed too full for language. And yet the tears that filled her eyes spoke for her.

*"I would
play to
you."* With practical forethought little Jai, who was about four years old, had armed himself with a toy musical box, thinking it would help to cheer and soothe the sufferer. Producing it from under his pinafore, while his large dark eyes looked enquiringly into Mrs. Booth's face, he said: "I would play a little music to you, Mrs. Booth, I would. Only I'm afraid it would



MRS. BOOTH IN HER LAST ILLNESS.

make you worser! But I have been praying for you, and when you are gone to heaven I am going to take care of my mother—I am!" (Miss Eva Booth had been his special guardian and he had been accustomed to call her "Mother.") "And when I get old I shall be a Major, and I'll get lots of souls saved"—and who can tell to what extent the ambitions thus implanted in childhood shall bear fruit, in lives of fullest consecration and whole-hearted service!

1889,
Age 60.

A few weeks subsequently, on the 30th January, 1889, a representative band had the privilege of visiting Mrs. Booth's bedside. Unable to trust himself to speak, the bandmaster, himself rescued from a life of drunken wretchedness through the agency of the Army, presented a letter in which he expressed the determination of himself and of his comrades to be true to the principles of the Salvation Army, and to play their instruments only for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Mrs. Booth said:

The band-master.

"I did not expect to see your faces any more. It is very kind of you to come and play to me. I only wish I were stronger, that I might say more of what is in my heart, but I rejoice in one or two points expressed in your letter very much; in one especially: and that is, that you see the importance of keeping your music *spiritual*, and of using it only for the one great end.

"We had a great deal of argument regarding the first introduction of bands into the Army, and a great many fears.

"I had always considered music as belonging to God. Perhaps some of you have heard me say in public that there will not be a note of music in hell; that it will all be in heaven, and that God ought to have it all here. But, unfortunately, God has not

*No music
in hell.*

1889.
Age 60. His rights here, and the Church has strangely lost sight of the value of music as a religious agency. I think God has used the Army to resuscitate and awaken that agency, and while the bandsmen of the Salvation Army realise it to be as much their service to blow an instrument as it is to sing or pray or speak, and while they do the one in the same spirit as they would do the other, I am persuaded it will become an ever-increasing power amongst us. But the moment you, or any other bandsmen, begin to glory in the excellency of the music alone, apart from spiritual results, you will begin at once to lose your power. It is the same with everything else—meetings, testifying, singing, marching, or praying. It is a combination of the human and the divine. And when you separate the human from the divine it ceases to have any power over souls. Don't forget that.

"With sanctified breath." "I have often boasted that, so far as we know, every bandsman plays his instrument with sanctified breath; and I hope it will continue to be so.

"I never expected to hear any more earthly music. A fortnight ago I thought I was almost within hearing of the heavenly harpers; but here I am shunted, for what purpose I don't know; but one purpose may have been to see your faces.

"I think you have formed far too high an estimate of me and of my work, but any blessing that I can give, such as it is, I give it to you with all my heart. I look upon you as my lads. May God bless you all and keep you!—keep you faithful, and make you valiant soul-winners."

CHAPTER CXI.

THE DEATH OF MRS. BOOTH.

"PRAY that the Lord may speedily finish His work and take me home," was the oft-repeated request of Mrs. Booth during the months of anguish spent in the mysterious valley of shadows, so short to some, to her so long. But the lips of love could not frame the prayer, and to her "Let me go" a thousand hearts responded, "Lord, let her stay!" It seemed indeed as though death itself were unwilling to perform its appointed task—as though "such divinity did hedge" the dying saint that death could "but peep to what it would"—as though the hand of the king of terrors, a score of times outstretched to cull the Army's fairest flower, were as often arrested and withdrawn.

In "the valley."

And when at length the hour came it seemed that with a gentleness ineffable the spirit was released from its earth-tenement, and transplanted to the regions where it should blossom and bear fruit for ever; regions where the sun-rays shine without scorching and the winds fan without blasting. And the poignancy of the pain of parting was mitigated by the halo of unbroken peace that settled on the dying sufferer's face, and by the assurance of a coming and eternal reunion.

It was during Self-Denial Week, the annual Lent of the Salvation Army, that the final summons came. In anticipation of this season Mrs. Booth had addressed the following brief but touching letter to the

Self-denial for Christ.

1890,
Age 61. soldiers and friends of the Army throughout the world:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN AND FRIENDS:

"I have loved you much, and in God's strength have helped you a little. Now, at His call, I am going away from you.

"The war must go on. Self-denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something.

"I send you my blessing. Fight on, and God will be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in heaven.

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

*Beginning of
the end.*

The first serious intimation of an approaching crisis occurred on Wednesday, 1st October, when violent hemorrhage set in. For some weeks previously there had been no symptoms of immediate danger. Indeed, such had been the rally that Mrs. Booth's medical advisers had thought it probable that she might live to see the new year in. Upon the strength of their assurances meetings had been arranged for the General and other members of the family, her daughter Emma remaining by her beloved mother's side. On Wednesday afternoon a telegram was despatched summoning the General, and the next day Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, together with the other members of the family then in England, were sent for, as from the prostrated condition of the patient it was evident that the end could not be distant.

Thursday night passed in comparative quiet, Mrs. Booth sleeping with unusual soundness for several hours. Nevertheless the laboured breathing served as a warning that her condition was critical.

*Fast
sinking.*

On Friday morning, the 3d October, an interval of several wakeful hours, passed in extremest suffering, was followed by a deep sleep lasting till 5 P.M. On awaking Mrs. Booth appeared to be comparatively free from pain, and great was the joy of all when she con-

sented to take a little nourishment. But the rally was only temporary, and it was soon clear that the beloved sufferer was fast sinking.

1890,
Age 61.

Friday night was a season that will be held in everlasting remembrance by each one of those privileged to be present. The General, Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, her daughters Emma, Eva, Marian, and Lucy, the writer of these memoirs, Staff-Captain Carr and the members of the household knelt around the bed, while the photographs of the unavoidably absent members of the family were again laid upon her pillow. Mrs. Booth was awake and conscious during the greater part of the time, giving touching tokens of recognition to each member of the weeping group, though often too weak to utter words. True, the head was less erect than its wont, and drooped on one side through exhaustion—true, the features were somewhat pinched with the prolonged anguish—nevertheless the glorious soul shone triumphantly through the surrounding darkness, and the glow of the eternal daybreak seemed already to have suffused the sufferer's countenance, and to have replaced the marks of pain with the stamp of unspeakable peace.

Strange to say, nearly every crisis of Mrs. Booth's illness was emphasised by a storm. The present occasion was no exception to the rule. While she was bravely struggling with the last enemy a tempest was raging without, and the loud signals of distress from a shipwrecked vessel could be distinctly heard above the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind. And thus it seemed as though the Army Mother's barque were tossing on death's billows while the kneeling group fired on her behalf signals of distress, the loud reports of which were heard in heaven, summoning to her relief the life-boat that was to bear

*A tempest
raging
without.*

*1890,
Age 61.* her soul from the poor shipwrecked body, and land it safely on the eternal shores!

In the room. But how impossible does it appear adequately to describe the scene! The plain, undecorated upper room overlooking the sea, its windows ever open to the breeze, and its movable screens arranged so as to guard the watchers from the draught. Then there was the curtainless iron bedstead, on which the sufferer lay, surmounted by the Army flag. With streaming eyes and faltering voices the gathered family sang again and again her favourite choruses, watching with inexpressible emotion as the loved lips moved in the effort to take part:

"We shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death!
 We shall walk through the valley in peace!
 For Jesus Himself will be our Leader—
 We shall walk through the valley in peace!"

Although her voice could not be heard, and the breathing was hard and difficult, each time the word "peace" was repeated her hand was raised as a signal that such was indeed her experience. Other choruses were sung, such as—

"The angels will come,
 With their music will come,
 With music and singing to welcome thee home;
 At the bright gates of crystal
 The shining ones will stand
 And give thee a welcome to their own native land."

Another favourite verse was:

"We are waiting by the river,
 We are watching by the shore;
 Only waiting for the angels,
 Soon they'll come to bear us o'er."

And then would follow the triumphant notes of her son Herbert's chorus:

"Victory for me
Through the blood of Christ my Saviour!
Victory for me
Through the precious blood!"

1890,
Age 61.

Other well-known hymns were sung. "Rock of Ages, *"Go on!"* cleft for me," and "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Once when the singing ceased, through the fear lest it might be too much for Mrs. Booth, she called out with pathetic distinctness, although with evident difficulty, "*Go—on!*"

It was but in broken sentences and at long intervals that she was able to speak. "Pa!" she would cry out at times, and in a moment the General's weeping face was close to hers. "What is it, my precious one?" The lips moved, but to his intense disappointment he could not discern what she was endeavouring to say. Unutterable feelings seemed to be struggling for language which she had no power to frame. And yet words were not wanted. He who had known her every longing and shared her every thought for forty years, did he not know and feel all that in these farewell moments she desired to say?

Almost the last audible prayer she was heard to breathe was, "Lord—let the end be *easy*—for Emma's sake." And the prayer was answered, voicing, as it did to the last, her usual self-forgetfulness and consideration for others. At another time she whispered, noticing how loth were any of the watchers even for a moment to leave her side, "Take it *in turns—in turns!*" repeating the last two words with her own peculiar emphasis.

*"For
Emma's
sake."*

"O Emma, let me go, darling," she whispered at another time; and upon receiving the answer, "Yes, mamma, we will!" she added eagerly "Now? Yes, now, Lord! Come now!"

^{1890,}
^{Age 61.} The singing appeared to be a help and a comfort. It was indeed meet that the refrains which had served as an inspiration during the soldier's life should soothe the last hours of the dying saint.

"Calvary's stream, it is flowing so free!"

was followed by

"My Jesus, I love Thee! I know Thou art mine!"

And then again:

"My mistakes His free grace doth cover,
My sins He doth wash away;
These feet which shrink and falter
Shall enter the gates of day."

And again, a little later:

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though health and strength and friends be gone,
Though withered all my joys, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, Thy mercy never dies!"

Again the lips moved, as though desiring to speak.

The Chief's prayer. "Do you *believe?*" she asked. "Yes!" eagerly replied the Chief. "I am sure Jesus has got you in His arms." Then pouring out his heart in prayer, he cried: "Lord Jesus, we thank Thee for Thy presence! We beseech Thee to help us in this experience, so new to us; in this separation which, although so long anticipated, seems so dreadful. . . . Lord, help us! Thou hast conquered death! Thou hast waded the river before us! We know our precious mother is in Thine arms! We thank Thee for this wonderful peace and calm! Let there be a joyful entrance into Thy Kingdom! Oh, take her right into Thy presence and lay her head upon Thy breast!"

Unable to speak, Mrs. Booth pointed to a wall text which had for a long time been placed opposite to her, so that her eyes could rest upon it: "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" It was taken down and placed near her on the bed. But it was no longer needed. The promise had indeed been fulfilled.

1890,
Age 61.

And so those long hours of the night wore away and morning dawned, her last morning upon earth, and the last morning of Self-Denial Week. Still she lingered and still her loved ones watched. Like the ocean tide, the waves of life gradually ebbed and receded into the distance. Or, rather, it seemed as if some vessel from the eternal shores had cast anchor near the windows and was but waiting for the sufferer to embark in order to set sail.

*still
lingering.*

Once, fixing her eyes upon her unfailing and faithful attendant, Staff-Captain Carr, she managed, though with evidently painful effort, to say, "*Thank—you!*"

At times she would gaze upwards intently, as though able to see some wonderful vision, the dim reflection of which would illuminate her face. Once she said, "*I see,*" but was unable to add more.

Fondly the General clasped her hand, while each member of the family tenderly embraced her, kissing her brow, and with breaking hearts and choking voices uttering their farewell messages of love. A gleam of tenderest recognition passed over her countenance as the General bent over her. "Pa!" she said. Their eyes met—the last kiss of love on earth was given—the last word spoken, "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

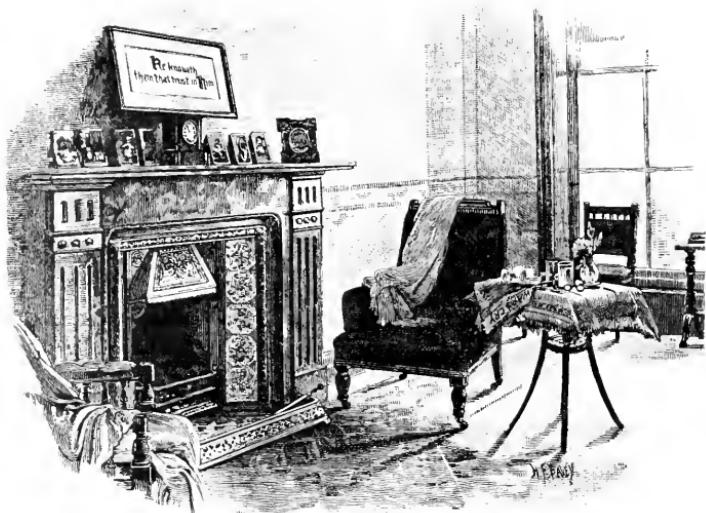
*The last
word.*

Fainter and fainter grew the breathing, while more and more clearly were assurances of peace written upon that dearly-loved countenance, till at length, with one deep sigh, without a struggle, the silver cord was

*The end.
October
4th.*

1890. loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the unfettered soul fled away to the land where sorrow and suffering shall be no more, and where God's own hand shall wipe away all tears.

It was half-past three on Saturday afternoon, the fourth of October. The storm of the previous night had passed away. The sun was sinking in an almost



THE VACANT CHAIR.

cloudless sky. The singing of the larks and the dull murmur of the waves beating on the shore—all seemed as though nature's God were seeking through His handiwork to speak peace to the troubled souls of the bereaved, reminding them, through the beauties of that exceptionally perfect autumn day, that their loved one had entered upon a world whose glory eye hath not seen nor ear heard.

It is impossible to describe the sense of utter desolation which swept over that home as the realisation

of their great and irreparable loss made itself felt. But as father and children embraced one another in that sacred room each sought to hide the anguish of their individual grief in striving to bring comfort to the other. The forest oak, which during the past forty years had buried its roots in the subsoil of those loving hearts, could not fall crashing to the earth without tearing every tender feeling, and making the very ground vibrate. It seemed to each member of that family as if an avalanche of sorrow had been let loose, compared with which preceding troubles had been as merest snowflakes. The anguish of bereavement is the necessary penalty of love. Extremes of joy and sorrow meet. Those who possess the highest joys are open to the keenest sorrows. It must be so, while love is love. The most exquisite joy of which the human breast is capable is made conditional on *participation*. It cannot be experienced *alone*. It must come through others or not at all. Individuals are bound with individuals "in the bundle of life," inextricably interwoven with chains which salvation sanctifies, beautifies, and strengthens, but does not break, because it links all to God and thus freshly binds each to the other.

Upon the General the calamity fell with almost overwhelming force. Writing to the *War Cry* immediately afterwards he refers to it in the following touching terms:

"Yes, like a dream the event has come and gone. Anticipated, the uppermost thought in my mind, known to be inevitable for two long years and eight months, dreaded as one of the darkest human shadows that could fall upon my poor life, death has come and taken away my darling wife, the beloved partner of my soul.

"As well as she was able she joined us in singing the old song:

1890.

*An avalanche of sorrow.**The loss to the General.*

1890.

"I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'

"And then she kissed me and slipped away."

"What shall we say?"

"And now, what shall we say about the loss we have suffered? The first thought that arises is that it is a loss for all the world. She was in a wonderful sense a lover of mankind; no difference of circumstance, or of race, or of sex, or of age, made any effect upon her. To be a human being, in any sort of need—and where is there one that is not?—commanded her sympathy. If she had preferences, it was where the need was greatest. The greater the weakness, or the more dire the disease, or the more utter the friendlessness, there her heart's pitying love ran out the strongest.

The Army Mother.

"I need not say that in this visitation the Army suffers loss. It is quite true that she was *the Army Mother*. This relationship, almost universally recognised, had grown up, like so much of the Army, without any set arrangement or design. Other religious organisations cannot be said to have a Mother; their guides and authorities are all *Fathers*. The Salvation Army has, of God's great mercy and wisdom, and we think through His own leading and inspiration, felt its need of the more tender, feminine side of human character, as well as the more robust and masculine element. Woman has taken her place with man in the new kingdom as a helpmeet for him. And my beloved had the honour of being chosen by her Lord to lead the way and set the example in this arrangement. The coming generations will regard her as the Pioneer Mother. How she has done this work, and in the doing of it commanded the respect of the Christian world and secured the deep affection of her own people, is a matter of every-day knowledge.

She will live on.

"The Army will mourn her loss and has reason for doing so; but she will live on, and on, and on, in the hearts and lives of thousands and thousands of her daughters. Never before, perhaps, save in the case of one, and that one the most 'blessed among women,' the mother of our Lord, has there lived a saint who has had the privilege during her lifetime of seeing so many of her own sex encouraged and emboldened by her example, working out her principles and walking in her steps.

1890.

"And may I say something of my own loss? Ever since our first meeting, now nearly forty years ago, we have been inseparable in spirit—that is, in all the main thoughts, feelings, and purposes of our lives. On no single question of any importance have we ever acted independently of each other's views. I am far from laying any claim for infallibility of judgment on her behalf, or of freedom from human infirmities. But to me she has been made of God never-failing sympathy, reliable wisdom, and unvarnished truth—in short, all that is noble and good, and consequently a tower of strength, a mine of wealth, and an ever-flowing fountain of comfort and joy. Oh, what a loss is mine! Words are utterly unable to express it. It cannot be measured.

"What shall we do? For myself, I can only say that I go forward to fill up the measure of service required of me. She has gone from my side. She promised me again and again that she would come to me, if she were allowed, and that what she could do to further the dearest purposes of my soul for the helping of the world should be done.

"I am sure she will fulfil her pledges. She never failed me on earth. She will not fail me as she has opportunity in the skies. And though I see her not again till I meet her in the Morning, I know her mind, and, as in the past so in the future, her judgment will be a guide, and the consciousness of fulfilling her wishes one of the chief joys of my life.

"My comrades, will you follow her as she followed Christ? I shall tell you, if I am spared, many more things about her, and, if not, others will tell you them. But meanwhile, so far as her life has been self-sacrificing, and pure, and laborious, and true, in the interests of Christ and mankind, will you imitate it? And all for the dear Lord's sake. And so shall you be a joy to her, and an unspeakable consolation to

"Your affectionate General,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

Before Saturday night the telegraph wires had carried the news of Mrs. Booth's death to all quarters of the globe, and so universal was the interest that there was probably no paper of any importance which did not contain sympathetic and appreciative notices of her

*Universal
interest.*

*"I go
forward."*

*"She
never
failed
me."*

1890. life and death. Telegrams and letters poured in upon the General, and from the Army the most hearty assurances of love and loyalty were received, manifesting a depth of feeling that brought no little consolation to the hearts of the bereaved.

A last look. Thousands were eager for a last look at the loved face. It appeared inhuman to refuse so natural a request. It would have been invidious to grant it to a select few and not to all, and hence it was speedily decided that the body should be removed to London and such arrangements made as would enable all who so wished to take a farewell glance at the beloved countenance. The plain oaken coffin, which was the Army Mother's last resting-place, was fitted with a glass front through which she could be seen, her hand resting upon her favourite photograph of the General. The flag beneath which she died was thrown across the coffin lid. A brass plate was affixed bearing the following inscription :

CATHERINE BOOTH
The Mother of
THE SALVATION ARMY
Born 17th January, 1829,
Died 4th October, 1890.

"More than conqueror."

Little change in the face. Death had seemed to make but little change in the face. The look of peace and confidence which rested on her at the last was still there. All was so natural that it would not have seemed strange for the eyes to open and the lips to speak.

Ended is thy grand career;
Closed in peace thy warfare here!
Warrior-weapons are laid down—
Changed for heavenly harp and crown!

Since we may not call thee back
We will follow in thy track!

1890.

Seem we still to hear Thy voice
Bidding us with thee rejoice,
Rousing us to nobler deed,
Pointing to the world's vast need!
As beside thy grave we bow,
Still to follow thee we vow!

Through this agony of loss
Thou dost point us to the Cross;
Through the blinding tears that fall
Thou with trumpet voice dost call;
We with heart and soul reply,
“We will follow till we die!”

CHAPTER CXII.

THE LAST LOOK.

So thou hast passed away, thou noble soul!
Gone to thy place among the stars to shine;
E'en while on earth, above its dark control,
To beam for God, held by His hand, was thine.
Thy spirit's radiance was a thing divine
Which dared to pierce where sunbeams might not dwell:
It threw a ray on darkest hearts; on *mine*!
Shone through all shades and burst into my cell!

Such souls as thine are lighted lamps from God
Sent to earth's gloom to gild it for a while;
They shine like morning down life's shadowed road,
To wake a bird and bid a flower to smile!
And thus it is on clouds of man's despair
Still falls the eye of God and makes a rainbow there!

By an ex-convict, who first heard and read of Mrs. Booth in his prison cell.

World-wide esteem. AND now occurred a series of vast and imposing spectacles, seldom paralleled in the history of the world. The woman who had, perhaps, of all others, the least coveted popularity received a tribute of genuine and world-wide esteem which was as unanimous as it was unstinted and generous.

Self the usual basis. The proverbial fickleness of popularity is doubtless largely due to the false foundations on which it is usually built. The selfish great build their greatness upon the people only because self can better thus be aggrandised. The interests of the people are too often sought because they are seen to be the interests of self. Instead of making self the basis of the public good, the stepping-stone by which the people may

1890.

climb to a higher position of enjoyment and accomplishment, the people are made the stalking-horse upon which ambition sits astride for the gaining of some personal end. The public good is made the means to a private end. God-given talents, which ought to be the property of all, are misappropriated for selfish purposes. The popular instinct is quick to detect the fraud and merciless in punishing it. Hence many a shipwrecked career—Brutus-slain Cæsars and Europe-banished Napoleons.

Mrs. Booth's popularity was based on solid foundations. Next to the conviction that she was a servant of the Most High was the conviction that she was a servant of the people. She was a "people's woman" in the highest sense. Her heart burned with sympathy for the weak and the oppressed. The realisation of their wrongs, their sins, and their sorrows burnt as a perpetual fire in her soul. Had she not been a Salvationist, and believed, as such, that man's great need was a change of heart, she would doubtless have been an ardent politician. She longed to strip the rich to clothe the poor, to rifle their hoarded wealth to put bread into the mouths of the starving, to sweep away their landmarks and people their parks and fallow fields with an honest, toiling peasantry. She would have nationalised the land, and have jealously safeguarded the interests of the weak and needy from the encroachments alike of villainy and violence.

But Mrs. Booth realised that her life-task was a higher and holier one. She legislated for the human heart, and brought to bear upon its transformation all the intellectual and moral powers with which Providence had endowed her. She realised that a selfish being under the most favourable circumstances would be selfish still, and that unless his selfishness

*To serve
Him and
His.*

*For the
heart.*

1890. could be eradicated by the grace of God he would continue to be a misery to himself and a danger to all around. The rich through selfishness had wronged the poor. The poor through selfishness would wrong one another and the rich, and increase rather than minimise the evil.

The unanimous and spontaneous outburst of popular sympathy which greeted the news of Mrs. Booth's death proved that her labours had not been in vain. Volumes might be filled with laudatory notices from the pulpit and the press, while the funeral celebrations were attended by unprecedented crowds.

*In state
in
Clapton
Congress
Hall.*

On Monday, October 6th, her last remains were privately removed from Clacton-on-Sea to the Clapton Congress Hall, at the opening of which she had herself assisted, and where she had delivered many powerful appeals. The hall, one of the largest and most beautiful in London, accommodates five thousand persons, and is seated like an amphitheatre. It proved to be none too large for the occasion. The centre had been cleared of seats, and the northern portion of it was covered with a coloured canopy, beneath which the coffin was placed, surrounded with ferns and flowers. On the lid were laid Mrs. Booth's well-worn Bible, her Army flag, her bonnet and her crested jacket, touching mementos of the past. Above it was a card bearing a quotation from her last anniversary message to the Army:

"Love one another
and
Meet me in the Morning."

On the front of the platform, with the Army colours draped around it, was the framed portrait which had been taken in her sick-chamber a few months previously.

At the head of the coffin were placed numerous wreaths bearing various inscriptions, many of a deeply touching character. Attached to one were the words, "The Rescue Officers consecrate themselves to tread in the footsteps of their Army Mother." Another, "With deepest love and sympathy from Mrs. Booth's bookfolders." And one from "a little servant-girl in memory of Mrs. Booth's goodness to her sister, once an officer, now in heaven." Another quaint wreath of crocheted cotton rosettes was labelled in tinsel letters "Victory." The surrounding tables were covered with flowers. And among the choicest wreaths were little bunches of cottage-garden chrysanthemums, the contrast serving to illustrate the varied classes to whom God had enabled her to minister in life. On each side of the coffin was ranged a body of cadets, who regulated the crowd, whilst from time to time her favourite hymns were sung by a band of officers in one of the side rooms, the fact that they were out of sight lending a distant heaven-like seeming to the sound.

On they came, a never-ending stream, old and young, rich and ragged, well and weakly. From early morn till ten at night they passed, and still they passed, till five long days could number fifty thousand. Mothers brought their little ones, as though to learn from that true mother-face how to place the tender feet in the noblest paths. Wives brought husbands, husbands wives. And prodigals were there, big, strong men, who cried like children, and who, kneeling by that coffin side, seemed to be the very sons of her who had in life so unwearyingly sought the sinner's salvation.

"No, no! Let others move on!" said a tottering old woman, who stood so long looking down into Mrs.

1890.

*Floral tributes.**A never-ending stream.**"Let others move on."*

1890. Booth's face that she had been gently asked to pass on. "Let others move on! I've a right to stop. I've come sixty miles to see her again. She was the means of saving my two sons."

And then came a drunkard, who completely broke down at the sight of the familiar features. Many a time had her words inspired his despairing heart, and now in her death she was to be the means of pointing him to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"Such a heavenly look."

An aged minister seemed rooted to the spot, and turning to one of the Staff he observed: "I can scarcely tear myself away. There is such a heavenly look upon the face. Many a blessing have I received through her; the last a never-to-be-forgotten one, when she spoke at the City Temple."

"She lived for the likes o' me!" wailed one poor girl, and unrestrained she would have thrown herself upon the coffin. She presented a forlorn appearance certainly, with her dishevelled hair, torn hat, and string-tied boots. But beneath the rough exterior there was manifestly a heart, to which, it may be all unconsciously, Mrs. Booth had found her way.

From the coffin to the Rescue Home.

Another time it was upon a weeping Magdalen that the evening shadows fell. A few years previously she had struck Mrs. Booth, when leaving the hall. With tender and earnest words Mrs. Booth had pressed her to renounce her life of sin and to enter the Rescue Home. And now it was at her coffin side, in anguish of regret, that the past was forsaken and a new and virtuous life entered upon.

"All classes of society were represented," said a lady who was present, and witnessed those never-to-be-forgotten scenes. "Ministers, lawyers, doctors, actors, postmen, police, railway officials, grooms,

working-men just come from their various trades, and women from every grade of life. The old people seemed especially overcome with grief. 'I heard her preach some of her first sermons,' they would say one to another. And then they wept afresh. Strong, intellectual-looking men gazed on that scene with tear-filled eyes. And oh, the number of babes and young children brought to look upon that face! One can imagine how in future years the parents will love to rehearse this incident to their children, urging them to follow in the footsteps of her who so faith, fully trod in those of her Master. But oh, the poor, the poor! Never before have I experienced so melting and harrowing a time as, one after another, numbers of them passed along; their quivering lips and tearful eyes betraying the fact that they recognised in the death of Mrs. Booth the loss of a personal friend.

"It was a hallowed time. God was very near. Sinners were saved and saints were quickened. It was indeed a Divine manifestation of the conquering power of Jehovah by means of a woman '*greatly beloved.*'"

Thus to that long, motley procession she spoke, and spoke to each. Eloquent in life, she was scarcely less eloquent in death, since death itself could not silence a life of such signal love and successful toil. The mute lips needed not to repeat the messages which were enshrined in the memory, and which were to find their echo in lives of penitence and faith.

From Clapton to the Olympia—from the toiling East to the luxurious West—the remains of Mrs. Booth were removed on the following Monday, 13th October. Quietly, at daybreak, almost by stealth, in order to avoid the crowds which would have other-

1890.

*"But oh,
the
poor!"**"Greatly
beloved."**To the
Olympia.*

1890. wise awaited it, the eight-mile journey was performed. The difficulty of securing a suitable building, large enough to accommodate the immense crowds desirous of attending the funeral service and yet within sufficiently easy reach of all quarters of the Metropolis, was necessarily very great. The Olympia Skating Rink was, however, finally engaged. It was a vast railway-station-like structure, some 500 feet in length and 200 in breadth, with immense galleries stretching the length of the building and said, themselves, to be capable of accommodating twelve thousand people.

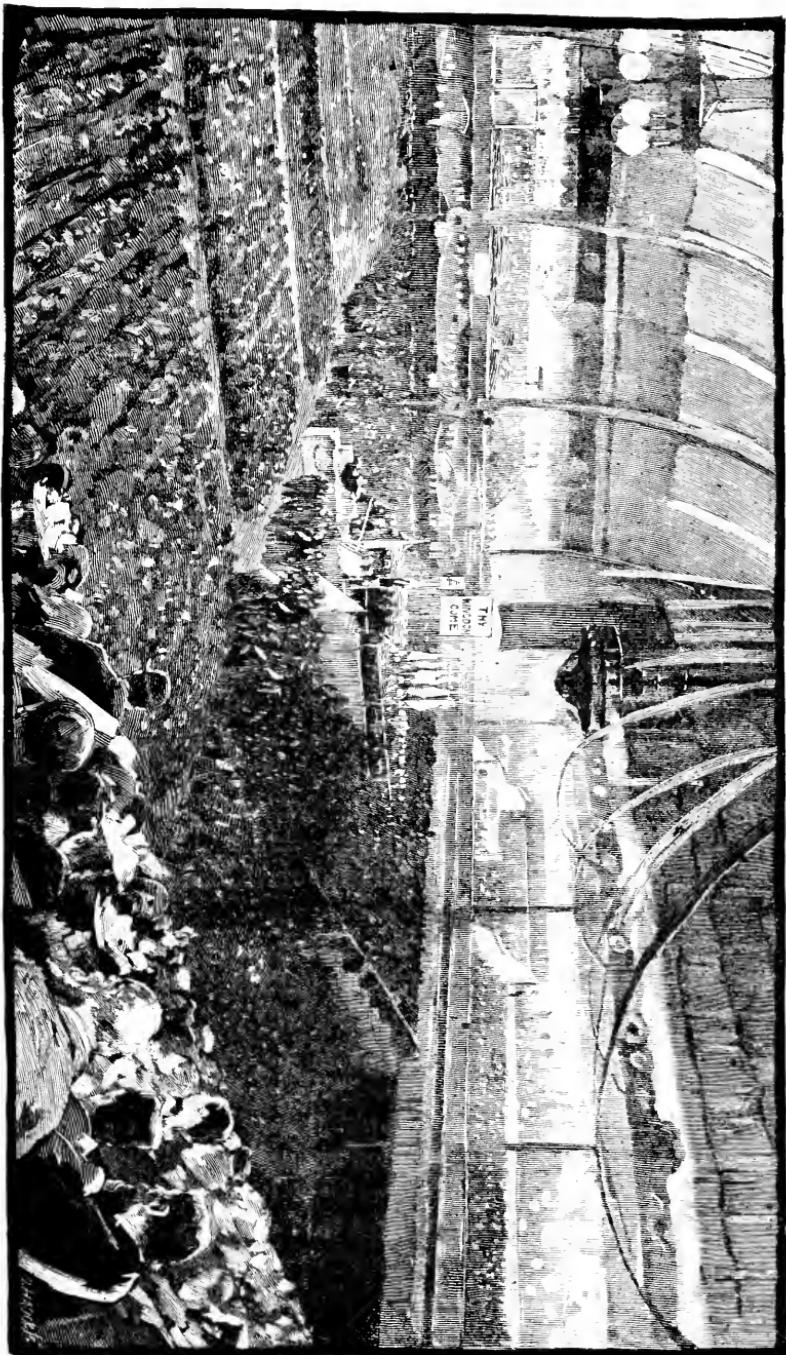
When occupied previously by the notorious Barnum the throng of spectators had found ample accommodation on the sidewalks and in the galleries, while the entire centre had been devoted to the show. On the present occasion, however, it proved none too large for the immense crowds which surged in the direction of the building from early morning, although the service was not advertised to commence till 6 P.M. Thirty-six thousand people passed the turnstiles, and then it became necessary to close the gates and shut out thousands more.

*Like the
Judg-
ment
Day.*

None who gazed upon that seething mass of humanity could ever forget the sight. It seemed to be a miniature representation of the Judgment Day, and one almost expected to hear the trumpet sound, feel the ground quake, see the Great White Throne, and find the books opened out of which should be judged the quick and the dead.

*"Nature's
mourn-
ing."*

A fog which had prevailed during the afternoon had crept into the hall and hung in fleecy folds along the roof, dimming the dazzling brilliance of the large electric lamps, and adding not a little to the weirdness of the scene. "Nature's mourning," remarked



MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE OLYMPIA, OCTOBER 13TH, 1890.

1890. an officer. And indeed it seemed appropriate for the occasion, and to suit the mood of the huge audience. For, while there was none of the lugubrious melancholy of an ordinary funeral, a sad seriousness prevailed which made it evident that the people realised their loss.

The service.

At six o'clock the service commenced by the entire congregation joining in singing the old, familiar, yet never-worn-out hymn:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 All earthly gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride."

It was obviously impossible for any single voice to make announcements which could be heard. To meet this difficulty a special litany had been prepared, printed, and distributed among the congregation. Corresponding with this, large-lettered signals were hoisted at intervals on the platform, instructing the audience to "Rise and sing," to "pray," or to "read in silence" the extracts from Mrs. Booth's writings which formed part of the service, and which included exhortations to sinners, backsliders, Christians, and Salvationists.

But perhaps the most impressive part of the ceremony was the procession which entered the hall at the commencement, bearing the flag-covered coffin down the central aisle and through the dense throng of spectators. Slowly and sorrowfully, yet with an air of mingled hope and triumph, the advance-guard of men and women officers filed their way, bearing the flags of various nations, together with those of some of the oldest corps presented in early days by Mrs. Booth. Others carried many-coloured bannerettes. White badges on the left arm and white stream-

1890.

ers from the flag-pole took the place of customary crape, and taught that they who mourned mourned not as those who had no hope; that heaven was a reality, and that they believed the Army Mother to be there.

And when, borne on the shoulders of a band of officers, Mrs. Booth's mortal remains entered and passed slowly down the hall, preceded by her faithful nurse, who carried the Flag under which she had breathed her last, few could restrain their tears, and it seemed as if a visible wave of sympathetic sorrow swept over the hearts of the entire audience.

*A wave
of sym-
pathy.*

The General followed, alone. Grief had left its finger-traces on his brow. It was hard to lose the faithful partner of so many years. But resignation and determination were alike written on his face, and the keen grey eyes, which had gazed for months with hers upon the pearly gates and jasper walls of the New Jerusalem, had lost none of their pierceng power. Ezekiel-like he stood, "the desire of his eyes" taken "with a stroke," seeking to make his sorrow but the text for a new appeal to all the world to yield their hearts to his Divine Master.

The General was followed by the various members of his family. They had bravely struggled to be there. But it was easy to read the sorrow that weighed upon their hearts, and to see that no small effort had been made in order to command their feelings sufficiently to face that crowd.

The platform reached, the appointed places were taken and the solemn service proceeded. Song followed song, prayer prayer, appeal appeal. Deeply touching was the moment when the bereaved family, rising to their feet, sang the favourite chorus which had so often comforted the dying sufferer:

*Through
the valley
in peace.*

1890.

"We shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death,
 We shall walk through the valley in peace!
 For Jesus Himself will be our Leader—
 We shall walk through the valley in peace!"

The meeting culminated in a final invitation to all who were willing to make a whole-hearted surrender of themselves to God to signify it by rising to their feet. Hundreds upon hundreds responded to the call, and the hall was, for the time being, a veritable vale of tears; a starting-point from which thousands will doubtless date a new life of consecration to the service of God and humanity. And then the procession re-formed and left the hall in the same order in which it had entered, while the crowds melted slowly away and disappeared, like phantom spirits from another world, into the dense fog that had settled like a funeral shroud upon the streets.

"Promoted."

"Promoted to glory!" We cannot bewail thee,
 Though bitterest tears be our meat day and night.
 "Promoted to glory!" where nothing can ail thee;
 Earth's darkness exchanged for heaven's glorious light.

"Promoted to glory!" from leading our legions;
 Not parted for ever, but gone on before;
 "Promoted," exalted to Paradise-regions:
 "Promoted," not perished; "than conqueror more."

"Promoted to glory!" Thy mantle desiring,
 We plead that thy spirit upon us may fall;
 Thy works, thy example, our hearts re-inspiring;
 'Though dead thou dost speak, and though silent dost call.'

"Promoted to glory!" Blest Mother, we'll follow!
 By Blood and by Fire our foes we'll defeat!
 We'll "love one another,"—scorn earth-joys so hollow,
 And march on until "in the Morning" we meet.

CHAPTER CXIII.

IN ABNEY PARK.

"Not once nor twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the path of glory."

THE shadowland of youth with which we commenced these memoirs is exchanged for the shadowland of eternity. To the confines of that unexplored region, whose glories for the saint, whose terrors for the sinner, the eye of faith, through the dim medium of revelation, can alone discern, we have brought our readers. Along that sorrow-shrouded border-line, which had been crossed by the triumphant spirit ten days previously, there gathered on Tuesday the 14th of October an immense concourse of human beings, entirely without parallel since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

To the few whose memory could carry them back, striking indeed must have been the contrast between the former stately pageant and the simple funeral service of the woman who had gained laurels none the less glorious because unstained with blood. And when an unprejudiced posterity distributes its awards, surely no secondary place will be allotted to her who fought and won the Waterloo of woman's equal right to serve and save, cancelling the absurd monopoly of man, and banishing to perpetual and inglorious exile the dicta of prejudice and pride.

Dramatic was the scene which closed the career that in these pages we have struggled to depict. To those

*Shadow-
lands.*

*A
contrast.*

1890. who are unfamiliar with the environments it may not be superfluous to explain that what is technically known as "the City of London" is not synonymous with the metropolis, the term being restricted to a comparatively small but central area consisting of fine blocks of buildings entirely devoted to business purposes, and constituting the commercial heart of the British capital. Scarcely a dwelling-house is to be found. The costly character of the structures and their extreme value for purposes of trade have caused an entire emigration of population from this region, which is so entirely deserted at night that the solitary passer-by might imagine himself in Nineveh but that the Assyrian hieroglyphics are represented by modern advertisements, the stealthy footfall of the wild beast by the heavy tramp of the policeman, the mournful hoot of the owl by the chime of bells.

Crowded streets.

But from an early hour in the morning there is an entire transformation of the scene. The roads are alive with omnibuses and other vehicles, while train after train, from a radius of twelve miles, pursues each other in rapid succession, freighted with swarms of human beings. From ten o'clock the roar of traffic and the strife of tongues are at their highest, and but for the admirable arrangements of the police an entire dead-lock must ensue. The navigation of this vehicular ocean requires no small amount of dexterity; but the London pilot of the coach-box is equal to the occasion, and steers his street-craft with cool confidence and practised skill.

St. Paul's.

Towering above the surrounding blocks, situated on the summit of a slight eminence, Ludgate Hill, facing Fleet Street and the Strand, St. Paul's Cathedral forms the picturesque centre-piece of the somewhat dreary landscape. From its lofty dome can be

1890.

seen the murky waters of the Thames sweeping east and west, crowded in the vicinity with barges and steamerettes, while in the distance, fog permitting, can be seen a forest of masts of ocean-going craft. Bridge upon bridge, each congested with traffic, spans the waters, linking the southern to the northern shore. The nearest of these, and one of the finest, is Blackfriars Bridge. From this point to the Houses of Parliament, which loom up gradually in the distance—one of the finest of London thoroughfares extends. The near end of the famous Thames Embankment finishes off in a wide open space, where its onward course is checked by blocks of wharves and offices, which occupy the further portion of the northern bank. Scarcely less broad, however, and from a business point of view greatly more important, is the thoroughfare of Queen Victoria Street, which sweeps from this point to the commercial pivot of the city, where the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and the Bank of England form the landmarks at the junction of the chief road arteries of the metropolis.

Queen
Victoria
Street.

Fronting the Thames Embankment is a large, handsome building, formerly known as the Oriental Restaurant, and constituting, at the time of which we write, the Home Office, or British Headquarters of the Salvation Army. Some three hundred yards further up Queen Victoria Street, on the right-hand side, stand the International Headquarters of the Salvation Army, including Nos. 99 to 103.

The Home
Office.

The close proximity of these two buildings, their central position, and the breadth of the thoroughfares on which they are situated led to their selection as the starting-point for the funeral march, which was to proceed thence up Queen Victoria Street, past the

1890. and these had already taken their places and been awaiting for some hours the arrival of the march. The fog lifted and the declining sun shone out while the procession passed through the gates, as if to remind each sorrowing heart that their loved one was beyond the reach of earth's mists; adding brilliance to another world, and yet leaving behind an imperishable memorial of the past in the thousands of salvation-illumined lives that were to focus and transmit to all around the rays of spiritual light they had themselves received from her.

In Abney Park. Slowly and silently the procession wended its way through the cemetery. On the right and left there stretched an endless sea of tombs. Touching tokens of desolated hearts and homes were spread around. Tablets, monuments, crosses, urns and broken pillars, typical of broken hopes, with their stone-written names and inscriptions, perpetuated the memory of those who lay beneath, whilst flowers and wreaths and carefully tended sward sought to strip death of some of its grim ghastliness. What a wilderness of buried hopes, of shattered ambitions, of baffled efforts, of pardoned and unpardoned sin! It seemed as if across that wall of gravestones "against the candle-stick" of life were written in letters which required no Daniel for their interpreter, "Prepare to meet thy God!" The words of the Italian poet, spoken of the living, would have been equally applicable to the dead:

"If on the brow of each were writ his heart,
How should the revelation make us start—
And pity those who play an envied part!"

Altering but a word here and there the verse might well be read:

1890.

"If on the *tomb* of each were writ his heart,
 How should the revelation make us start—
 And pity those *who've played* an envied part!"

Life needs more than a tombstone to perpetuate its memory. A life of selfishness must needs end as it has run, in obscurity. A life such as that of Mrs. Booth, spent for God and man, builds its imperishable monuments along its path, and records its inscriptions upon the grateful tablets of the human heart.

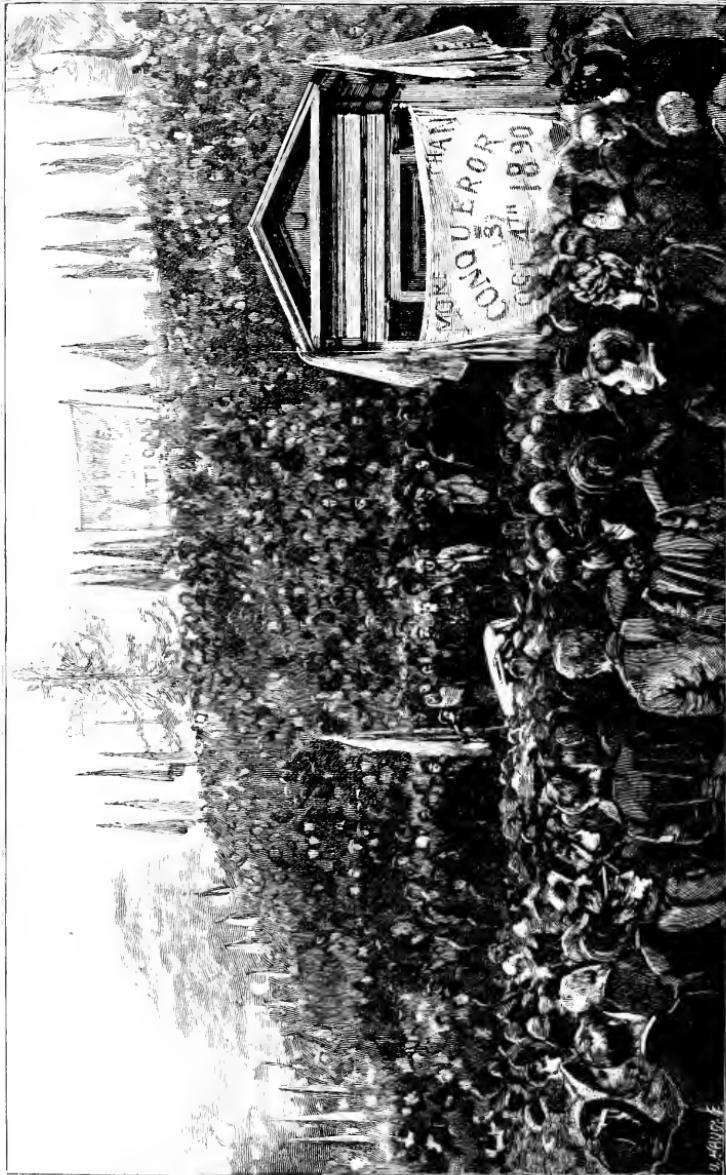
The spot chosen for the grave was in the extreme left-hand corner of the cemetery, where a considerable space remained unoccupied, and there was consequently the most room to accommodate the crowd. Here a large platform had been erected, capable of seating some fifteen hundred persons. Draped with flags, and filled with officers, it presented an effective background to the scene. In front of the platform and reaching to the boundary walls was the dense mass of earnest faces which had become so familiar during the last few days.

*The
chosen
spot.*

Gently the coffin was removed from the carriage and placed upon the platform in the view of all. Around it in circle sat the General, his family, and various leading officers. The service was conducted by Commissioner Railton. His clear voice rang out, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and the congregation heartily took up the familiar refrain. Major Musa Bhai from India, and Mrs. Major Cooke, representing the slum work in England, then prayed, and Staff-Captain Annie Bell sang:

"I shall answer to my name
 When the roll is called in heaven."

After Commissioner Howard had read a passage from the 15th chapter of the 1st epistle to the Corinthians, Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the writer



IN AENEY PARK CEMETERY, OCTOBER 14TH, 1890.

of these memoirs spoke. Next, the Maréchale, Mrs. Booth's eldest daughter, standing with tears beside her mother's open grave, appealed to sinner and saint alike to surrender themselves fully to God and follow in the footsteps of her who had left behind so brilliant an example.

1890.

And then the General stepped forward, the entire platform rising to their feet. Cries of "God bless you!" and "Amen!" greeted him from all directions. It was a grand climax to the funeral celebrations of the week—nay, rather to the long service of a life—when the patriarchal figure of the Prophet of the Poor, the Founder and Father of the Salvation Army, stood erect, bareheaded, sad, but firm and true, facing the vast audience. The long grey beard, the Eastern cast of countenance, the flashing eyes, the uplifted arm, reminded the onlooker irresistibly of pictures of Moses, Elijah, Daniel. It was not difficult to imagine there, in the corner of that vast graveyard, that one of the prophets had indeed risen from the dead, had it not been for the "one touch of nature"—the open grave, the waiting coffin—which served to make that congregation "kin." It was one of those scenes which memory carves upon the inmost soul. The many-coloured background of white-pennanted flags and uniformed Salvationists, the foreground of listeners with tear-bedewed cheeks and earnest upturned countenances, the setting sun, the fading light, the weird sepulchral surroundings—the spectacle was one which, seen, who could forget?

"It was a most touching sight," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "when the tall, upright General came forward in the gathering darkness to tell his comrades of the loss he, their chief, had sustained. He spoke manfully, resolutely, and without the slightest trace of

*Most
touching*

*"One of
the
prophets."*

1890. affection. Not a suspicion of clap-trap marred the dignity of the address. He spoke as a soldier should who had disciplined his emotion, without effort and straight from the heart. Few wives who have comforted their husbands for forty years have received such a glowing tribute of honest praise. It is clear enough where the strength of the Salvation Army is to be found; where its courage, where its indomitable energy, where its unswervingness of purpose. To hear General Booth speak, and to see the man, is to understand a great deal of the success of the Salvation Army."

*The
General's
address.*

The following is the substance of the General's address:

"*My beloved Comrades and Friends:*

"You will readily understand that I find it a difficulty to talk to you this afternoon. To begin with, I could not be willing to talk without an attempt to make you hear, and sorrow doesn't feel like shouting.

"Yet I cannot resist the opportunity of looking you in the face and blessing you in the name of the Lord, and in the name of our beloved one, who is looking down upon us, if she is not actually with us in this throng to-day.

"As I have come riding through these, I suppose, hundreds of thousands of people this afternoon, who have bared their heads and who have blessed me in the name of the Lord at almost every revolution of the carriage wheels, my mind has been full of two feelings, which alternate—one is uppermost one moment, and the other the next—and yet which blend and amalgamate with each other; and these are the feeling of sorrow and the feeling of gratitude.

*"Those
who know
me."*

"Those who know me—and I don't think I am very difficult to understand—and those who knew my darling, my beloved, will, I am sure, understand how it is that my heart should be rent with sorrow.

*The
beauty
and stay.*

"If you had had a tree that had grown up in your garden, under your window, which for forty years had been your shadow from the burning sun, whose flowers had been the

adornment and beauty of your life, whose fruit had been almost the very stay of your existence, and the gardener had come along and swung his glittering axe and cut it down before your eyes, I think you would feel as though you had a blank—it might be a big one—but a little blank in your life!

1890.

"If you had had a servant who, for all this long time, had served you without fee or reward, who had administered, for very love, to your health and comfort, and who had suddenly passed away, you would miss that servant!"

*For very
love.*

"If you had had a counsellor who, in hours—continually occurring—of perplexity and amazement, had ever advised you, and seldom advised wrong; whose advice you had followed and seldom had reason to regret it; and the counsellor, while you are in the same intricate mazes of your existence, had passed away, you would miss that counsellor."

*A coun-
sellor.*

"If you had had a friend who had understood your very nature, the rise and fall of your feelings, the bent of your thoughts, and the purpose of your existence; a friend whose communion had ever been pleasant—the most pleasant of all other friends, to whom you had ever turned with satisfaction—and your friend had been taken away, you would feel some sorrow at the loss!"

*The
mother.*

"If you had had a mother for your children who had cradled and nursed and trained them for the service of the living God, in which you most delighted; a mother indeed—who had never ceased to bear their sorrows on her heart, and who had been ever willing to pour forth that heart's blood in order to nourish them—and that darling mother had been taken from your side, you would feel it a sorrow!"

"If you had had a wife, a sweet love of a wife, who for forty years had never given you real cause for grief; a wife who had stood with you side by side in the battle's front, who had been a comrade to you, ever willing to interpose herself between you and the enemy and ever the strongest when the battle was fiercest, and your beloved one had fallen before your eyes, I am sure there would be some excuse for your sorrow!"

The wife.

"Well, my comrades, you can roll all these qualities into one personality and what would be lost in each I have lost all in one. There has been taken away from me the delight of my eyes, the inspiration of my soul, and we are about to lay all that remains of her in the grave. I have been looking

*"My cry
has
been."*

1890. right at the bottom of it here, and calculating how soon they may bring and lay me alongside of her, and my cry to God has been that every remaining hour of my life may make me readier to come and join her in death, to go and embrace her in life in the Eternal City!

Into the light.

"And yet, my comrades (for I won't detain you), my heart is full of gratitude, too, that swells and makes me forget my sorrow, that the long valley of the shadow of death has been trodden, and that out of the dark tunnel she has emerged into the light of day. Death came to her with all his terrors, brandishing his dart before her for two long years and nine months. Again and again she went down to the river's edge to receive his last thrust, as she thought, but ever coming back to life again. Thank God, she will see him no more—she is more than conqueror over the last enemy!

"She loved the fight."

"Death came to take her away from her loved employment. She loved the fight! Her great sorrow to the last moment was: 'I cannot be with you when the clouds lower, when friends turn and leave you, and sorrows come sweeping over you; I shall no longer be there to put my arms round you and cheer you on!'

"But she went away to help us! She promised me many a time that what she could do for us in the Eternal City should be done! The valley to her was a dark one in having to tear her heart away from so many whom she loved so well. Again and again she said, 'The roots of my affections are very deep!' But they had to be torn up. One after another she gave us up; she made the surrender with many loving words of counsel, and left us to her Lord.

"This afternoon my heart has been full of gratitude because her soul is now with Jesus. She had a great capacity for suffering and a great capacity for joy, and her heart is full of joy this afternoon.

Saved by grace.

"My heart has also been full of gratitude because God lent me for so long a season such a treasure. I have been thinking, if I had to point out her three great qualities to you here, they would be: First, she was *good*. She was washed in the Blood of the Lamb. To the last moment her cry was, 'A sinner saved by grace.' She was a thorough hater of shams, hypocrisies, and make-believes. .

"Second, she was *love*. Her whole soul was full of tender,

deep compassion. I was thinking this morning that she suffered more in her lifetime through her compassion for poor dumb animals than some doctors of divinity suffer for the wide, wide world of sinning, sorrowing mortals! Oh, how she loved, how she compassioned, how she pitied the suffering poor! how she longed to put her arms round the sorrowful and help them!

1890.

*Lore and
pity.*

"Lastly, she was a *warrior*. She liked the fight. She was not one who said to others, 'Go!' but, 'Here, let me go!' and when there was the necessity she cried, 'I *will* go.' I never knew her flinch until her poor body compelled her to lie aside.

"Another thought fills my soul with praise—that she has inspired so many to follow in her track.

"My comrades, I am going to meet her again. I have never turned from her these forty years for any journeyings on my mission of mercy but I have longed to get back, and have counted the weeks, days, and hours which should take me again to her side. When she has gone away from me it has been just the same. And now she has gone away for the last time. What, then, is there left for me to do? Not to count the weeks, the days, and the hours which shall bring me again into her sweet company, seeing that I know not what will be on the morrow, nor what an hour may bring forth. My work plainly is to fill up the weeks, the days, and the hours, and cheer my poor heart as I go along with the thought that, when I have served my Christ and my generation according to the will of God—which I vow this afternoon I will, to the last drop of my blood—then I trust that she will bid me welcome to the skies, as He bade her.

*"My
work."*

"God bless you all. Amen!"

It was indeed a noble tribute from the lips of the one who knew best the departed saint. Kneeling, at the conclusion of his address, by the coffin side, the General imprinted upon its lid a farewell kiss, while the tears of the children fell upon it fast, and then the loved one—nay, only the dissolved "earthly house of this tabernacle"—was lowered sadly into its last resting-place, the congregation singing softly a

1890. verse which had been a special favourite with Mrs. Booth and which had a double interest, words and music being the composition of her son Herbert:

“Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping
'Mid the angry billows' roll!
I will trust Thee!
All my life Thou shalt control!”

*Com.
Railton.* Then Commissioner Railton stepped forward and repeated from the Army burial service the solemn words:

“As it hath pleased Almighty God to promote our dear Mother from her place in the Salvation Army to the mansion prepared for her above, we now commit her body to this grave—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—in the sure and certain hope of seeing her again in the Resurrection Morning.”

Then turning to the crowd, he said, “God bless and comfort all the bereaved ones!” The audience responded with a hearty “Amen!”

“God help us who are left to be faithful unto death!” And again a loud and deep “Amen!” pealed forth.

“God bless the Salvation Army!” said the Commissioner, the congregation responding with a third “Amen!”

*Mr.
Bramwell.* And then the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, her eldest born, stepped forward, worn with the recent strain and deeply agitated. There seemed to be tears in his voice as he struggled to control the pent-up feelings of his heart, while reading out the personal covenant with which the solemn service closed. Sentence by sentence the audience repeated after him the words:

1890.

"Blessed Lord—We do solemnly promise—Here by the side of this open grave—And before each other—That we will be true to our cause—And valiant in Thy service—That we will devote ourselves to the great end of saving souls—That we will be faithful to Thee—Faithful to one another—And faithful to a dying world—Till we meet—Our beloved Mother—In the Morning. Amen."

Night shadows were creeping over the graveyard, while the vast assemblage reluctantly and sorrowfully dispersed. Nature, sympathising with the mourners' mood, spread its dark pall over the scene, and bid them turn from the buried past to use the golden opportunities of the present. And through the gloaming angel voices seemed to chant the farewell message of the departed one:

Nature's pall.

"Love one another, and meet me in the Morning."

And yet the corn of wheat, which had dropped from its ripened place into the ground, had not really perished. Watered by a thousand tears, it had already commenced to germinate. Its burial-ground was not the cemetery, nor merely the few thousands who had been privileged to group themselves for the moment around the grave, but the countless hearts who had gathered there in spirit, and into whose depths, as into fertile soil, the grain had fallen and was to bring forth a hundred-fold; first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards the full corn in the ear.

And yet—!

Death could not quench the light of such a life. It could but transfer it from its earth-pedestal to a loftier eminence, from whence its rays could penetrate to regions over which its very brilliance, necessarily limited and localised in life, had before but

A parallel.

1890. thrown the deepened gloom of contrast. To minimise the sun and post it in a valley might better suit the personal convenience of the inhabitants. To magnify and poise it in the heavens is to enable it to illumine at a stroke an entire hemisphere. Thus in the spiritual world: the local sacrifice that death demands, when it removes from our midst the "burning and shining lights" in whose rays we are permitted for a season to rejoice, is amply compensated by the general gain when to the galaxy of saints on high is added another star of more than ordinary brilliance. The loss of some becomes the gain of all; nay, the gain in an especial sense of those who have lost the most, and who learn through the anguish of bereavement to prove the nearness and reality of the spirit-world, which seemed so far away, and which death brings to their door.

*Now, as
in days of
old.*

And the present possibilities within the reach of faith, the glorious accomplishments of grace in human flesh and blood, are pressed home to our hearts with a vividness that dispels doubt and forces confidence. The haze of distance invests with a halo of impossibility the life-examples of a Paul or Mary, a Moses or a Deborah. Their circumstances appear so different. Their very humanity seems to be cast in another mould. But the Christ-life lived in the nineteenth century by a Mrs. Booth reminds the most unbelieving soul that it is possible now, as in the days of old, through the cleansing of the blood to climb the mount of holiness, receive the fiery baptism of the Holy Spirit, and to emulate the deeds of bygone saints.

*Our
littleness.*

True, that as we read the record of a giant spirit such as that of Mrs. Booth a paralysing sense of our own littleness creeps over us and tempts us to despair.

1890.

We are in danger, even, of concluding that because we have not every talent therefore we have none; that because we cannot "contend with horses" therefore we are unable to "run with the footmen;" that because we cannot cross "the swellings" of each intellectual or moral Jordan therefore we must turn aside from the first petty brooklet which interrupts our forward march; that because we cannot wear Elijah's mantle therefore we are unable to serve Elijah's God; that because we cannot be a spiritual Naaman we may not be the maid who told him of the prophet; because we cannot bathe in Abana we cannot dip in Jordan: that because we cannot do "some great thing" therefore we are doomed to do nothing.

And yet the life of the greatest and the best is but a mosaic made up of infinitesimal trivialities. It is their gradual accretion which constitutes greatness. The years are made of months, the months of weeks, the weeks of days, the days of hours, the hours of minutes.

Opportunities are thus fractionalised, so to speak; split into atoms which are within the reach of one and all. The mightiest intellect can but live a moment at a time, and can but utilise the moment's chance. It is in the neglect and use of these insignificant potentialities that our failure or success depends. The difference lies, not in their number or magnitude, but in their use. None of us, or scarcely any, start as paupers in the struggle of life. It will be found at last that the capital at the disposal of each was amply sufficient for a colossal result to be attained, had it but been used. The ocean waves are composed of water-drops—their dominion girdled with a belt of sand. Weak in themselves, the union of their countless particles constitutes their power.

*Life a mosaic.**One moment at a time.*

1890. Especially is this true in the spiritual world, where the highest gifts are placed within the reach of all.

*Mrs.
Booth's
life-work.* To sum up Mrs. Booth's life-work, we might say that one half of her mission consisted in resurrecting the buried talents of her sex, the other half in humanising, so to speak, the spiritual; in bringing religion out of the atmosphere of the vague, the chimerical and impossible into the area of practical politics. She would not admit for a moment the monopoly of intellect in the region of salvation. Its leadership she valued, its exclusiveness she denounced.

*A woman
of action.* Her life speaks for itself. The eloquence of words is eclipsed by the eloquence of deeds. Nay, the one is but an expression of the other. She spoke because she felt, and in her impassioned utterances poured forth her soul upon her audience. She was a living illustration of the truth embodied in the old story of Demosthenes, who, when questioned as to the first great qualification of a statesman, replied, "Action!" Asked for the second, he again replied, "Action!" Asked for the third, he repeated, "Action." Mrs. Booth's life might fittingly be epitomised in this one word—she was essentially a woman of action. She could not pause to theorise over doctrines, or to sentimentalise over the sins and sorrows of the world. Her whole attention was fixed upon dealing forth the remedy. It was this that lent power and inspiration to her words. It was the gunpowder without which the cannon-ball could not have been impelled. It was the cannon-ball without which the powder would have been as harmless as a blank cartridge.

*From
sunrise
till the
stars
shine out.* From its sunrise to its zenith, from its zenith to its sunset, we have tracked the orbit of a life whose light shone "more and more unto the perfect day." And now we stand gazing sadly over the waters, and

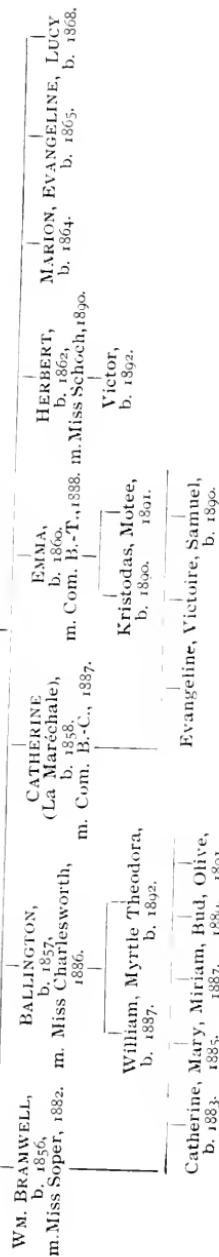
1890.

watch the ball of spiritual fire as it sinks for the last time below the horizon, illuminating the fringes of the dark bank of sickness-clouds behind which it disappears, and yet through which, to the last, it pours its golden rays. And then the twilight sets in—death's twilight; the twilight of a holy death—in which the twin-lights meet, and the light of life is merged in the light of eternity. We look up almost despairingly into the darkening sky. But, though the sun is gone, the stars shine out; first a few here and there, like solitary mourners over the grave of the departed day, then more and more, till countless legions fill the firmament, and the blank, black past is ablaze with memories of deeds and words that pierce the darkness of bereavement with messages of hope, and stand like fiery sentinels keeping watch at the gateway of a brighter day, when the eternal morn shall break and the shadows flee away, and the Sun of suns—of which this, after all, was but a pale reflection—shall shine forth in its strength, illuminate the world, and never set.

*Keeping
watch at
the
gateway.*

FAMILY TREE.

GENERAL BOOTH M. MISS MUMFORD, 1855.



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